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JUNE
1933

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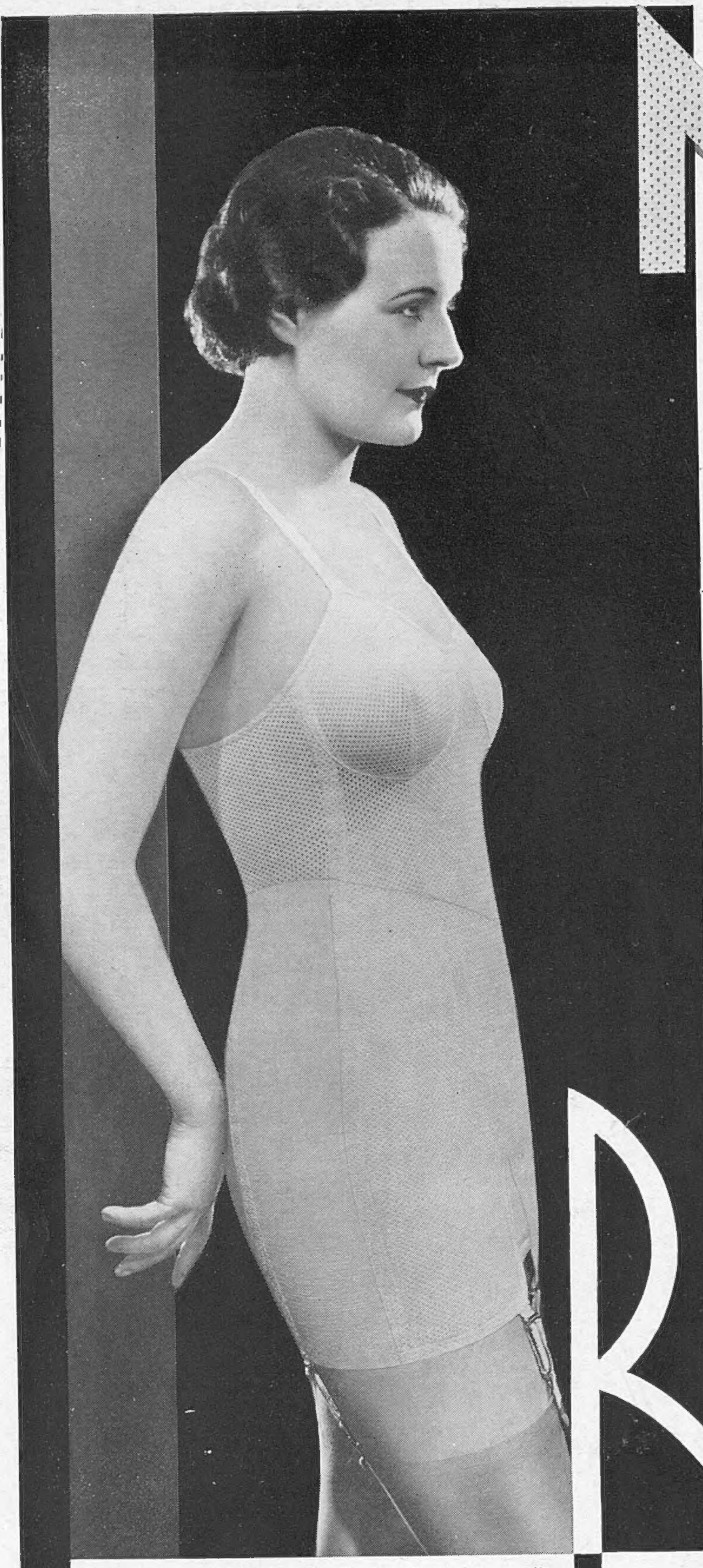

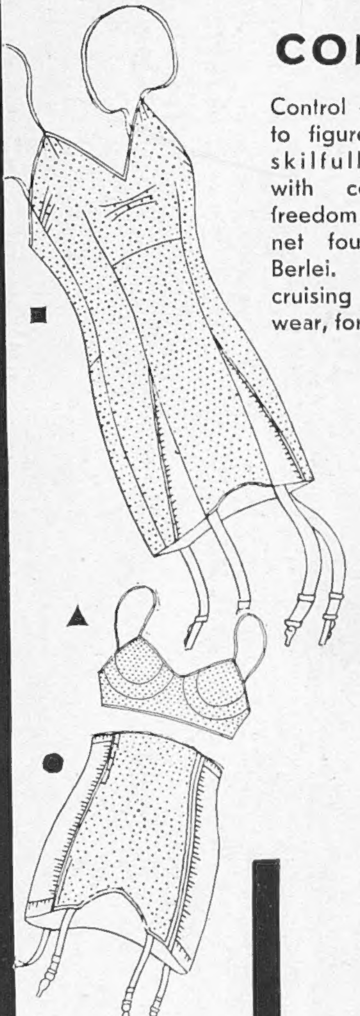

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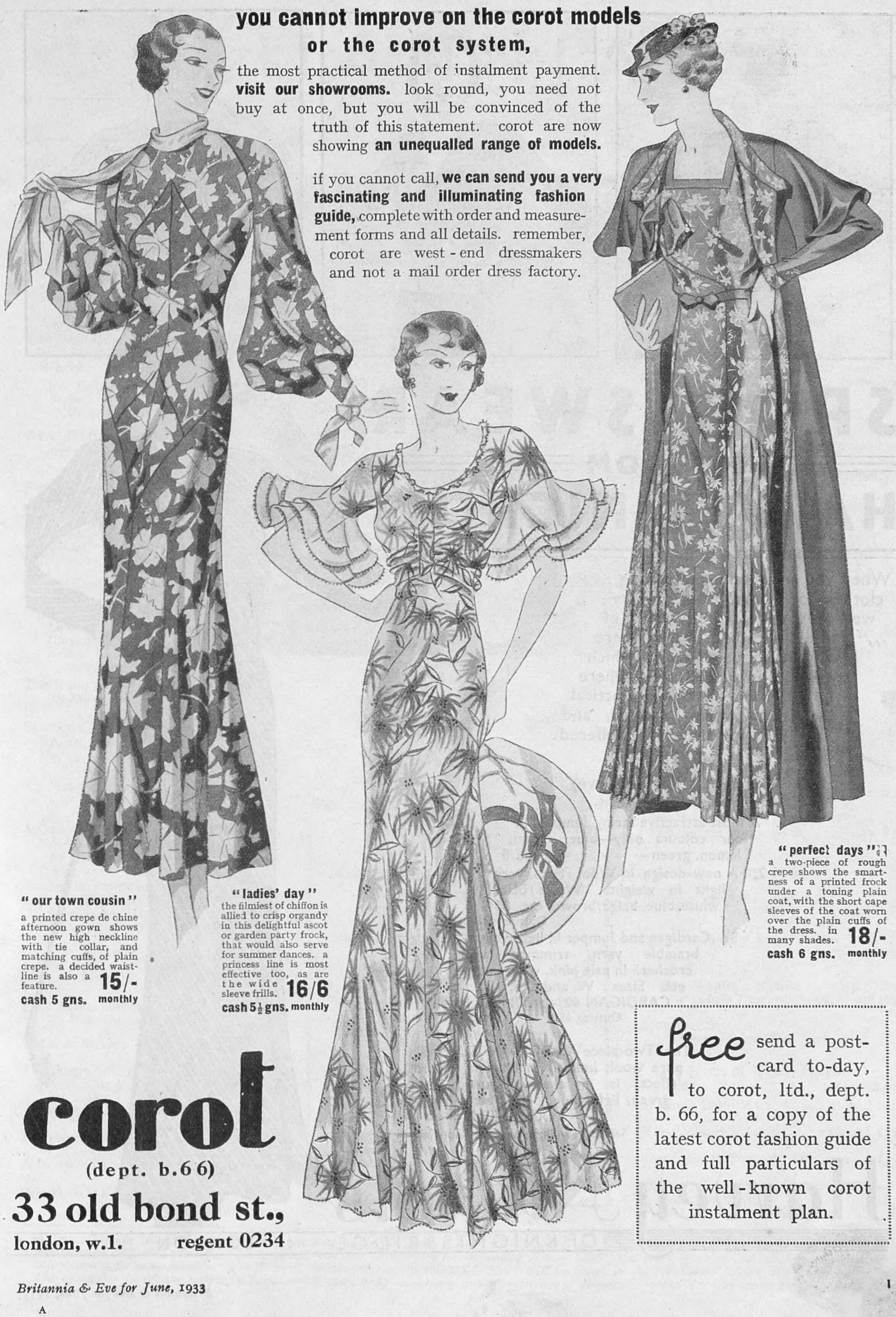

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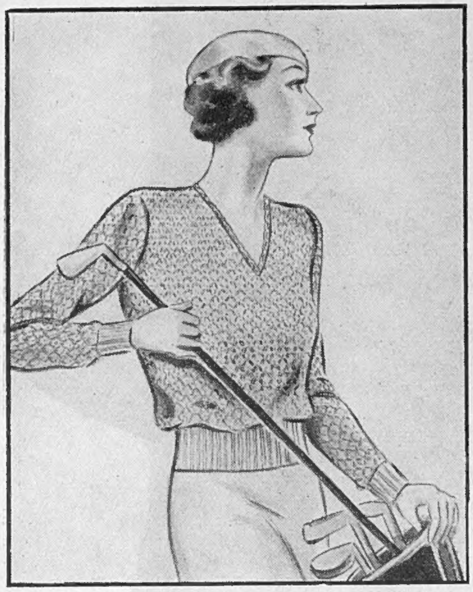

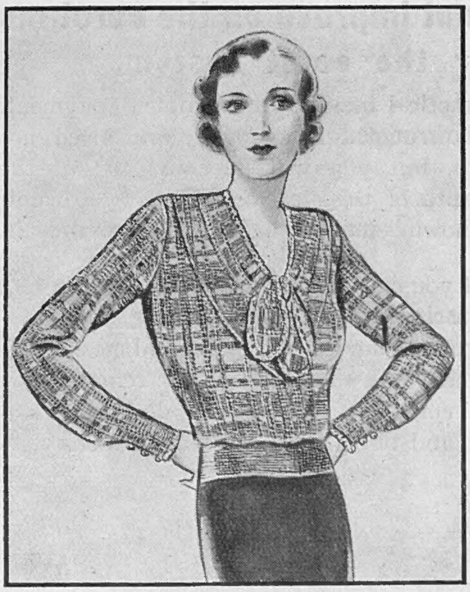

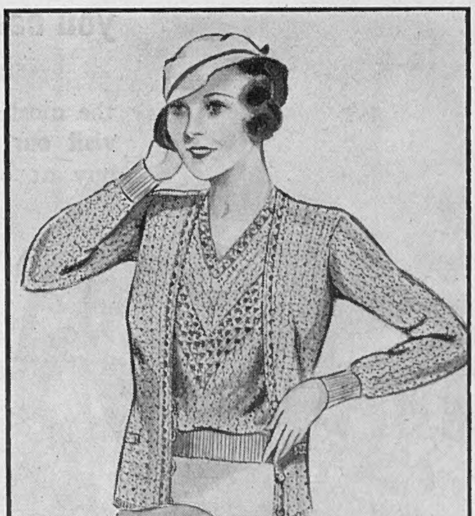

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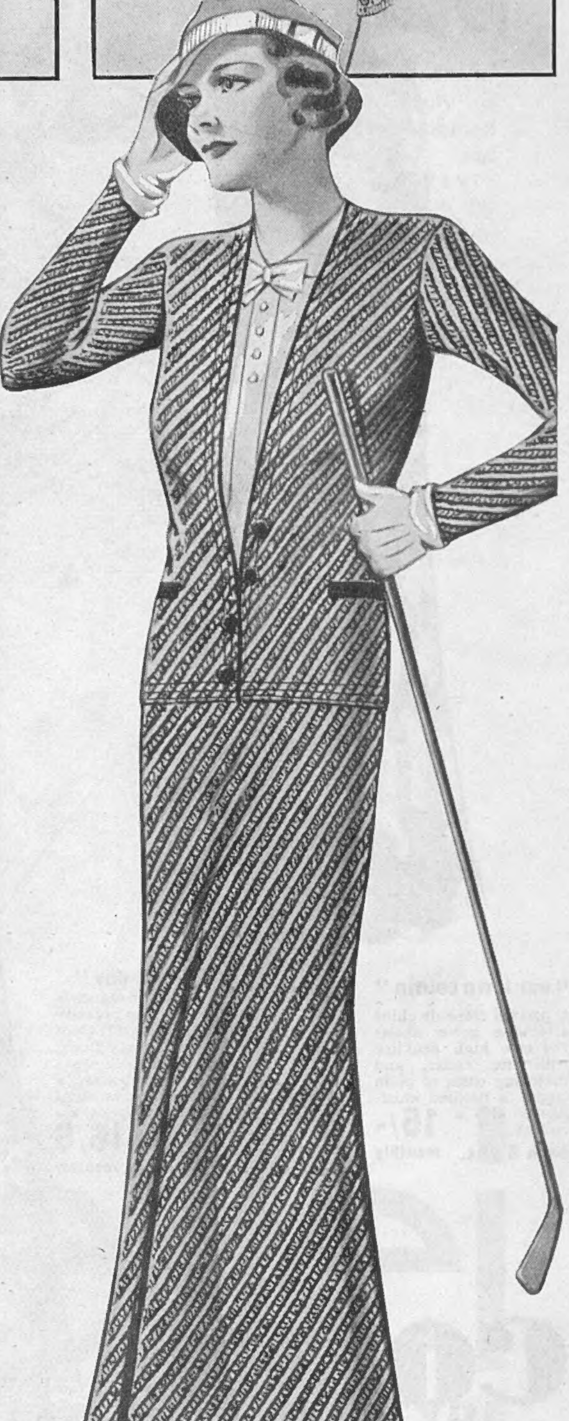

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 6, No. 6. JUNE, 1933

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 138. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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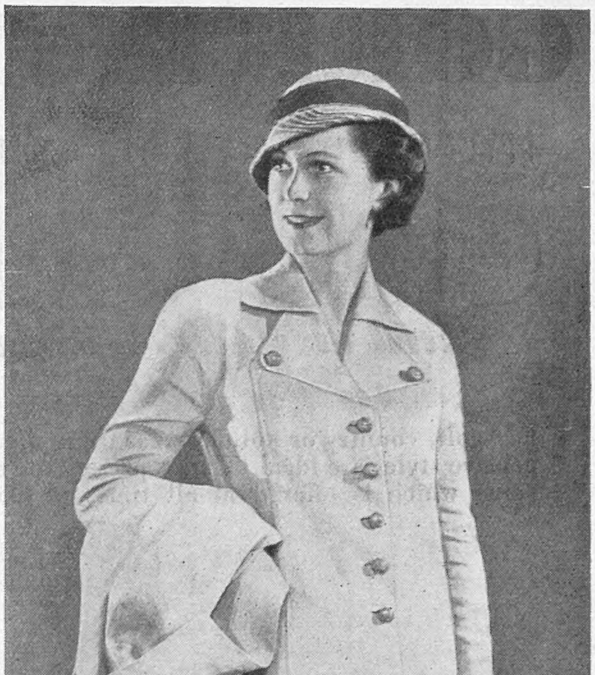

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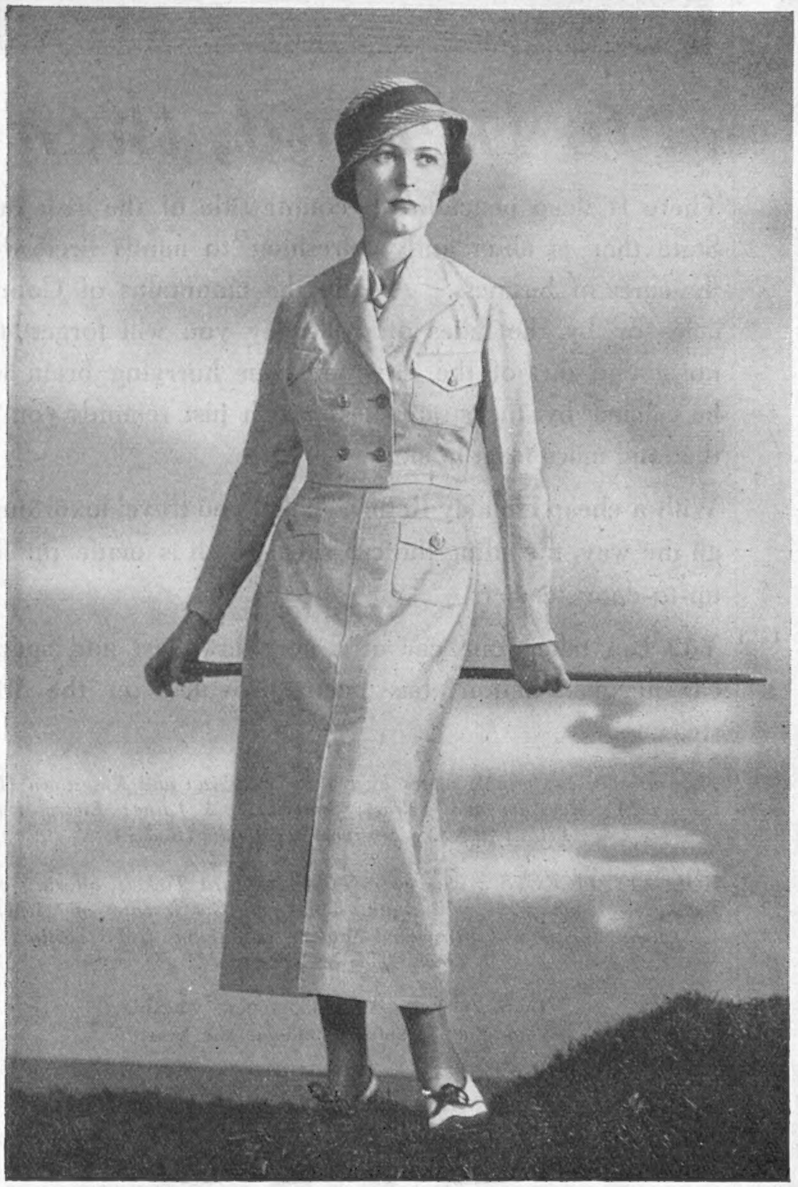

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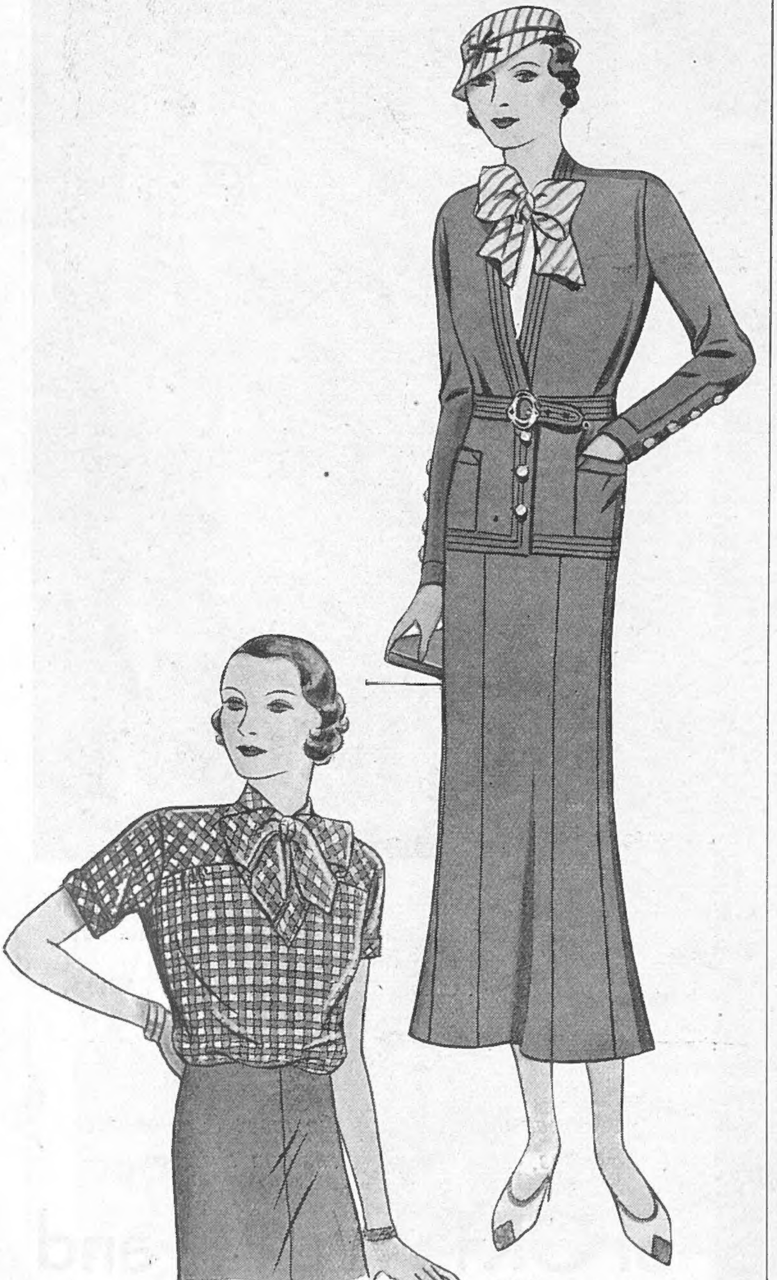

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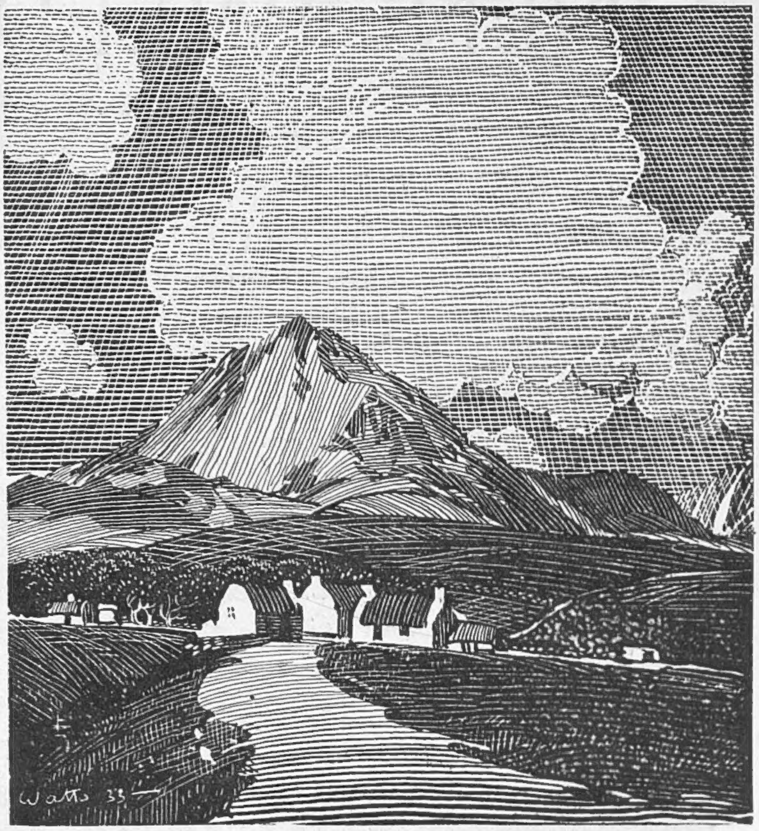

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9	0	×	6	0	..	3	4	6	12	0	×	9	0	..	6	9	0
9	0	×	7	6	..	4	0	9	12	0	×	10	6	..	7	10	6
9	0	×	9	0	..	4	16	9	13	6	×	9	0	..	7	5	3
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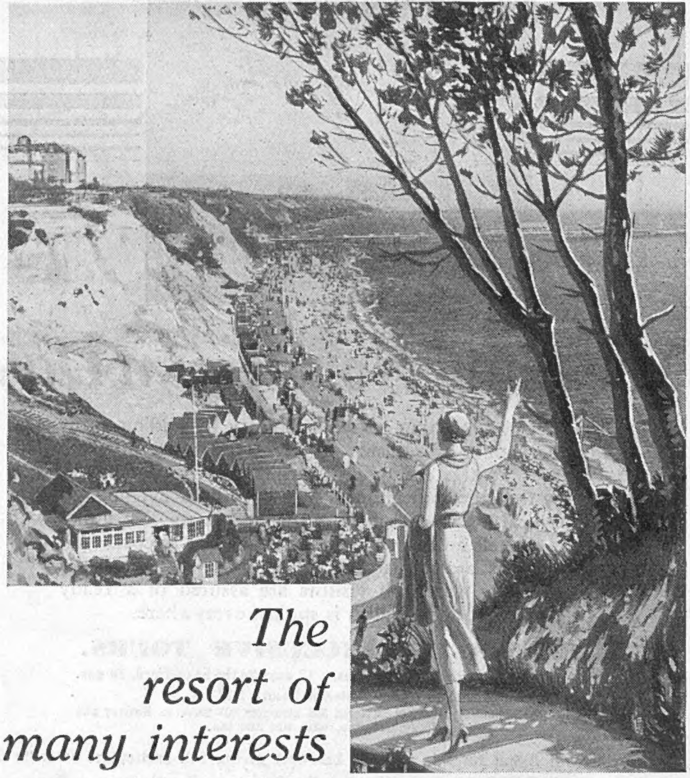

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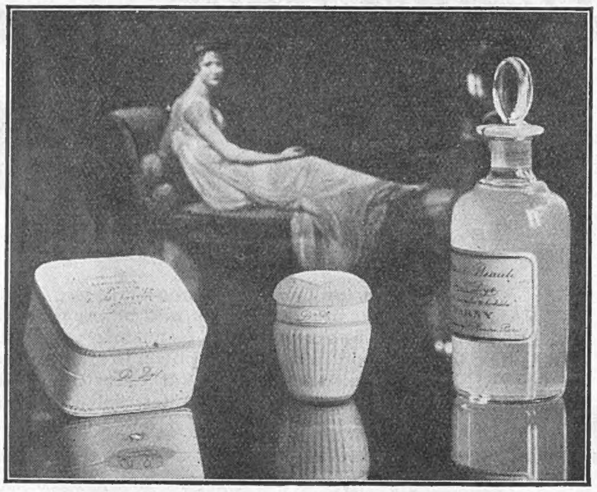

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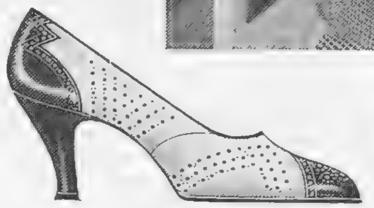

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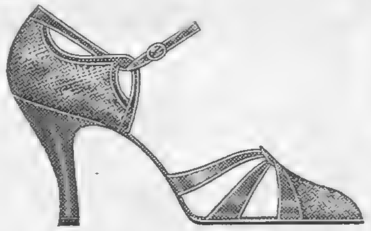

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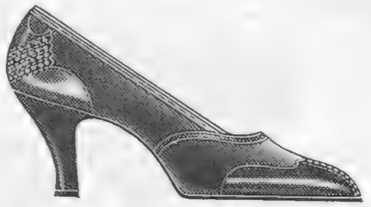

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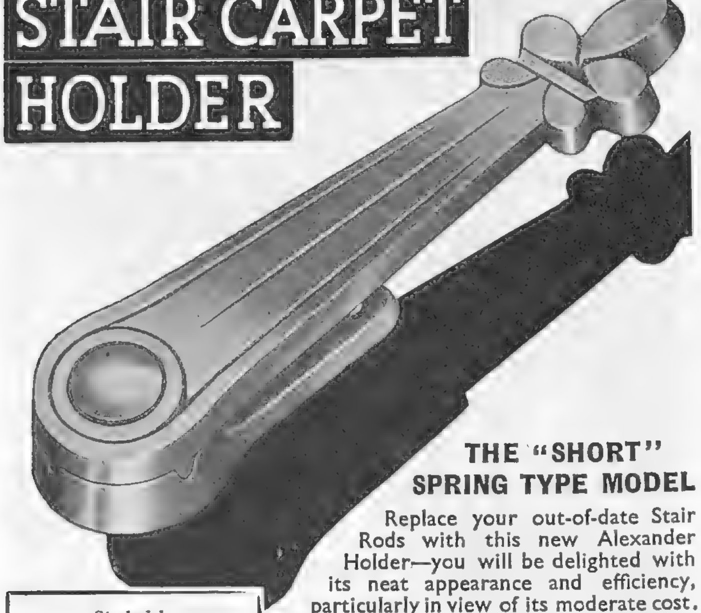

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Replace your out-of-date Stair Rods with this new Alexander Holder—you will be delighted with its neat appearance and efficiency, particularly in view of its moderate cost.

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NUGGET
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
DARK BROWN
STAIN POLISH
WATERPROOF FREE FROM ACID
THE FINEST
BOOT POLISH
AND
LEATHER PRESERVATIVE

Start the day with a **good** polish on your Brown shoes

NUGGET

DARK BROWN POLISH

3d. and **6d.** Tins.
Large household tin, **9d.**

Fashionable folk will appear

this summer on every beach which surrounds the British Isles, in bathing suits of "CROCUS" Non-Shrink Knitting Wool. No longer will the sea be "sad around the edges." The sands of every seaside resort will be brilliant with colours that woo the sun. You must be in the swim. You must bask in the felicity of being fashionable. You must knit yourself a suit of chic design and joyful hues with which to electrify the resort of your choice. "CROCUS" Wool does not fade tho' exposed to the most glowing sun and saltiest sea. Nor will it blight your gladsome holiday by shrinking. If you do not know "CROCUS" Wool send for free samples to Dept. 53, Patons & Baldwins Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

Gay vivid swimming and sun suits—unshrinkable

CROCUS

Non-Shrink KNITTING WOOL

Φ 127

BEETHAM'S

Larola

for FACE & HANDS

Larola is a fragrant and refreshing preparation which will protect your complexion against the ill effects of wind or sun. Applied regularly, particularly before facing exposure, and on retiring, it will ensure a beautifully clear and fresh complexion and will keep hands and arms delicately soft and white; all traces of roughness or redness will quickly disappear. It is delightfully soothing, forms the perfect powder base and is the ideal skin emollient.

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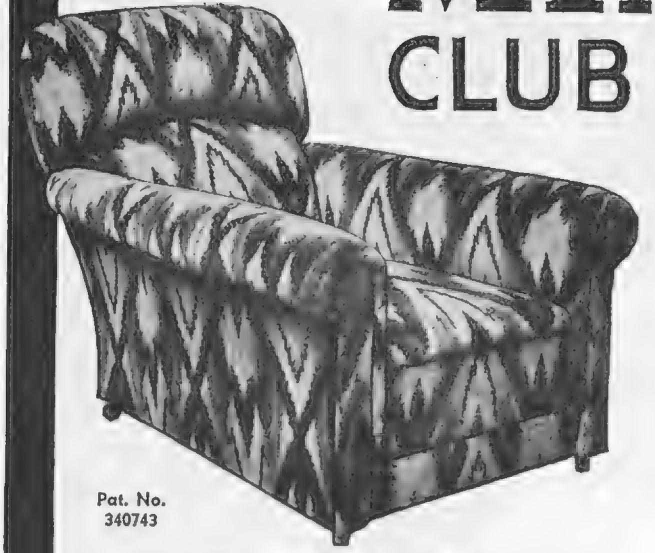
Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.

MINTY
CLUB CHAIR



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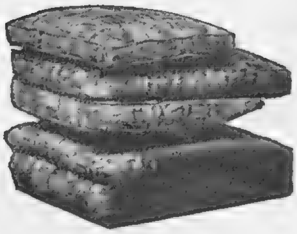
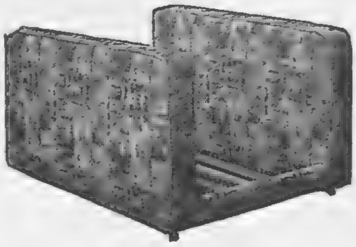


THIS Chair enjoys an enormous vogue. It offers luxurious lifetime comfort at moderate cost. Framed in hardwood, it takes apart for thorough cleaning and for fitting covers without waste or trouble. Stuffed hair-and-fibre, all springs interlaced with woven wire for permanence. Priced according to length of seat; there is a large variety of upholstery fabrics. Two Chairs and a Settee form an admirable Suite.

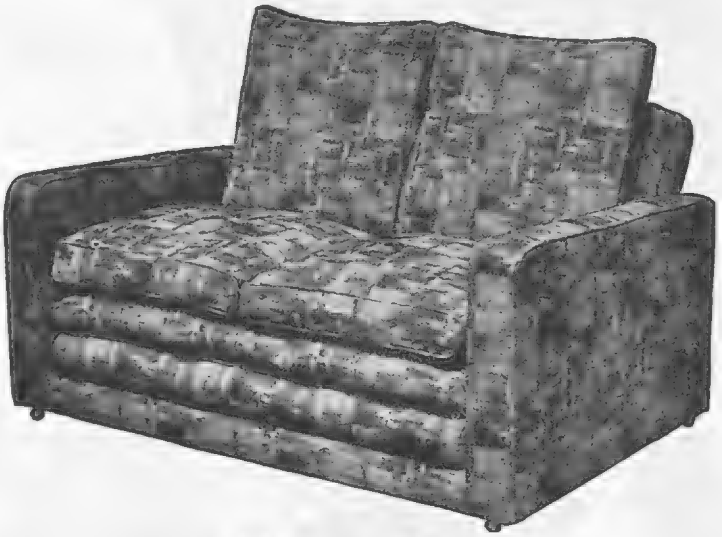


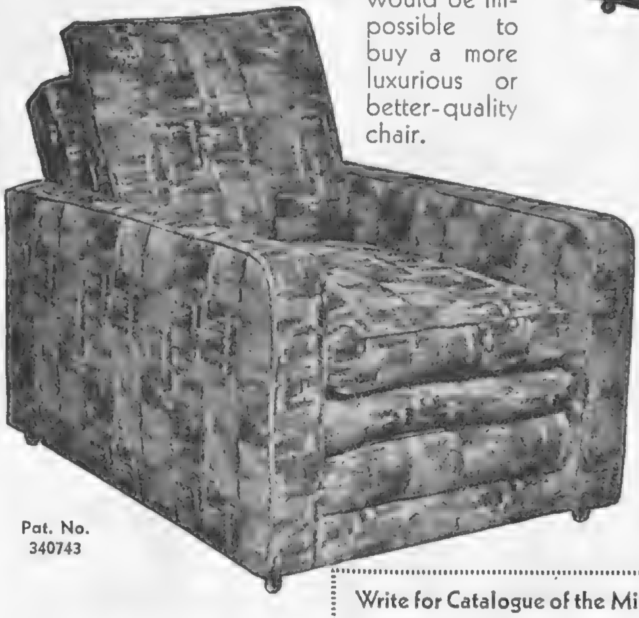
Above is shown the unit construction of both the Club and 'Isis' models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

Prices of Chair, according to length of seat ... ... From £3 . 15 . 0
Settee, £7 . 7 . 0
Suite complete, comprising Settee, 1 medium size and 1 small Chair ... ... £15 . 7 . 0

'ISIS'
MINTY CLUB CHAIR ON MODERN LINES

Pampers the human form as never before. The sprung back and doubly-sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better-quality chair.





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The 'Isis' SETTEE

This is made on the same principle as the 'Isis' Chair, and in the three lengths specified below. Full choice of upholstery fabrics. As with the Club model, a complete and dignified Suite is thus easy to assemble.

PRICES, according to length of seat,

	Small	Medium	Large
CHAIRS	£5 . 19 . 6	£6 . 9 . 6	£6 . 19 . 6
	Length 4 ft. 4 in.	4 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 4 in.
SETTEES	£10 . 10 . 0	£12 . 0 . 0	£13 . 10 . 0

Write for Catalogue of the Minty 'Varsity' and 'Club' Chairs, and patterns of coverings.

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London Showrooms: 123 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
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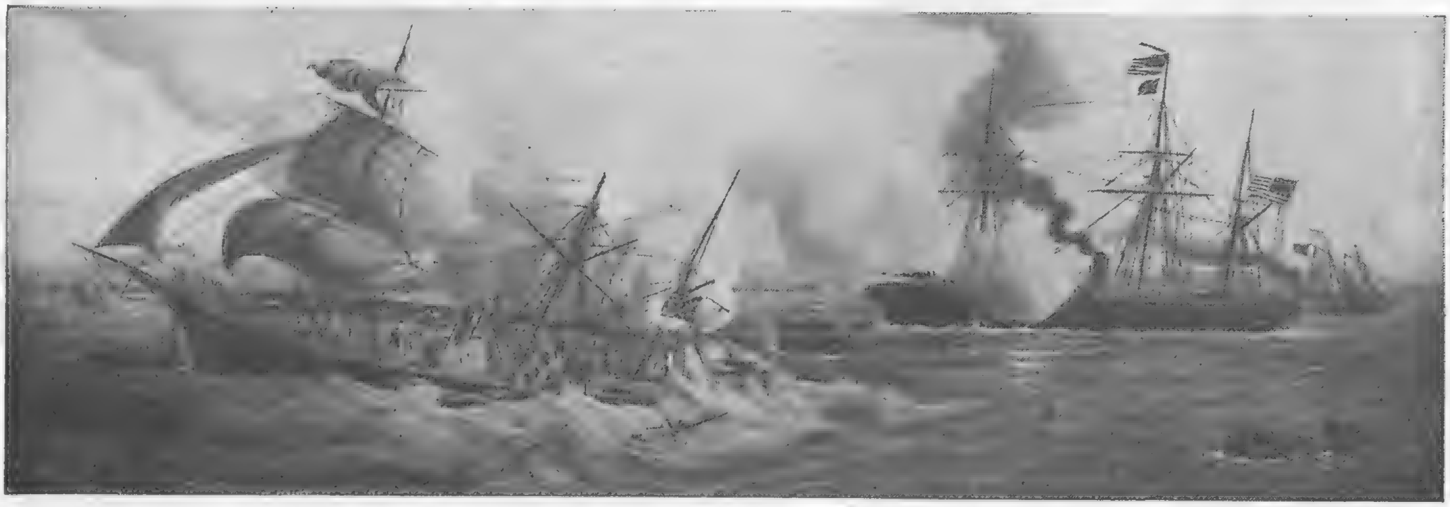
"There is only *one* 'Ovaltine'!"
OVALTINE
A BRITISH PRODUCT
'OVALTINE'
The Supreme Tonic Food Beverage
P892

BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for June 1933

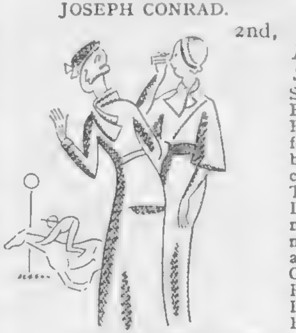


The "Alabama" in Action (1861).

1st, THURSDAY—*The " Month of Roses," and the month which the Romans considered the most propitious for marriage.*

One hundred and thirty-nine years ago to-day LORD HOWE whipped the French fleet in the Atlantic.

Ten years ago to-day the German mark collapsed to 320,000 to the £. The text of the Rent Control Bill became public. Two most distinguished names on the sick-list were those of PRINCESS CHRISTIAN and JOSEPH CONRAD.



2nd, FRIDAY—*Easter Law Sittings end.*

SIR EDWARD ELGAR, greatest English musician for two centuries, born near Worcester, 1857.

THOMAS HARDY, another immortal, born ninety-three years ago (1840).

GENERAL REDVERS BULLER, V.C., of Boer War fame, died on this day in 1906. The Oaks will be run at Epsom.

3rd, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 3.49. *Sun sets* 8.7. *Lighting up time* 9.7.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V born 1865. To-day the Brigade of Guards will perform the ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour.

4th, SUNDAY—*Whit Sunday.*

4th, Sun.—In 1859 the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON commanded the French forces against the Austrians at Magenta, defeating them after both sides had experienced great losses.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY was born a hundred years ago to-day (1833).

5th, MONDAY—*Bank Holiday.*

Seventeen years ago (1916) H.M.S. *Hampshire*, carrying FIELD MARSHAL LORD KITCHENER to Russia, struck a mine off the Scottish coast. The great soldier was not amongst the few survivors.

6*th*, TUESDAY.

DEAN INGE OF ST. PAUL'S—the "Gloomy Dean"—is seventy-three to-day. His stern realism has been a feature of English intellectual life for three decades.

CAPTAIN SCOTT, R.N., of South Pole fame, born 1868.

7th, WEDNESDAY.

Messines Ridge was captured on this day sixteen years ago (1917).

In 1878 a great colliery explosion at Wigan cost the lives of nearly 200 miners.

8th, THURSDAY.

Seventy-six years ago DOUGLAS JERROLD —dramatist, littérateur and wit—died at the age of fifty-four.

9th, FRIDAY.

Another, and greater, literary anniversary: CHARLES DICKENS died on this day in 1870.

ADMIRAL SIR DOVETON STURDEE was born in 1859.

10th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 3.46. *Sun sets* 8.13. *Lighting up time* 9.13.

ANDRÉ AMPÈRE, one of the fathers of the science of electro-magnetism, died on this day ninety-seven years ago (1836).

11th, SUNDAY—*Trinity Sunday.*

11th, Sun.—SIR JOHN FRANKLIN died in 1847, one of the greatest and earliest explorers into the Arctic wastes.

12th, MONDAY.

DR. THOMAS ARNOLD, the great Rugby headmaster, whose principles were crystallised in the English "public school tradition," died on this day in 1842.

The THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY to-day.

13th, TUESDAY—*Trinity Law Sittings begin.*

In 1868 an expedition was fitted out under SIR ROBERT NAPIER to recapture the fortress of Magdala in Abyssinia, where the EMPEROR THEODORE had imprisoned a British consul. The expedition succeeded, and Napier was created LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

ASCOT opens.

14th, WEDNESDAY.

Ten years ago to-day (1923) the French and British Governments were arguing about the rights and wrongs of reparations.

ROYAL HUNT CUP at Ascot.

15th, THURSDAY.

MAURICE HEWLETT, a writer with a fine command of picturesque English, died ten years ago. (1923).

GOLD CUP at Ascot.

16th, FRIDAY.

The battle of Hooge opened on the Western front in 1915, an event of great significance at the time, but unremembered by succeeding generations clamouring for more battles and another war to end war.

17th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 3.44. *Sun sets* 8.17. *Lighting up time* 9.17.

Eighty-eight years ago (1845) P. H. BARHAM died. His name is forgotten, but his *Ingoldsby Legends* is one of the gems of English literature.

18th, SUNDAY—*The First Sunday after Trinity.*

18th, Sun.—WILLIAM COBBETT, an exciting political writer and parliamentary champion of lost causes, died in 1835.

19th, MONDAY.

In 1864 the steamer *Alabama*, a vessel built in England and fitted out by the Confederate States of America as a raider, sailed on a voyage which was destined to cause millions of pounds damage to merchant ships belonging to the official American Government.

20th, TUESDAY.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA acceded to the throne in 1837.

21st, WEDNESDAY.

The longest day in the year begins.

Fourteen years ago the German High Seas Fleet lying in Scapa Flow was scuttled.

22nd, THURSDAY.

KING GEORGE was crowned on this day in 1911.

SIR ROBERT PEEL saw his Bill for the imposition of a tax of 7d. in the £ for all incomes over £150 become law.

23rd, FRIDAY.

The birthday of the PRINCE OF WALES. To-day he enters on the year that will land him in the forties. The world's most popular bachelor.

Their Majesties will hold a Court.

24th, SATURDAY — *Midsummer and Quarter Day. Sun rises* 3.45. *Sun sets* 8.19. *Lighting up time* 9.19.

On this day is celebrated the 585th anniversary of the founding by EDWARD III OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

25th, SUNDAY—*The second Sunday after Trinity.*

25th, Sun.—SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, a Victorian and Edwardian artist who painted the smallest pictures in the world's largest studio, died in 1920.

26th, MONDAY.

Cameos from the events of this day in the year of grace 1918:

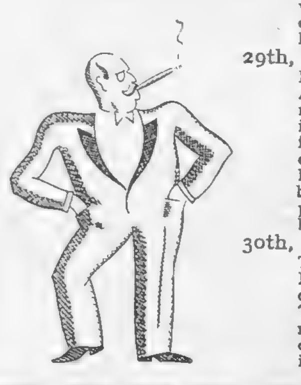
The Royal Air Force bombed Karlsruhe, doing great damage; the Austrians were pressing the Italians perilously near Venice; and the Admiralty issued a statement showing that losses of shipping from the submarine warfare were higher than ever.

27th, TUESDAY.

JOHN MURRAY, the founder of the great firm of publishers, died in 1843.

28th, WEDNESDAY.

In 1857 there occurred on this day the dastardly massacre at Cawnpore, when mutineers threw down a well dozens of women and children, both English and native.



29th, THURSDAY.

HENRY CLAY, American statesman, died in Washington in 1852, little dreaming that his name would be chiefly perpetuated by a brand of cigar.

30th, FRIDAY.

The Tower Bridge was opened in 1894. The first train ran from London to Bristol in 1840.

The Coming *of*

Problems *of the* International Wanderers: *of the* Nomadic tribes, real *and* "unblooded." homeless *and* lawless visitors. And *their*

A PAIR of gypsy boys getting ready for their Derby harvest on Epsom Downs

THE gypsies' grief at the funeral of Carlos their King, who was killed in a tribal feud at Noyen-sur-Sarthe, France

A WELL-BUILT 15-year-old Hungarian gypsy

PERIODICALLY in Western Europe there occur gypsy crises, movements of opinion against the mystery wanderers, on the part of others of more regular habits. Such a popular stirring manifested itself just 500 years ago following the first authenticated coming of the gypsies to our special latitudes. In parenthesis, whence did they come? What measuring of scholarship has prevailed on that head! The first lot said very clearly that they came from Lower Egypt. A horde of bronzed men in multicoloured rags, wild and whiskery, their women in the semi-nude, and suckling dirty babelings; at their head, a dozen leaders in scarlet and with falcons on their arms, and proclaiming that they held letters of introduction from the Pope and King Sigismund. A hundred strong at the start, they had not been long on tour in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, before they had swollen to five times that number through camp followers—the "tsiganisés" of to-day, and of whom more presently. These pioneers said they had been told to roam seven years as a penance, and they lost no time in preying upon and bamboozling each successive countryside, where they also thoroughly frightened the natives. But they had those letters of introduction, and kings and princes hesitated for years before taking action against the law-ignoring, really original intruders, with their sorcery and music, stealing and begging, fortune-telling and tinkering, savagery and gaiety, passion, abandon, for God's highway.

It was all there, even in those days.

These first trail-blazers said they came from Egypt, and the fact of their having the goddess Sara of that country as their patroness tended to bear out record liars. To this day the gitanos of Spain, aristocrats of the race, remain insistent upon Egypt, and the philologists who talk about Jats and North-West India as seats of origin would

the Gypsies

their origin *in* Egypt *or* India ; *the* increase
How the *European* Countries *regard* these
Future—Deportation *or* Toleration ?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

scarcely be well advised to go talking that way in Triana at night. Nevertheless, scholars will be scholars : I have just had added experience of the fact at Geneva, where I listened to Professor Pittard, of the University there, expounding how he had measured the heads of 1,213 gypsy men and women during seven successive visits to the Balkans, and how there was no doubt about it : anthropologically, North-West Hindustan. A third of *Calo*, the gypsy tongue, being derivative of Sanskrit, I tried to get the good Professor on that angle, as supporting his thesis. But no. You don't get anthropologists invading the philologist or any other sphere. For Pittard, swarthy, tall and lithe, handsome, bushy-whiskered, gay and glinting-eyed, a regular Romany type himself, even as the last Swiss professor I interviewed, Piccard of the stratosphere, is quite the accepted Martian, for Pittard, the last swarming of pure gypsydom to be found in the Balkan Peninsula, shows unmistakable Hindu origin : long, narrow head, height a little above the average with long legs, hair straight and black, dark eyes, harmonious features, straight, non-negroid nose. Why did they leave India ? It is suggested they were tyrannised over as untouchables. (In regard to this, gypsy blood is to-day being analysed in many laboratories.) How did they develop their chronic restlessness ? Maybe terror got into their blood, and in course of time perpetual moving on before pursuers, real or imagined, became second nature. That may hold water, for some. That, plus a bird-like, pathological obsession to be *free*. Lots of other things have to be explained such as dirt, morals, Celtic telescoping of light-heartedness into melancholy, a relishing of emotional and physical extremes, basic refusal to be merged, absence of use for the two words " duty " and " possession " (a gypsy possesses everything and nothing).

Western Europe, then, has frequently seen fit to sit on the gypsies, nay, to hunt and exterminate or deport them with great cruelty. (*Continued on page* 125)

JOSEPH WINSTERSHEIM, a French gypsy, handcuffed to a gendarme. He is alleged to have killed his concubine with a bayonet

THE darkest child of a tribe of Hungarian gypsies

HUNDREDS of gypsies have recently invaded the north of Berlin, and the police have made barbed wire fences round their encampment

GYPSY children enjoying themselves on the occasion of a wedding in the tribe

THE general parade before taking up their duties for the day

IN the machine shop at Borstal

(*Below*) *MAKING him into a good citizen by teaching him a trade*

The Bad Boys' Public School

Is it proving a Success or a Failure? This vital question is answered here by

Sewell Stokes

"YOU can take it from me," I was told by a well-known criminal lawyer recently, "that the Borstal Institution is an experiment which has failed. To-day we are far too sentimental about crime. Pretending to reform young criminals, we only pamper them. Instead of taking their misdeeds seriously, we find excuses for them. That means excellent business for me. But it's rotten business for the country."

"Get this into your head," a London magistrate said to me a few days later. "The Borstal Institution *is* a very definite success. It's working wonders. Absolutely nipping crime in the bud."

Now what is one to make of two such conflicting opinions?

To settle the argument for myself—and for you—I spent a day in the Borstal Institution at Rochester. By the governor, Mr. R. L. Bradley, I was given the opportunity of discovering exactly what happens to a boy who is sent there. Pretending to myself that I had, on more than one occasion (no Borstalian

A LESSON in the open (above)

GIVING instruction in the carpenter's shop (left)

SPORT is a feature at Borstal. The games master and his footballers (below, left)

is a first offender), been tempted to steal, I prepared to meet my fate. And my fate, I found, was far from unpleasant. When I say that I would not mind serving a term at Borstal, I am not joking. One does not joke about these things.

To-day, however, it is more difficult to get a boy into Borstal than it is to get him into a public school. Our public schools are in a bad way. But our Borstal institutions have many more boys to look after than they can adequately cope with. The waiting-list of boys who have been ordered there by a magistrate is daily growing larger. At Wormwood Scrubs Prison there is always a batch of boys waiting for vacancies to occur at one or other of the institutions. And the size of that batch increases. That is the present, regrettable state of affairs.

Now, I was quite unprepared for what I found at Rochester. I had expected to look into the faces of boys who presented at least a few outward signs of criminality. Instead, I found as healthy and nice-looking a set of youngsters as can be imagined, scarcely any of them conforming to the weak or stubborn type usually associated with crime. Fashionable night-clubs, I have decided, are the places in which to find these obvious examples of obvious degeneracy. In the workshops and fields, I talked to boys who were so bright and polite that it was impossible to believe that many of them were young bandits undergoing detention. All of them looked happy—as I've no doubt nearly all of them were.

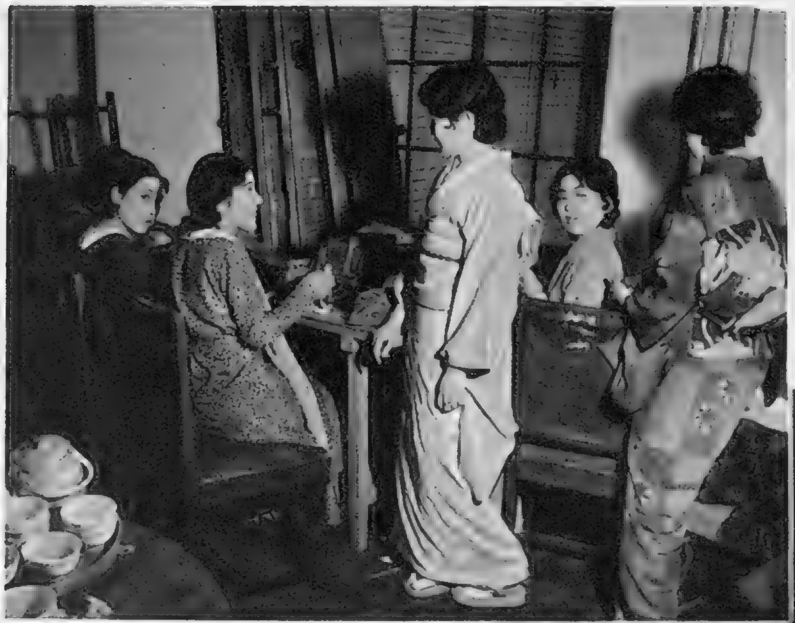
By the house-masters who look after these boys, I was even more surprised. Here was a collection of enthusiastic young men who, far from being severe disciplinarians, sympathised with their charges. They made a strange contrast to the grim-looking, uniformed warders (the institution staff of an earlier day) which hung on the wall of their common-room. To one of these masters I pointed out that the boys hadn't much to grumble at.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "The monotony must be very trying. You can't really blame any of them for trying to escape. I know I would, in their place! After all, freedom is everything."

But *is* it? Does the most ardent lover of freedom find it more monotonous to be clothed, fed, given games to play, books to read, and (special privilege) a cigarette to smoke after meals, than to be destitute on the streets? For destitution is what leads many of these boys into crime. I am certain that the pathetic creatures who, as I walk home sometimes through the West End late at night, ask me for twopence to buy a cup of coffee with, would find Borstal a paradise. And with these sentiments of mine, the Governor was inclined to agree.

(Continued on page 101)

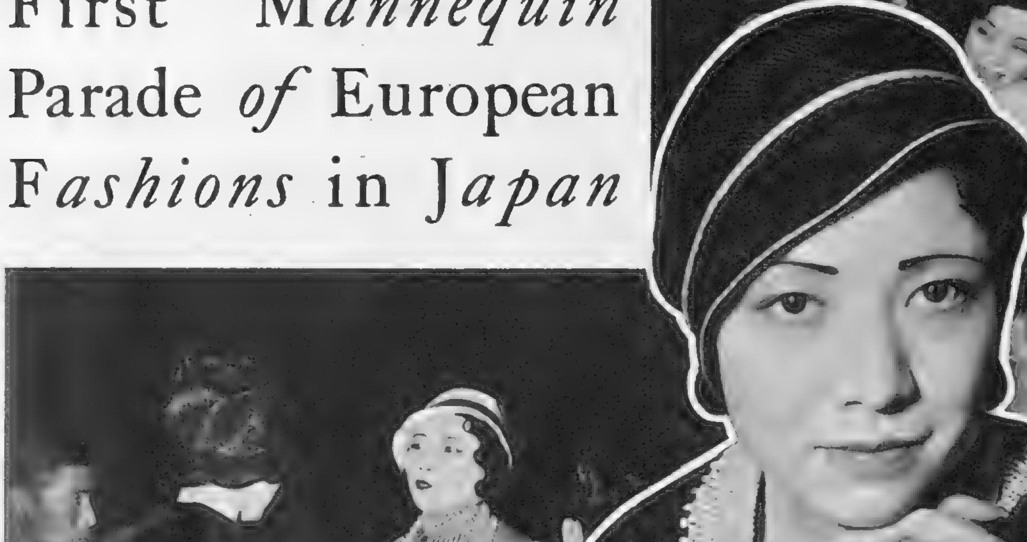
OLD NIPPON



THE mannequins arrive in the traditional kimono and make up on the premises for their rôle of fashionable Occidental ladies

The First Mannequin Parade of European Fashions in Japan

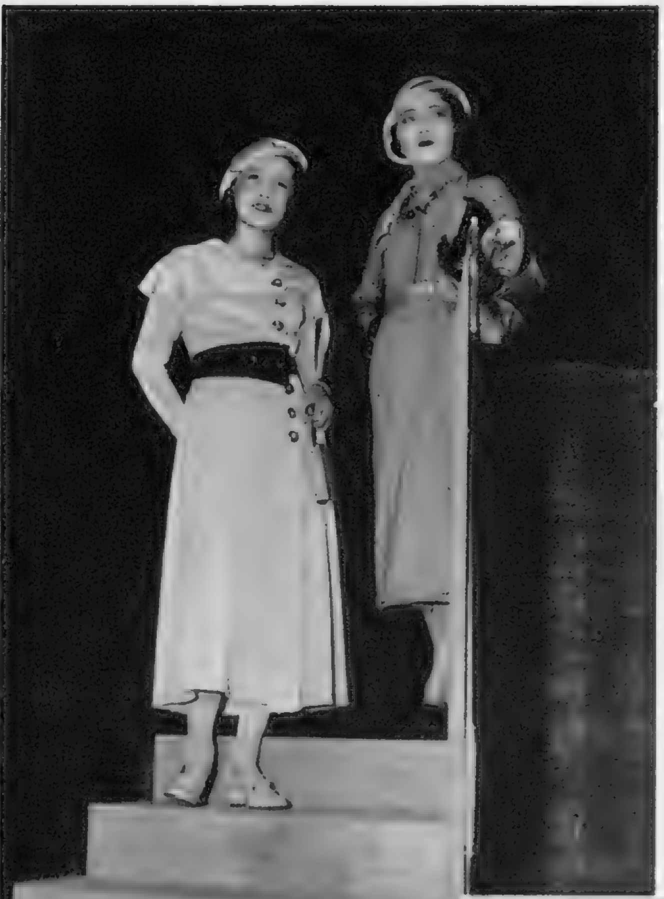
(Below)
THE interest in the first mannequin parade in Japan was not confined to the weaker sex. When the mannequins appeared, the excitement of the audience was intense



MANNEQUINS all ready for the show. They find considerable difficulty in walking in European shoes. This hat and embroidered gloves met with much approval. On the right a mannequin is seen practising the poise and manner of the Western lady of fashion

GOES MODERN

TWO of the Japanese mannequins display the latest European styles. A summer dress and a morning suit, which won the applause of Tokio's society ladies



IN the fine weather especially, of those Japanese ladies who may be seen to-day in the main streets of Tokio at least thirty per cent. will be dressed in the European style: of the men, ninety per cent. But until quite recently there was no question of changing fashions in Japan, and no shops existed where the clothes worn by Western women could be obtained. Some women certainly, had seized on the styles worn by the film stars they had seen in the cinemas and faithfully copied the fashion although, of course, they knew nothing of the colours involved. Then a few fashion ateliers came into existence and modelled their clothes on copies of Parisian or American styles, or in some cases bought European models from Shanghai. But there was no general mode, no periodic fashion, until a short while ago, when two Japanese newspapers, one in the English language, interested themselves in this question and began the propaganda for European fashions. A general idea of the vogue of to-day was found to be essential and, supported by these two journals, the first European fashion parade was held in Japan. Needless to say, the ladies of Tokio were vastly interested and curious and, flocking there in their hundreds, in many cases accompanied by their husbands, made it a great success

THE Japanese mannequin not only has to change all her attire from head to foot, but must also undergo the "pleasures" of a permanent wave at the hands of the hairdresser

ONE of the mannequins having a "dress rehearsal" behind the scenes

SCREENLAND'S *Winning* Age

WALLACE BEERY, *one of the stars who represent "the winning age" on the screen to-day*

IT is not so very long ago—not much over three years, in fact—that film potentates pulled long faces and made sounds indicating extreme horror if anybody suggested that a man or woman over twenty-five years of age might represent film-star material. They muttered harsh words about "Much too old, my dear fellow," and mentioned "Soft focus" in muted whispers.

Even when I first knew Hollywood, in its native state, I saw this same "soft focus" (which is a silk gauze pulled across the lens of a camera to modify or obliterate facial lines) used in the case of an actress whose age could not have been more than twenty-seven, at the outside. But such was the craze for Youth, Youth, and still more Youth in the studios that as soon as a girl was suspected to have passed her twenty-first birthday, the "soft focus" merchants were told to get ready to do their deadly work.

This is not an exaggeration. In 1927, out in Hollywood, I heard film stars of both sexes discussing quite seriously the number of years they *might* manage to survive, and remain popular. They gave themselves three or four years, at the outside; most of them were prepared to go under in two years, or less, without attempting to put up a fight. Their ages varied from twenty-one to twenty-eight. And all of them had nothing but facial attraction or beauty of form to give them the smallest right to claim fame.

Then came the Talkies, to drive that well-worn sub-title, "Came the Dawn," into permanent retirement. And with the Talkies films discovered that Youth was not the only Winning Age. Nobody in Filmland had bothered to prove the truth of an ancient theatrical saying to the effect that no actress can hope to play Juliet until she is far too old to represent that tragic heroine. But up to that time, fortunately, film players had not been asked to ACT, only to LOOK. Talkies demanded, tactlessly, that they should act as well. And so the Winning Age shifted from post-adolescence to years of greater knowledge and discretion.

Impartially, take a pencil and write down quite quickly the names of some of the most popular screen players to-day. Here we go: Marie Dressler, George Arliss, Ruth Chatterton, Wallace Beery, Lionel

ALISON SKIPWORTH, *the English actress who has now made a big success in talking-films after being a stage star in New York for many years. She is spoken of as a second Marie Dressler*

LEWIS STONE, *one of the most popular players on the screen to-day*

The *Present* Fashion in F*ilm* Stars *does not* draw *the* line at *Age*—but *appreciates* it!

By Margaret Chute

RUTH CHATTERTON as "Madame X." *Her performance in this talking film is described as the finest emotional acting seen since talkies came in. This was one of the first big successes Miss Chatterton made on the screen*

Barrymore, Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Alison Skipworth, Walter Huston, Jean Hersholt, Warren William, Maurice Chevalier, Edward Robinson, Mae West. I know Mae West is fairly new, as screen players go, but she is going to be just as famous as Marie Dressler in a very few months.

Such a list causes a certain amount of thought. And with the thought comes cause for congratulation. The foolish flappers and yawn-productive youths of yesterday have been put in their places by men and women who have lived and loved and suffered. The biggest screen favourites of to-day have been through the mill. They have learned their lesson in a hard school, and instead of a vacant face that tries to respond to a director's earnest exhortations and frenzied prayers, they bring to the talking screen real acting that is often inspired.

MARIE DRESSLER, *over sixty, yet one of Screenland's greatest stars*

Marie Dressler's screen fame has surprised her as much as it has delighted her enormous public. Her attempt to win the affections of film-goers in the days of silent films failed quite dismally. Her knowledge of human nature, and her uncanny sense of what is wanted in the theatre and on the screen, told her that it was useless to flog a dead mare. So she allowed her screen career to die after "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Charles Spencer Chaplin in the supporting cast, had failed to hit the public taste. Miss Dressler bowed her head to the vote of the majority, as expressed through the box office window, and went back quietly to her work in the theatre.

MAE WEST, *the "Diamond Lil" of the New York stage. She is likely to be one of the biggest box office attractions in the entire entertainment world before* 1933 *fades out*

When she was invited to return to Hollywood once more, to make comedies, close to the time when the change from silent to talking films was about to happen, she did not want to sign any sort of contract. She said: "I've tried it. They don't want me. I'm too old, too fat, too—oh, well, they don't want me! Why waste your money on another contract that will prove as useless as the first?"

Somebody persisted, so Marie Dressler packed her trunks and booked a drawing room on the most expensive train to Hollywood. That was a trifle over four years ago. In the interim she has made a fortune—her forty-second, according to herself—and has become celebrated all over the world. Her age is something between sixty and sixty-four.

There is that splendid actor George Arliss, whose name outside a film theatre means a queue right round the building. Mr. Arliss, unafraid of the stage, was frankly alarmed at the prospect of facing the camera. When Warner Brothers had sufficient wisdom to offer him a film contract he shook his head vigorously, and said he was not at all interested. In the end he went to Hollywood on the understanding that he should be allowed to play parts he had made popular *on the stage*—parts, in short, which he knew backwards and inside out. That was his way of testing his usefulness, or otherwise, in this new medium.

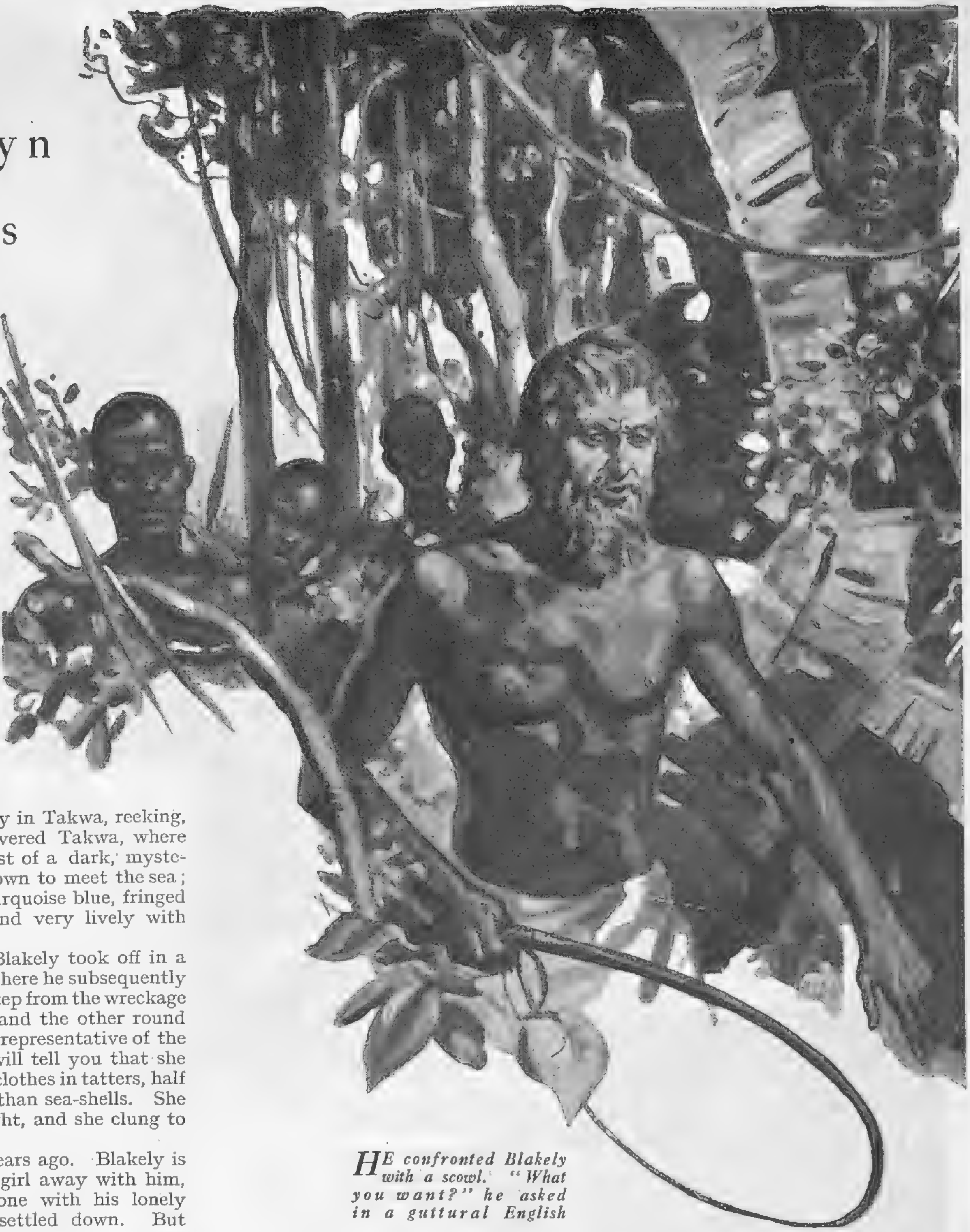
He made "The Green Goddess" and "Disraeli," and the film public knew they had found a new idol. Great acting was something they could appreciate when they saw it. And so Mr. Arliss remains a film player, chooses his own stories, can look anything from his own age of sixty-ish to thirty-five, and leaves the set punctually at 4.30 every afternoon, no matter if the skies fall. He has that stipulation in his contract, and his faithful valet, Jenner, sees that Mr. Arliss does not fail to enforce its fulfilment, even to the extent of marching on the set and firmly removing his employer's wig, when the hands of the clock pointed to 4.35, on one well-remembered afternoon.

Wallace Beery has been entertaining the public since

(Continued on page 112)

By Llewellyn Hughes

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne



HE confronted Blakely with a scowl. "What you want?" he asked in a guttural English

YOU'LL hear the story in Takwa, reeking, sweltering, yellow-fevered Takwa, where an impenetrable forest of a dark, mysterious Africa comes down to meet the sea; and a treacherous sea it is, turquoise blue, fringed by a blinding white surf, and very lively with sharks.

It was from Takwa that Blakely took off in a plane he had no right to, and there he subsequently returned to smash it up and step from the wreckage with one arm hanging loose and the other round the waist of a girl. Soames, representative of the Dutch Oil Company there, will tell you that she was only a slip of a girl, her clothes in tatters, half naked, her breasts no bigger than sea-shells. She was about eighteen, he thought, and she clung to Blakely like a monkey.

Anyway, that's all some years ago. Blakely is gone, and since he took the girl away with him, maybe he decided to be done with his lonely nomadic life and now has settled down. But that's only conjecture, for nobody on the Coast knows what happened to him—or to her.

Gone, too, is Fenners, the little runt of a Cockney who inadvertently participated in the venture. Only old Soames is left, Soames with a paper-white face under a huge sun helmet, and from what he says, and the scattered and now garbled account of it left by Fenners, the story goes something like this:

It's not difficult to explain Blakely's presence in Takwa. He had been one of those unhappy and restless American aviators—expatriates, most of 'em—banded together and clinging to Paris for the sake of their war experiences and drinking themselves to death in order to forget.

Blakely broke away from it, bought a yawl and went sailing the seas. There were rumours of him off the coast of China, around Sumatra, in and about the Polynesian group. When the Kru boys paddled him through the surf into Takwa he came ashore for three good reasons: to hire a man to help him on the yawl—the one he had having died at sea—to get water, and thirdly to try to find a rare Coast orchid he had heard about.

There was only one white man at loose ends in Takwa and he was Harry Fenners, formerly a ship's steward, and now an outcast even on the Gold Coast. But Harry was no kind of a hand at anything any more; his spindling physique had become soddened with gin, and the pressure of a thumb and finger around his wizened neck would have turned a kindly trick.

As for orchids, Soames was blunt in his warning.

"This hell-hole is bad enough, God knows," he said. "But *that*"—and his tired, colourless eyes gazed at the forest—"that's *Death!* Death in slow and painful doses, and my advice to you is to keep out of it."

In vain did Blakely try to get a boy to paddle him up the Kugurma. Up that sluggish river dwelt the Fanti and the equally pleasant Akim, products of darkest Africa who were especially interested in any other kind of coloured gentlemen, and had a delightful custom of slicing them into little strips and frying the pieces in oil.

So Blakely was forced to stay where he was for a while, amid the flies and the stench, and in a punishing humidity with the wall of a tropical forest holding it steady.

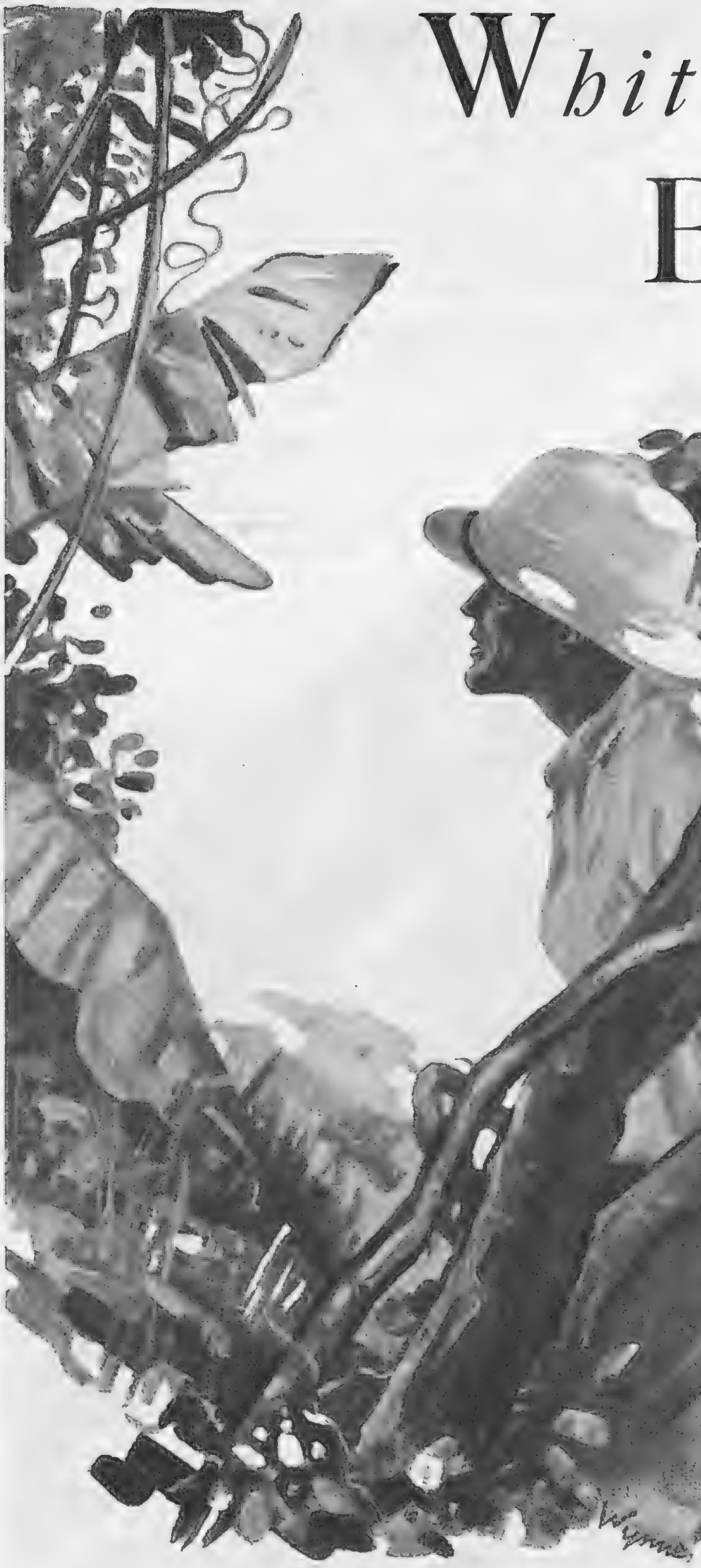
He was a picturesque individual, a young fellow of thirty or so, pith helmet cocked over a strong, handsome face, open shirt, dirty white trousers that were shaped only by the thew and sinew of his legs. Something in the way he held himself, the imperturbability of his eye, some quality in his stature, told of heritage and a forsaken culture.

He stuck it for a week or more, then decided to resume his fretful roaming, taking Fenners with him. In fact, he had said goodbye to Soames and was down on the beach when something happened that set Takwa afire with excitement.

Out of a blinding sky a plane dipped to make a crazy landing

White Boy, Black Boy

A "Plane" Tale from the Wilds



on the sand strip. From the cockpit they lifted a man shrieking with fever. He was a Britisher, member of the West African Protectorate Patrol, and was raving about a Professor Kenhart and a lost expedition, signs of which he had for weeks been trying to find.

Takwa, in the person of Soames, had never heard of Professor Kenhart, nor his expedition, and the mouthings of the Government aviator were taken for so much poppycock. They put the lad to bed and dosed him with quinine.

Here, therefore, was a familiar old instrument at Blakely's disposal, a two-seater, mounted with a machine-gun, petrol tank three-quarters full!

For the last two days he'd been drinking again. "Let's cool off for a moment," he grinned. "Fly round the lot. May find those orchids."

Fenners gasped when he realised the intention.

"Can you fly one of them there things?" he piped.

"Think so," hiccoughed Blakely. "Least I've seen one before somewhere. Get aboard."

"Not me," declined Fenners.

Blakely, intoxicated, was not a man to be argued with. He pitched Fenners into the cockpit, strapped him in, and during the next fifteen minutes performed so many stunts in the air that the Kru boys flew into their huts and grovelled in terror.

To Blakely the feel of the air once again was exulting. To a man of his temperament there was only one thing to do after that. He decided to explore Africa, and went inland following the Kugurma river. A good hundred miles from Takwa he still found nothing but dense vegetation, so he swung south in the hope of striking open country.

Soon he saw patches of swamp, then veldt. Noting a herd of antelope, he swooped down over them and scattered them like chaff. Then he noticed something else that had frightened them, the mottled design of a great cat. Used to the operation of a machine-gun, he got off a few bursts. The leopard, twisting, beat back on his tracks, making for cover. Blakely banked and drove over the topmost branches so that the monkeys and parrots flung themselves recklessly out of harm's way and went screaming through the forest telling of the strange visitation of some devil!

About this time two things happened, happened almost simultaneously. Fenners came to life, and the plane began to go contrariwise. Blakely was flying low, skimming the tops of great bombax, silk cottons, and the vast foliage of an illimitable green forest. The little Cockney took one look at his desolate position over Africa and gulped out a single word:

"Cripes!"

Blakely's altimetre showed six hundred. He realised that he couldn't get much more power out of her. In the far distance was the Kugurma. He'd have to come down in a gradual slope, trust to luck and make a landing. The trouble was in the food line somewhere. Blakely thought he could fix it, but to do that he'd have to come down, and landing out here was a problem. He was suddenly spattered with oil.

" What's up ? " inquired Fenners, wiping his chin. " Something's gone wrong, ain't it ? "

" Unbuckle your belt ! " shouted Blakely.

THE landing was as good a job as Blakely ever did with a plane. There was a small clearing in the midst of the forest, and he took a desperate chance on it, manœuvring the machine into a side-slip and making a dead, pancake drop. She landed with a thud that almost knocked the wind out of them. Miraculously she was intact, intact in the centre of a small clearing, surrounded on all sides by a density of African brush, vine and the fibrous creepers, boxed in and blocked from escape by giant bombax and camwood. The incongruity of it, their presence there, amused Blakely.

But the fix he was in had sobered him. In the late afternoon glow of a primeval forest, he stood off a little, surveying the situation.

" Sorry, old man," he told Fenners, " I've landed you in a bit of a mess. In fact, I'm afraid that we're both in for a hell of a tough time of it."

The ground was fairly smooth, an age-old carpet of fern, bush and leaf. Monkeys and hornbills were setting up a prodigious clamour in the trees. Flies by the million began buzzing around them.

Fenners groaned. Slapping his hands and face, he began to recite his own obituary. " Whatever 'appened to poor little 'Arry Fenners ? " he asked. " You know, 'im what used to play the mouth organ and dance the 'ornpipe in the ships' concerts ? Yus, whatever 'appened to little 'Arry Fenners ? Oh, I dunno. 'E was a smart little bloke. Retired, maybe ? Living with 'is missus in a cottage by the sea ? " Still slashing at the gnats, he viciously denied this latter premise. " Not blooming likely, mate ! A blinking lion chewed the face off 'im in the wilds of Africa ! "

" Here," Blakely called out to him, " help me cut these vines away and let's try and get her straightened out. I've got an idea. We may be able to get out of here yet."

" Yus," said Fenners. " On the wings of a dove. That's the only way we'll ever fly out of 'ere."

But it was like trying to cut through steel hawsers. The knives they had were useless. Drenched with sweat, they managed instead to pull the creepers away, slid the longest and most obstinate of them over the wing-tips, and eventually the plane settled on an even keel. Blakely examined the broken pipe-line.

" I can fix this all right," he said. " First of all, let's get that damned machine-gun out of the way."

" 'Ere ! " Fenners protested, " don't you damn the machine-gun ! We 'ad better kiss it. We'll need that when the blinking elephants come."

" Set it up on the ground," ordered Blakely.

In the awful humidity sweat began pouring off them. For an hour, urged on by Blakely, Fenners forgot the insects, his fear of snakes, and put his back into the work of pushing the plane to the very edge of the clearing.

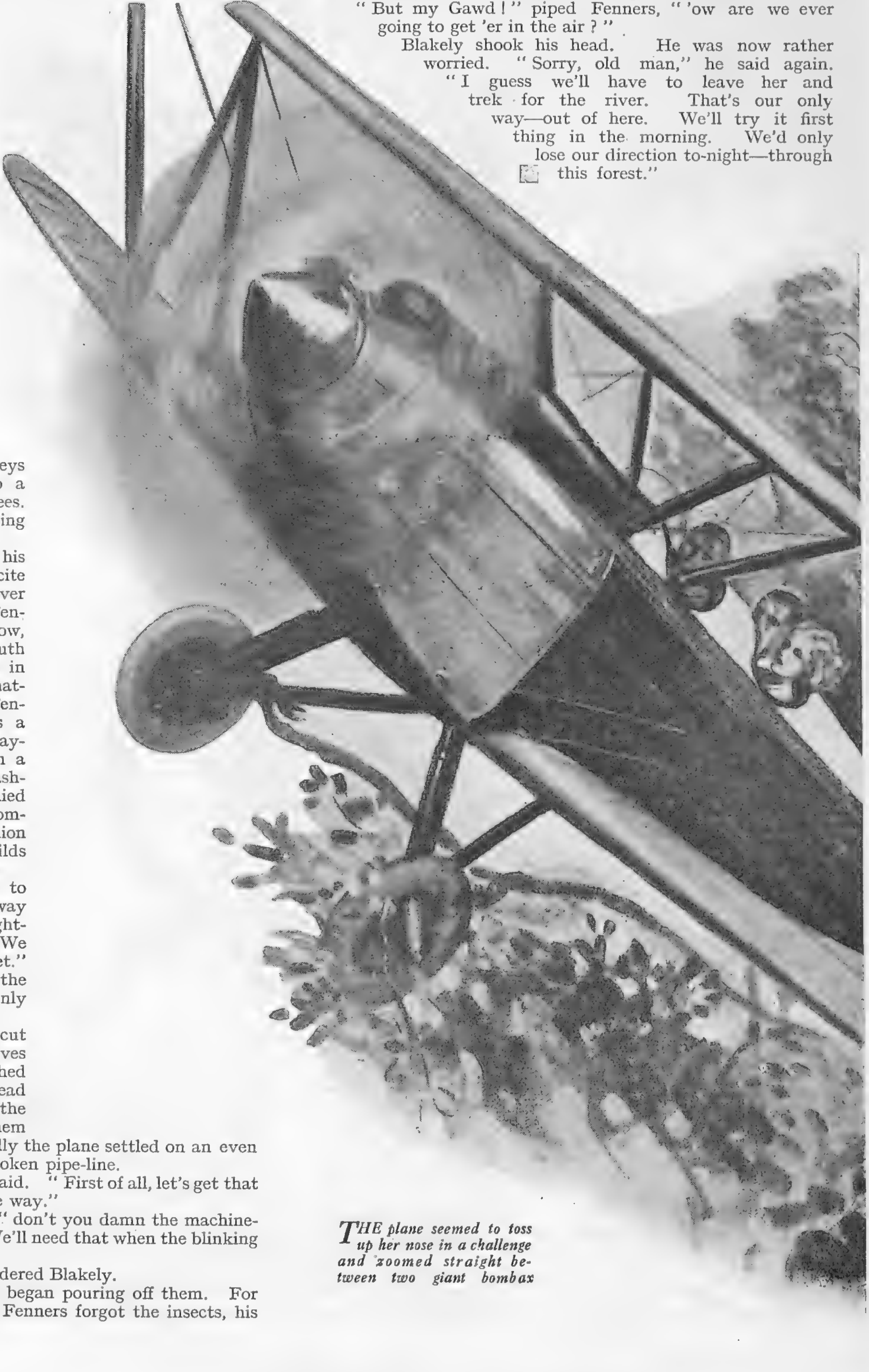
Blakely then examined the undercarriage, lying on his back, insensible to the flies. Rising, he sluiced away the sweat and gazed dubiously at the tangled mass of vine and the threatening height of the bombax.

He was now very sober, his face grave. He repaired the feed line, tightened the wires, then, blocking the wheels, advanced the spark, made contact, and threw over the propeller. Still hot, she burst into song, wafting the insects to blazes and involving the vines, birds and monkeys in a veritable tornado. The roar of the engine spread terror through the forest, and the nearby watching leopard thought not upon the order of his going.

" She'll fly," said Blakely, throttling her down.

" But my Gawd ! " piped Fenners, " 'ow are we ever going to get 'er in the air ? "

Blakely shook his head. He was now rather worried. " Sorry, old man," he said again. " I guess we'll have to leave her and trek for the river. That's our only way—out of here. We'll try it first thing in the morning. We'd only lose our direction to-night—through this forest."



THE plane seemed to toss up her nose in a challenge and zoomed straight between two giant bombax

He took out his revolver, examined it.

" You stay here," he said. " I'll have a look around and see if I can find water."

He stepped into the bush and came face to face with a young black, naked but for a loin-cloth and spear. He regarded Blakely with a curious look in his eyes. For some moments he and Blakely stared at each other in silence.

In a twinkling the black vanished so swiftly, so noiselessly, that Blakely could hardly credit his eyes. His disappearance, however, was timed with the sound of voices, the clash of knife and axe on forest growth. A mob of blacks were approaching. They were being led by a strange individual, a man six feet or more, naked from the waist up. He differed from the rest of them in colour of skin, which was an oily dark brown, and also had an unkempt reddish beard. Otherwise he seemed every whit as much of a savage as any of them.

Thrusting his way through the creepers, he confronted Blakely with a scowl.

" What you want ? " he asked in a guttural English.

" Water," said Blakely. " Water—no matter what it tastes like."

" What you doing here, eh ? " he demanded suspiciously. " You want to see me—ya ? Martyn's my name. Vereker Martyn."

Blakely had heard of the man, through Soames and others. Of German and African Dutch extraction, he had, so it was said, gone native. Tales were told of his cruelty and lasciviousness. But he was a good contact man with the Fanti and Akim, and kept shipping a steady supply of crude palm oil down the river to the company depot at Takwa.

At once Blakely disliked him. He mentioned his name, explained his predicament, and led the way to the clearing. Martyn stiffened when he saw the plane.

" Government man, ya ? "

" No. I happen to be one of those unfortunate beggars without government—even over myself," he said.

Martyn breathed easier. " Vell, you land in dangerous spot here," he said thickly, eyeing the breadth of the American's shoulders. " How you think you get oudt of it ? "

" Fly out," said Blakely. " Lend me a gang of your niggers to clear away more of this brush—and I think I can make it."

Martyn continued to survey him through hostile and suspicious eyes. " Ya," he grunted. " You do nodding much to-night, eh ? You bedder gome back to my hut. I gif you somethings to eat and drink maybe."

" Thanks."

The man's power over them was with a bull-whip. He bellowed at them in a voice that reverberated through the forest, and cracked the whip over their flanks. They feared him and hated him.

While the Fanti commenced hacking a clearing, Martyn led the way to the village. " To-morrow," he said sullenly, " my power over them gome to stop for two week."

Blakely inquired why.

" To-morrow at sundown, Fanti and Akim go mad. For two week *we* hold fetish here, voodoo for spirit of river. Und god *we* call Wassaw."

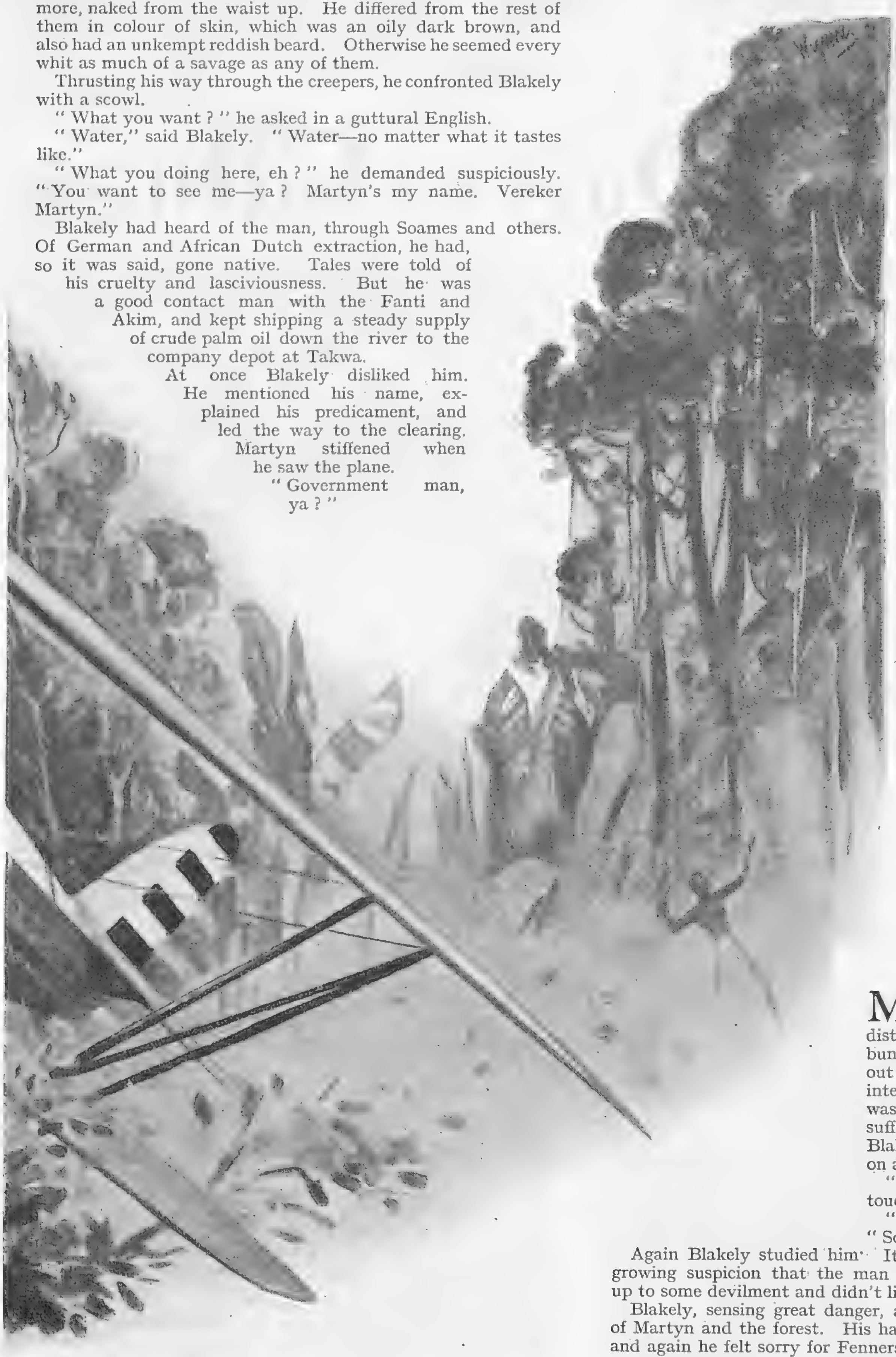
The inclusive pronoun chilled Blakely as he glanced at the man.

" Blessings for rain," Martyn went on heavily, " blessings for heat—mitt hell keeping it always same thing." He was talking erratically.

" Gawd ! " agreed Fenners. " It is rather 'ot, ain't it? "

So far Martyn had completely ignored the little Cockney. In the near distance a tom-tom began beating. " I gif you warning, Blakely, your life not be worth much after sundown to-morrow."

" The hell you say ! " Blakely spoke quietly, but his tone carried a vast amount of opposition. Martyn shot him a quick, furtive look.



MUD huts comprised a straggling village. A little distance removed was Martyn's bungalow, draped inside and out with dirty netting. The interior smelled to heaven, but was a great relief from the suffocating density of the forest. Blakely's searching eyes rested on a telephone.

" Guess I'd better get in touch with civilisation."

" Guess nod," said Martyn. " Someveres wire broken."

Again Blakely studied him. It was hard to account for a growing suspicion that the man feared something. He was up to some devilment and didn't like to have strangers around.

Blakely, sensing great danger, accepted the challenge both of Martyn and the forest. His had been a foolhardy venture, and again he felt sorry for Fenners. But perhaps this sort of challenge was just what he needed, and (*Continued on page* 106)

Margery Lawrence

Queer Cures

WE are all of us apt to wax very superior at the expense of our poor unenlightened ancestors—and especially so over the question of diseases and their cures. "*Too* queer," we declare, "the things they used to do"; and certainly there is no denying that some of the cures our forefathers swore by were very queer indeed!

In the fifteenth century all a man had to do to "Save himself from being Drunken" was to "take a powder of Betony and Coleworts, as much as will lye upon a sixpence, and eat it every morning fasting; and he could drink hys fill withouten harme." I know a few men who would give much if this was as efficacious as the old writer evidently considered it! Then old Sir Kenelm Digby's cure for toothache—date 1638:

"To cure an aching tooth, take a Rusty Nayle and scratch and tear ye Gum about ye Toothe until it bleed. Then take ye Nayle with blood upon it and drive it into a wooden Beame up to the head, and ye shall never have toothache more." Only blood-poisoning instead, one might have said.

SLIMMING was practised in the olden days

That slimming was practised in the olden days is evident from the following receipt culled from a priceless volume entited the "Good Housewife's Jewell" and published in 1596:

"To make a Slender Figure, take fennel leaves and seethe them in Water a very good quantitie. Then wring out the juice thereof when it is sodde, and drink it first and last and it shall swage either man or woman."

"Swage" has a somewhat sinister ring about it—but probably the cure was as efficacious as many of those advertised to-day. Another receipt of the same period, or very nearly, cited as a "Comfortable Syrup against Melancholy," and consisting of varied wild herbs, apples, cinnamon and hops boiled in syrup, sounds as though it might be welcome for a good many people in these depressing days, though "A cure for the bite of a mad dog. . . . Write upon a piece of paper 'Rebus, Rubus, Epitepsicum,' and give it to the beast to eat," does not inspire one with much confidence.

Beyond and above these harmless herbal cures, however, powdered vipers and toads, churchyard mould, mandrake root—which was supposed to be semi-human and to shriek with agony when drawn from its home in the earth, so that whoever heard it died instanter—dried shrewmice, and caterpillars or leeches boiled in brandy, were popular in the Middle Ages, and up to comparatively recent times there was quite a brisk trade in scraped skull and powdered mummy-dust. Doctors no longer attempt to cure appendicitis by applying a little live warm puppy to the patient's stomach, or continue the treatment by a "cataplasm of rotten apples," but the East End still sells dried cauls—the hood of skin with which some children are born—to superstitious sailors as a sure preventive of drowning, and black-eyed Jewesses still buy "dragon's blood" (which is a herb, sad to say, and not real blood or anything like it!) to allure some straying swain, while a new potato carried in the pocket is still regarded by many educated people as a certain cure for rheumatism, if carried long enough to grow hard and calcined. This is an odd remedy in all conscience; but it behoves us to be wary how we laugh too loudly at these old cures. Some of them, we are finding to-day, were not as crazy as they seemed. For instance. . . .

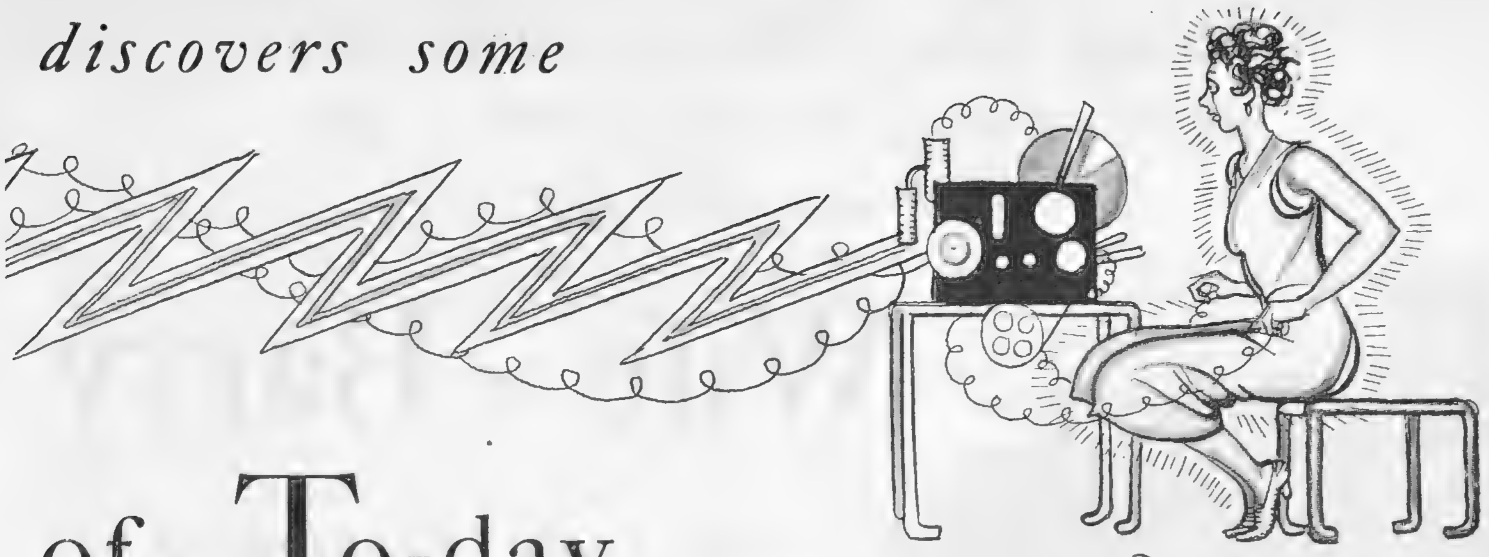
In the Middle Ages they put a scarlet fever patient in a room hung with scarlet flannel; swathed him in red and allowed nobody to approach him who was not similarly clad. For years the world laughed its fill at the idea . . . but the old doctors laugh last after all, since I am told that one of the latest treatments for scarlet fever is to treat the patient with red lights and keep him in a red-lighted room!

FOR centuries the Chinese and Tibetan doctors have been using powdered stag's horn for medical purposes, and for years modern scientists scoffed and declared that the cures claimed for this were merely "sorcerer's tricks." Now a group of prominent modern scientists have discovered that the antler preparation is beneficial, epecially for healing wounds, and Professor Pavlenko, one of the leading Russian doctors of to-day, is heading a campaign in favour of it.

Green herbs are no bad antiseptics. The customary flower bouquets placed before judge and sheriffs at the Old Bailey are the last sweet echo of the old custom of strewing the courts with flowers and herbs to keep off the smell of the prisoners—in other words, to kill infection. And iron is still used as a tonic—though we do not nowadays steep an iron nail in water to obtain our decoction, unless we are preparing it for the canary!

There is surely no cure too odd, too ridiculous, for human nature to accept and believe in—no suggestion too fantastic for the human mind, longing for help, to persuade itself into accepting. The number of "quacks" roaming the world to-day preaching each his own particular form of quackery is legion—and it is sometimes hard to draw the line between quackery conscious and deliberate and quackery that deludes itself, that believes in itself—that even, sometimes, I dare to say,

discovers some


arthur watts 33—

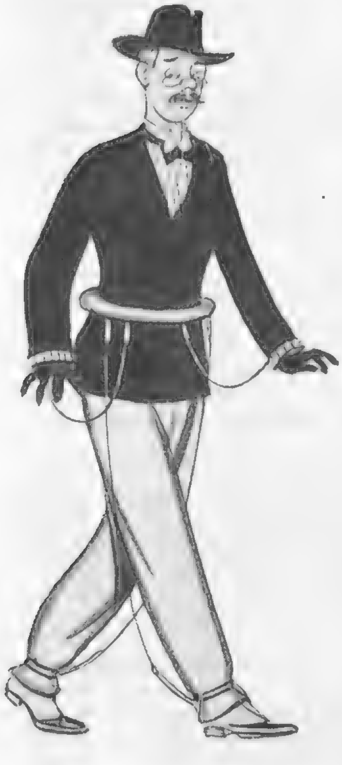
# of To-day

Although you *may* not believe *in* the M*agnetic* Chair, " Abrams' B*lack* Box," Snails' O*intment*, Extract *of* Viper, Sun *and* Moon S*acred* Oil, the *modern* Quack is *very* persuasive. There *may* be "something *in* it" . . . !

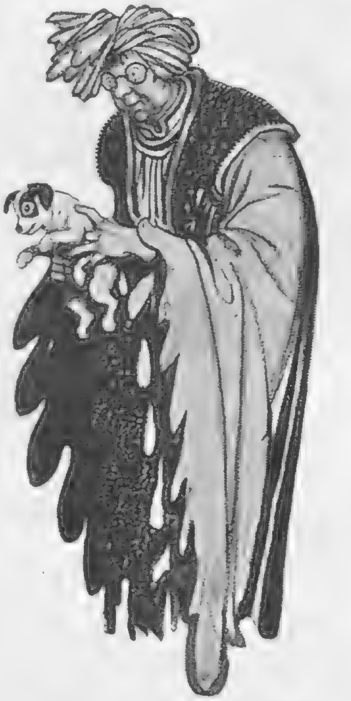
has " something in it." Yet who would imagine, for instance, that the Magnetic Chair, the arms of which are said to be " magnetised by the influx of the life-forces from the earth with which the Magnet is in contact," could possibly, in these hard-boiled days, be accepted and believed in ? Yet it is . . . this cure is to be found in London to-day, and many other cures fully as queer as any of those cherished by our simple-minded ancestors.

Of recent years a cure known popularly as " Abrams' Black Box" has been enjoying a considerable measure of popularity. In appearance it is a metallic-looking box studded with imposing discs and levers and containing a nest of whorls and coils and flexes—and its inventor, one Dr. Abrams, claims that its " vibrations " are a sovereign cure for a whole string of human ills. There is no doubt that Abrams himself is a brilliant man . . . neither is there any doubt that his machine *does* produce certain reactions when applied to the human body. But as to whether these reactions are good, bad, or merely indifferent, even a Committee of Investigation headed by Sir Thomas Horder has not, I gather, yet quite decided. . . .

Two uncommonly queer cures still in use to-day come from the English countryside. In Sussex—that is to say, in certain old corners of it where hotdogs and the cinema have scarcely penetrated—they still plaster an open wound with fresh cow dung, and, surprising to relate, the wound rarely seems to go septic. In India, where the five products of the cow—milk, butter, cheese, dung and urine—are all alike accounted sacred, nobody would be surprised at such a cure ; but I confess it startled me to discover it in use in so thoroughly English a county as Sussex ! In Devonshire a cure obviously dating from the Middle Ages is still employed in the remoter villages. A " passel of snails," to quote the words of the old lady who told me, is thrown into a pan and boiled, then crushed to a jelly, shells and all, and made into an ointment which is used to apply to sores—with, she assured me, amazingly successful curative results !



THE " steelpipe cure " is very popular in some parts of the States



DOCTORS no longer attempt to cure appendicitis by applying a little live warm puppy to the patient's stomach

CERTAIN districts in France are rich in odd and old-world cures. In the Savoy district the country folk look upon extract of viper as a cure for many ailments—it is made thus. A live viper is inserted in a bottle, which is then filled with boiling water ; this is corked up and the whole left to ferment like some strange sort of wine, draughts being drawn from it from time to time when needed to cure some family ailment.

In the neighbourhood of St. Symphorien d'Ozon, in the Isère Department, the villagers hang dead snakes up from the kitchen rafters to dry, all among the hams and sausages, and when any member of the household feels ill a section of snake is cut off and used as an infusion—with, one is told, marked tonic effects due to the release of the snake-venom in the water. It is worth noting, before laughing at all this, that snake poison is being successfully used in Paris for the treatment of cancer . . . just as bee-acid is being used for the cure of rheumatism. Country folk have, of course, used this for centuries, by the rough-and-ready method of making a few bees sting the affected parts . . . and it is certainly true, my country friends assure me, that beekeepers rarely suffer from rheumatism.

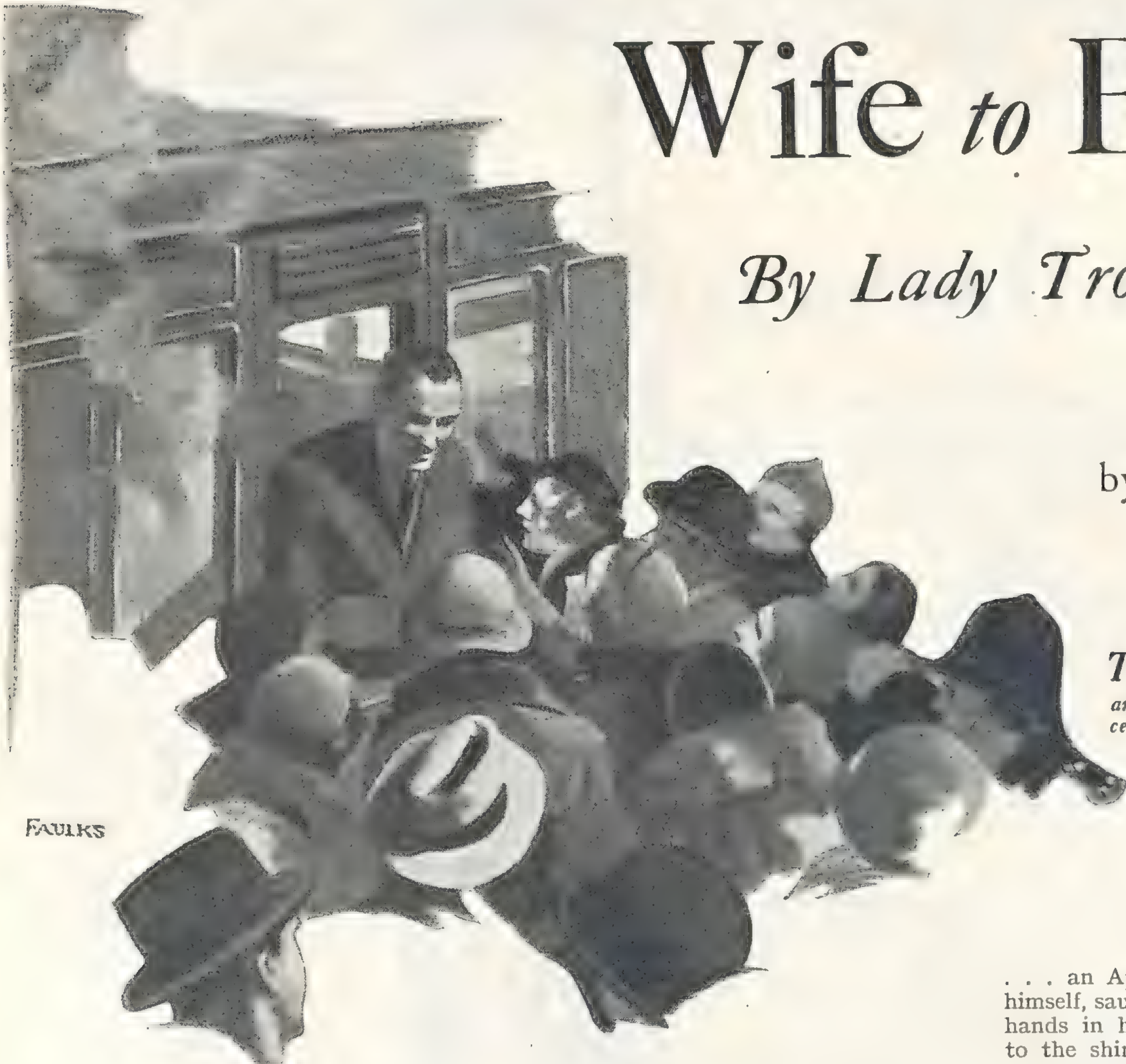
These are simple and old-world cures, however ; it is to America that one must turn to find equally queer modern ones. The " steelpipe cure " is very popular in some parts of the States—a cure that seems to have something in common with the Magnetic Chair. The patient is made to wear a length of nickel-plated piping filled with sulphur and securely closed at each end. This is worn about the waist, and to it are fixed wires ending in elastic bands and buckles that attach them to wrist and ankle. Before use the pipe is put into cold water to " generate the healing force " that it (*Continued on page* 104)

Playing Second Fiddle to a Film Idol wasn't too easy, for Wanda was a good deal more than just

Wife *to* Barry

By Lady Troubridge

Illustrations
by Jack M. Faulks



THEN the crowd lost control, broke into a run, and surged towards a certain carriage door

VICTORIA Station. The boat train, like a quiescent monster, came to rest at the platform with a hiss of escaping steam. Doors opened, porters moved alertly forward, and Barry's public moved too, that crowd of gaping men and women, mostly women, their eyes focused on one point.

"Stand back there, please," an official voice remonstrated, but it was unheeded. No one moved back. Camera men broke through those eager lines and planted tripods, or held their cameras to their eyes, and waited. The whole station seemed to wait until, from the back of the crowd, a girl's voice sounded, shrill with excitement.

"There he is! Oh, isn't he brown!"

Then the crowd lost control, broke into a run, and surged towards a certain carriage door.

And, in the midst of it all, Barry Dunallan, bareheaded, smiling his famous smile, facing his public with the cool good fellowship, the ironical amusement that laughed at himself and at them, laughed at their admiration and loved it. Because it was the breath of life to him. Because they would be queuing up in long patient rows to-night for his reappearance. Because it showed his hold on them was as strong as ever.

Barry Dunallan was London's most popular revue and film favourite: England's white hope in the world of entertainment.

When Germany vaunted her international actors, and America, in spite of secret anxieties, acclaimed her galaxy of young stars, Elstree had an answer ready.

That answer was Barry Dunallan.

They had to divide him with the stage, where he had first leaped into fame, but the film world was slowly but surely capturing.

Barry Dunallan had everything to give them. A slim, active figure; a voice that charmed when he talked or carolled those careless ditties, dancing that ranged from the restrained ease of ballroom steps to the wild frenzy of a Russian moujik. But it was his face that held the women; his definitely male beauty, the clean line of the jaw, the straight nose, the laughing mouth, the deep-set eyes. He thrilled them in uniform . . . as a gypsy . . . an Apache . . . but most of all as himself, sauntering on from the wings, his hands in his pockets, his hair brushed to the shine of varnish, careless, indifferent, incomparable.

And behind him on the platform, Wanda—little, dark Wanda, with a flash of white teeth when she smiled, pretty Wanda, a nut-brown maid, hopelessly eclipsed by her brilliant husband, but jealously envied all the same by half the women in London.

Barry should never have married at all, they would have told you, and it was only because of her utter insignificance that they did not hate her; because she didn't seem to lay any special claim to Barry, and her very pretty smile never altered in the most difficult moments, and they were many.

This was not one of them.

Wanda only had to hold the bouquet of giant tawny orange and brown chrysanthemums tied with streamers of gold, and stand in the shadow of the star, listening to his little speech of acknowledgment, smiling, always smiling.

"This is a grand welcome you've given me, on my return home from the States, and it shows me you've kept a warm corner for me. I assure you, I've done the same." Here Barry paused to allow the storm of cheering to die down. "America's a fine country, and we had a splendid reception, I and the clever people associated with me, but"—and here the famous smile flashed out brilliantly—"there's no place like home, and no audience like an English audience." He slipped his arm through Wanda's, drawing her a trifle forward. "I know you associate my wife in this welcome, so a hearty thank you from both of us."

Then all the cameras clicked, and another photograph of the popular actor, complete with wife, would duly appear in to-morrow's papers. Now the pair were separated for a moment. Eager women's hands held out autograph books to Barry, and he scribbled in each with a jesting remark.

It was clearly impossible to interview him at the moment, but an enterprising young reporter decided that a few words from Mrs. Barry Dunallan might interest the women readers. He was so enterprising that he also decided to get the psychological angle on their relationship.

"In view of your husband's immense popularity, Mrs. Dunallan," he shouted above the hubbub of excited voices, "may I ask if you feel the lack of home life and its privacy?"

For a moment Wanda stared at him, then seemed to recollect her rôle. "Oh, no. I try to make our hotel rooms homelike."

"Quite so. 'Home is where the heart is.' That's an inspiring message, Mrs. Dunallan, to the wives of busy men. And you don't grudge his society to his lady admirers?"

"Why should I?"

A shadow darkened the candid eyes, but the reporter was not looking for shadows. He was scribbling for dear life: "'Only the unloved wife need fear jealousy,' said Mrs. Barry Dunallan with a touch of scorn. Our readers will appreciate this also."

"Could you give me a glimpse of those home evenings, Mrs. Barry?"

"I'm afraid I must go," she smiled, "but it doesn't matter—you will write it so much better."

"Just one thing more. Do you join him in a cigarette, or perhaps a little sewing while he smokes?"

"Well . . . we go out a good deal."

"Exactly, exactly. And there is no woman Barry Dunallan is prouder to be seen with than his wife! That's so, isn't it?"

"You'd better ask him, some other time. He's calling me."

And indeed the star had looked over his shoulder and summoned his wife with a careless "Wanda" that floated back to her through the din.

Together they got into the waiting car. The scene was over, except for the parting cheer that followed them out of the station.

"Bless their hearts!" said Barry, leaning back in the Rolls sent by the Manchester Hotel to meet him. "They haven't forgotten."

"Did you think they would."

"One never knows. The public's a great fickle brute, and when it turns on you, God help you."

"It seems pretty tame so far," Wanda told him. "A reporter got hold of me and asked me about our home life. I didn't quite know what to say." Barry was smoking luxuriously. He rationed his cigarettes strictly, and enjoyed them all the more.

"I hope you handed him out a good line of story."

"He handed it out to me, Barry. Our home life is just perfect."

"So it is," he agreed, "what there is of it."

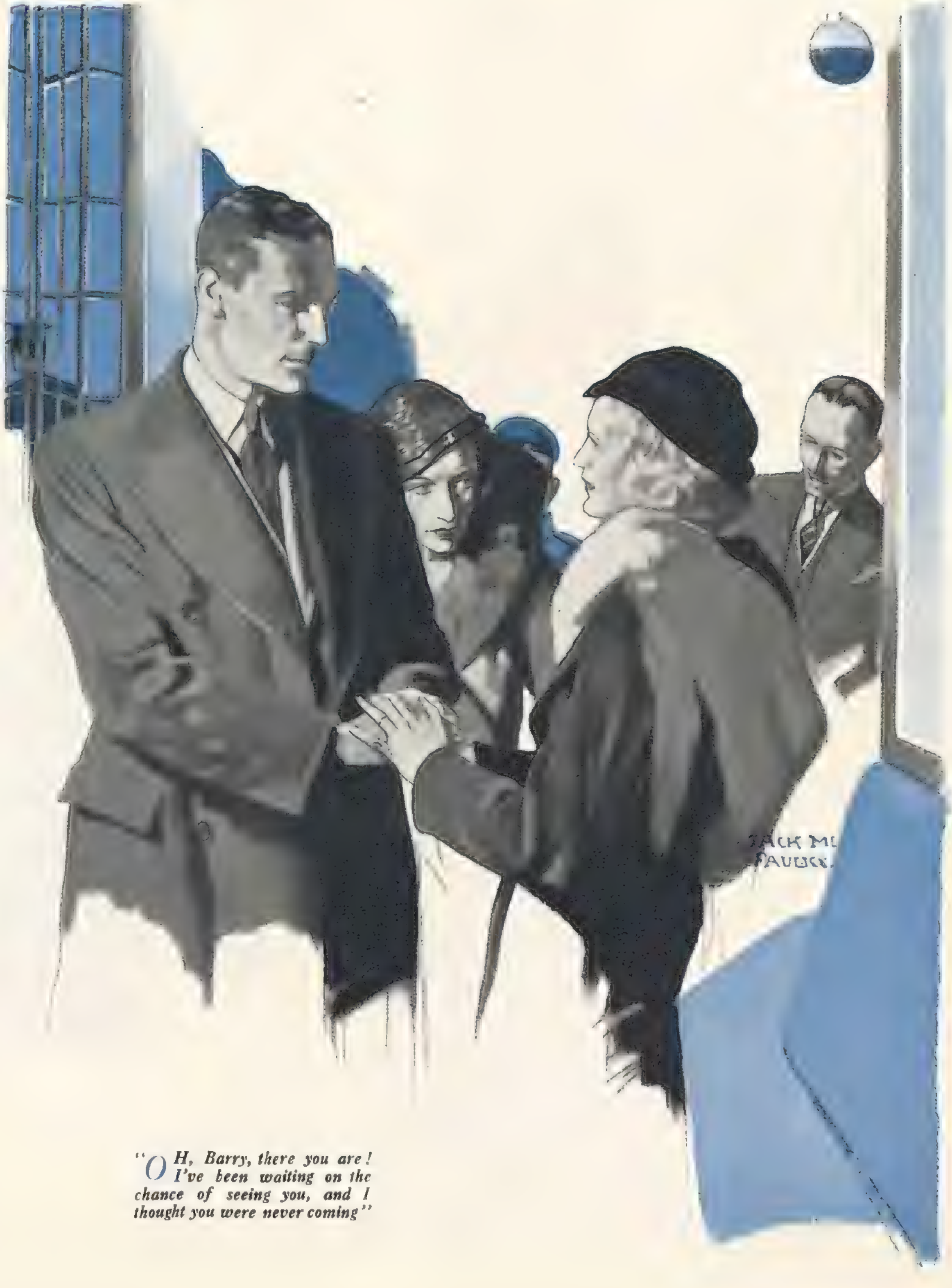
"And I'm never jealous."

"That was an awkward one, Mrs. Barry Dunallan! Interested to hear what you said."

"Oh, he answered that too. 'Only unloved wives are jealous.'"

But Barry's attention had wandered. He was pulling some cables out of his pocket.

"Old Otto wants to come in this evening and show me the script of that



"OH, Barry, there you are! I've been waiting on the chance of seeing you, and I thought you were never coming"

new film. He's got hold of a marvellous girl, Swedish, like Garbo, and a sleeping volcano. I'm not sure I shall agree. I don't want her hogging the whole film."

This was not the Barry of the interviews ("I always like to hold out a welcoming hand to a newcomer"). This was the real Barry, greedy of applause, jealous of his reputation, pouring his doubts and fears into Wanda's discreet ear.

"This film is to be me, my child, and I shall make Otto understand that. Everything else must be keyed down, subordinated. The girl who plays opposite me must be good, of course, but not outstanding. Ah, here we are. I could do with a drink."

As the car nosed its impressive way to the kerb and the giant porter opened the door, Barry smiled graciously, and beyond the revolving doors there were more bows, more smiles.

From the manager, beaming deferentially in the hall, from the small page boy, from the lady at the reception desk, a great Barry fan, from chance acquaintances, and from Lady Farr, a special radiance of greeting. Everyone knew Lady Farr, her wonderful parties, Bohemia and Mayfair fraternising over a cocktail shaker, her fair languid beauty, her incredibly chic clothes, her daring conversation, her short-lived passions for celebrities.

Barry was Clarissa Farr's latest thrill, her pursuit of him attended with uncertainty, inevitably delayed by his absence, yet determined. Clarissa was taking no chances. She was claiming him now, before London engulfed him.

"Oh, Barry, there you are! I've been waiting on the chance of seeing you, and I thought you were never coming."

Barry smiled at her, took her hand, looked into her eyes, and smiled again. Neither of them thought of Wanda.

"Spare me a moment before you go upstairs," the soft possessive voice went on. "There's something I *must* ask you, some people you *must* meet." Her hand was on his arm.

Wanda stepped into the lift alone.

THERE were flowers in the sitting room, more flowers for Barry. There were notes—for Barry, of course; these would be from women. Letters from the theatre, from studios, from places in Wardour Street. All for Barry. Wanda tossed them down again and pulled off her hat.

Her smile was gone, since it wasn't necessary. She didn't feel like smiling. She had kept it handy for Lady Farr, but the woman's rudeness had wiped it out.

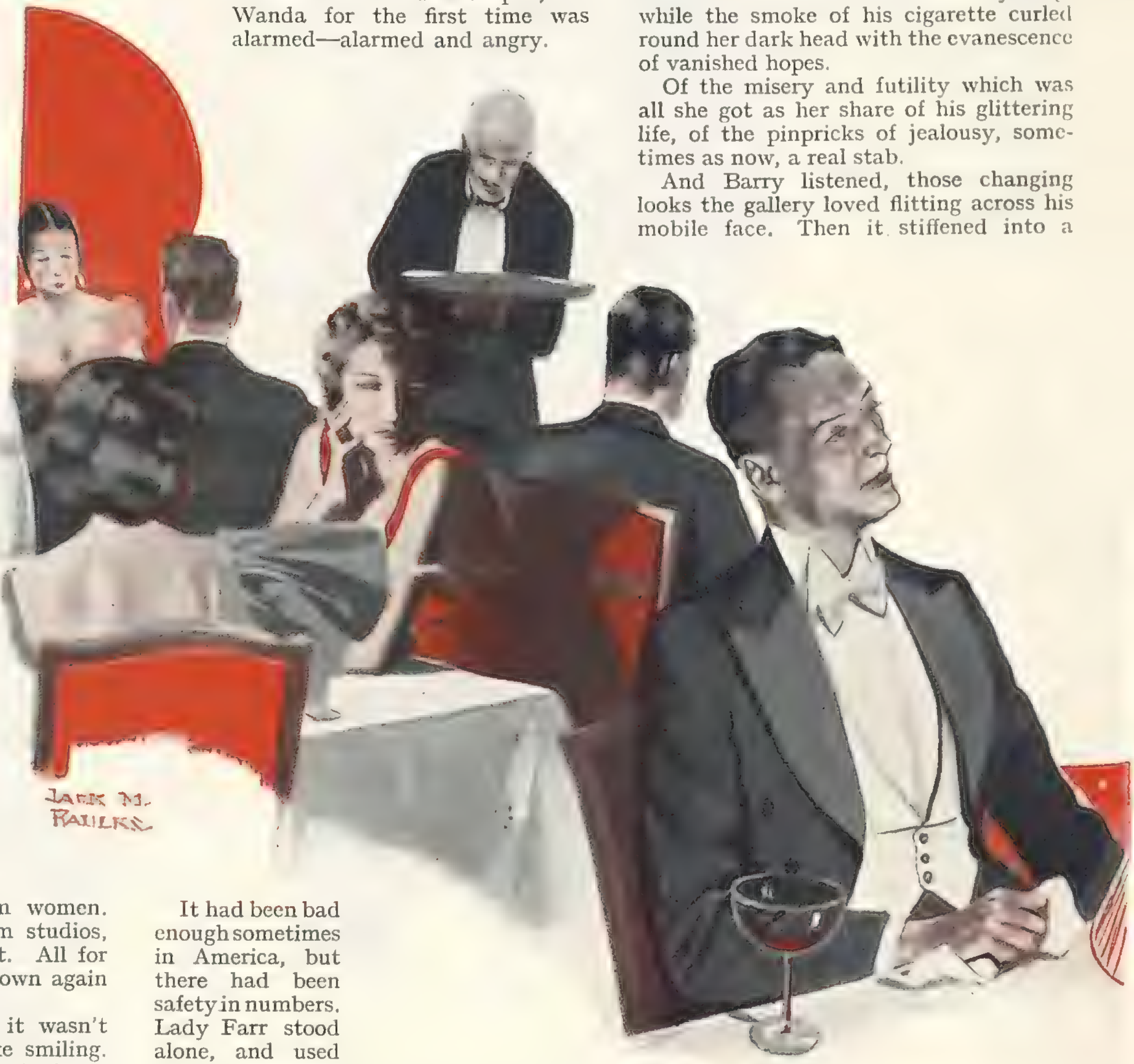
Smoking a thoughtful cigarette Wanda thought what being wife to a man like Barry meant.

When she met him, in Ginger Carlyon's dressing room at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Wanda had had a promising young career of her own in sight. She was a clever little actress with a sparkling natural manner. People liked her; she was easy to get on with.

But one smile from Barry had left that career as flat as a pricked balloon. From the first she knew that she was to be Barry's wife. It was written in her stars; there was no escape; it was her destiny, perhaps her doom. But she didn't know what it would involve, of the glittering chariot in which he would drive to success, behind which she would be dragged.

At first it had been wonderful. Laughing, panting and delighted, Wanda had kept pace with the galloping steed of his ambition. Now she was tired, with an appalling weariness and desperately unhappy. For there was no Barry, for her at all events. He belonged to everybody but her: to his producer—that was natural; to the publicity men, whose eyes followed them like a searchlight, flooding every nook and corner of their private lives; to the women who loved him with a crazy abandonment—poor, stupid women at whom he laughed, but in whose adoration he secretly delighted. And now to Lady Farr, who dragged him from her, on the very threshold of his homecoming.

Barry didn't laugh at Clarissa Farr. He was under her spell, and Wanda for the first time was alarmed—alarmed and angry.



"*WAIT till you see her. No, it is not her beauty; it is something quite different. Ah, I have here the photographs*"

It had been bad enough sometimes in America, but there had been safety in numbers. Lady Farr stood alone, and used her fascination shamelessly.

It was an hour before Barry joined her, and she had hardly moved, hadn't rung for the chambermaid to unpack, hadn't looked at the clock. When Barry came in she gave him a bleak stare, which he noted, though in high good humour.

"How now, woman?" he said. "What's the matter with you? Otto will be here in half an hour, and we're dining downstairs."

"Barry, that's a detestable woman."

His face clouded.

"Oh, now I understand. Pity our friend the reporter isn't here to jot down your charming opinions."

He began to open his letters, throwing the envelopes on the floor, and humming as he read.

"A letter from Minnie," he said, "she wants to see me, to tell me the story of her life. Sorry, Minnie, I've no time for your bleatings, but you shall have a signed photograph to keep you sweet."

Wanda's thin brown hand snatched the letter from him.

"You've got to make time to hear mine, Barry."

The mockery in his face was almost ugly. Sitting on the table he pulled out a platinum cigarette case, lit a cigarette.

"Histrionics? You might spare me those. But if you insist, I'll take a busman's holiday and listen to what you have to say."

It was her chance; a poor one, under the blue scorn of those mocking eyes, but she took it. Leaning forward, her hands on the table, her face near his, Barry Dunallan's wife told him everything, while the smoke of his cigarette curled round her dark head with the evanescence of vanished hopes.

Of the misery and futility which was all she got as her share of his glittering life, of the pinpricks of jealousy, sometimes as now, a real stab.

And Barry listened, those changing looks the gallery loved flitting across his mobile face. Then it stiffened into a masklike inflexibility as he pitched his cigarette across the room on to the tiles below the electric fire.

"Well, you've said your say, and now you've got to listen to me," he said. "I thought you had more sense, but as it seems you're like all the rest, you've got to take your medicine. You've had very little to complain of up till now, though you don't seem to realise it; but Barry Dunallan isn't going to belong to any one woman. He belongs to himself and the world—get that Wanda. You knew it all when we came together, oh, yes, you did, and you were jolly poetical about it. Do you remember in Venice, on that three-days honeymoon, what you said to me in the gondola? 'I'll lose myself in you, Barry, as a river is lost in the sea.' That was very pretty, only unfortunately you didn't mean it. I'm an artist, answerable to no one. It's hell enough, climbing to the top, without being driven insane by a jealous woman when you get there."

A darkly beautiful look clouded his eyes.

"I'd rather be alone," he muttered.

"All right, I'll leave you," stormed Wanda, "I'll go to-night, this very moment."

And she began wildly dragging a suitcase to the door.

But Barry was too quick for her. With an agile movement he was across the room. He seized her by the shoulders.

"Don't be a fool, Wanda," he said between his teeth. "You couldn't live an hour without me, and you know it."

The suitcase dropped between them, but she beat him off with angry ineffectual hands.

Then his lips touched the hair above her ears, and her strength went from her.

It's a very little way from hell to heaven when one loves, and when Barry condescended to a half-promise that he wouldn't see much of Clarissa, Wanda got as near to it as she was likely to get. It was a strange, tinselled heaven, with cardboard clouds and paper stars, but that didn't matter. She had made it up with Barry, he had kissed her, he had telephoned down for some orchids, and she fastened them to her shoulder when she dressed in the wispy pansy purple chiffon. Then they went down to meet old Otto Steinbach, who had come from Berlin to direct Barry's next film.

Otto was not so very old after all. Tall and thin, with a head like a skull and lids that drooped wearily over pebble hard eyes that kept their secrets. A sinister man, whose genius was often thwarted by his obstinacy. He would only create in his own leisurely fashion at enormous expense, and the results generally justified him.

He greeted them both, and led them to a corner table in the big black and red restaurant. When they were installed:

"You look well, Barry," he said, glancing at him over the menu, "but you can't afford an extra pound of weight. The film public's greedy enough, but it doesn't want too much of its stars," and Otto laughed sardonically at his own joke.

"Nonsense, Otto. I haven't changed my weight in two years." But all the same Barry chose a plain grill, and shook his head at the rich sauce.

Wanda listened to the endless talk, struck with Steinbach's uncanny thoroughness. Already each scene of "Love's Disciple" was photographed on his brain, each gesture of the principal actors, almost each inflection of their voices. Barry was being difficult about the Swedish girl, Otto smiling the objections away.

"Wait till you see her. No, it is not her beauty, it is something quite different. Ah, I have here the photographs."

From an envelope at his side he drew some proofs, laid them in front of Barry, who bent his head over them in close attention.

He saw a plain, Nordic face and full-lipped, sullen mouth. Nothing very beautiful there. The whole meaning of the face was in the eyes.

"Not bad."

He pushed them back to Otto.

"Can she act?"

"I shall get what I want from her," was the guarded reply. Otto knew his Barry; he was not going to tell him of the tempest of feeling that could sweep over Anna Grunhardt's plainish face, transforming it into a tragic beauty.

Barry's face and Anna's acting. An irresistible combination. Otto was well aware of the value of Barry's face. Even now his keen eyes observed a blonde siren at a distant table glance their way, then scribble on the back of a card. In a moment the waiter handed the card to Barry.

Smiling, Otto raised an eyebrow at Wanda.

"Still the same?"

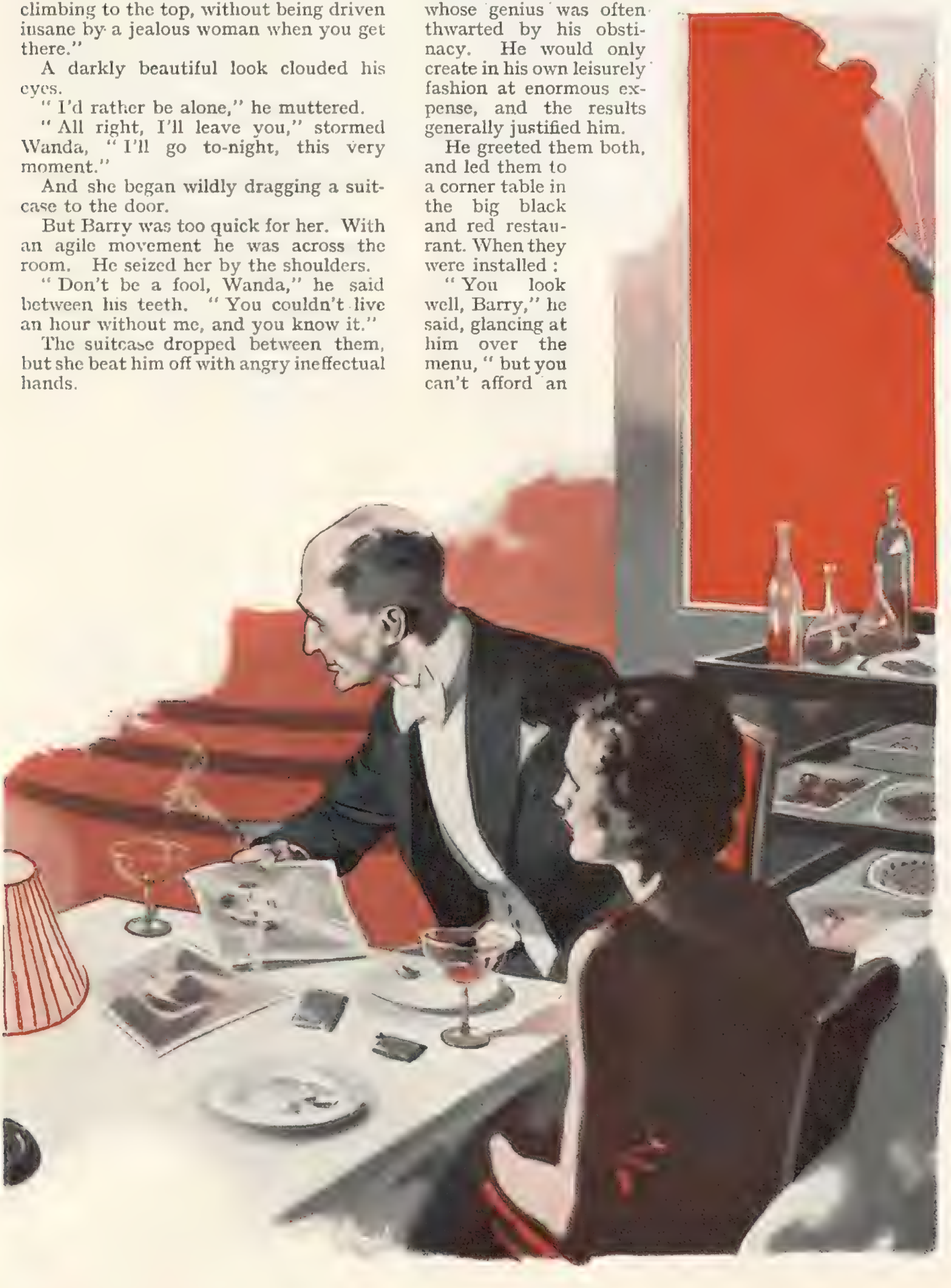
Barry intercepted his glance.

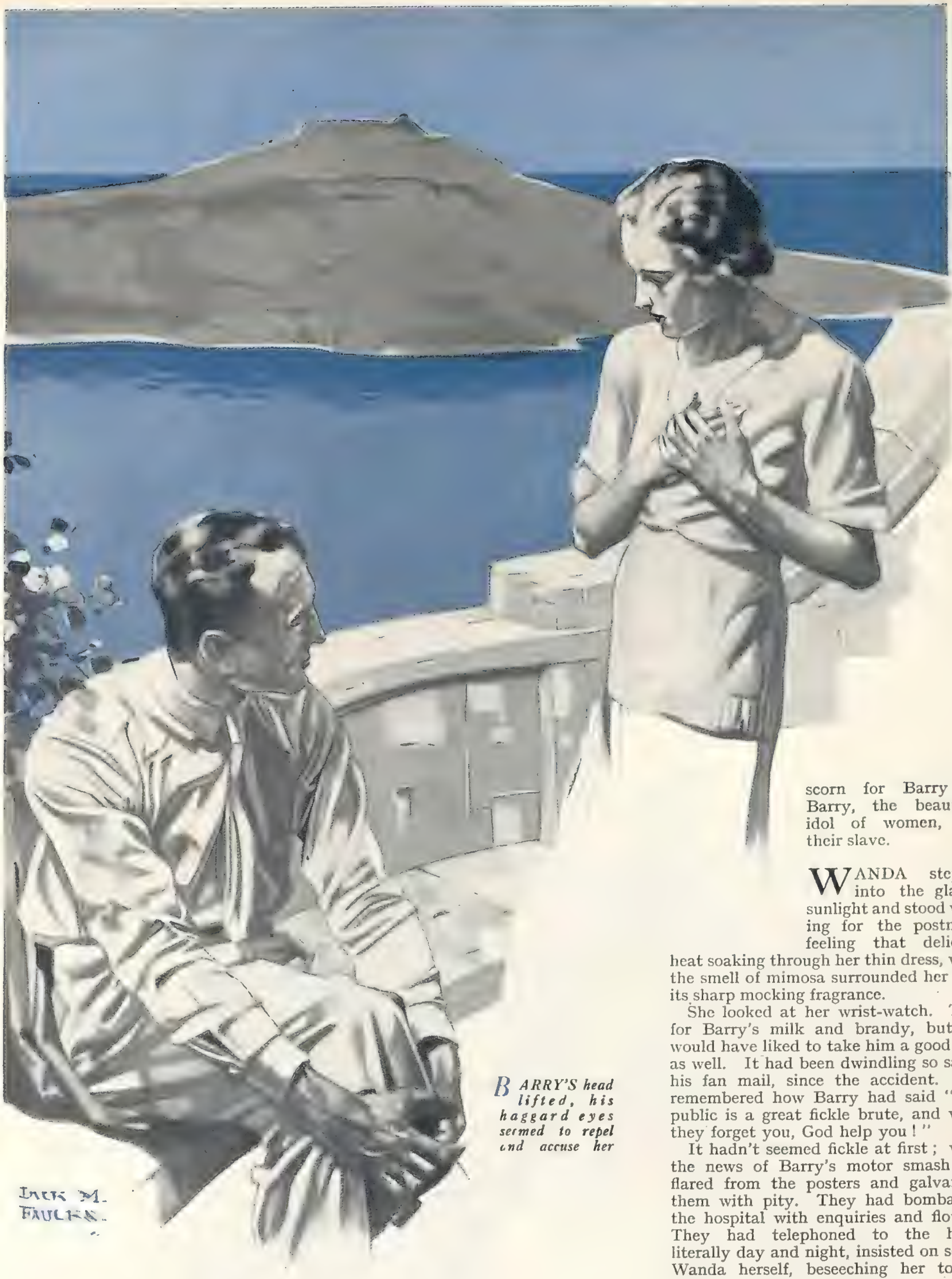
"Quite wrong, Otto. It's from a business friend."

And Otto, his eyes still on Wanda, nodded.

"Of course."

Under that coat of mail of his cynicism, Otto Steinbach suffered from his own ugliness, and exaggerated it; never more so than in the presence of Barry's wife. Something about little brown Wanda made him feel human, as if she was a child, needing sweets and caresses. He would have liked to touch her fresh round cheek with his bony finger, to force




JACK M. FAULKS.

BARRY'S head lifted, his haggard eyes seemed to repel and accuse her

her to look at him; but alas, there was nothing to look at, for a woman whose eyes could see Barry.

He did more than like Wanda; he believed in that slight talent of hers because it was so artless and natural, just a little rushlight compared to the great moon of Anna's mysterious charm, but rushlights can burn brightly, carefully trimmed, and he could have made something of Wanda, if there had been any Wanda, apart from Barry. Dinner over, Otto was forced to go, as he had an appointment to keep. He kissed Wanda's hand in farewell, and Barry suddenly announced that he would walk back with old Otto to his hotel. Otto smiled at this. Twisted notes from blonde sirens require an answer, he knew that. Evidently Barry was going to answer this one in person. Looking at Wanda's wistful face there grew in his mind a scorn for Barry . . . Barry, the beautiful, idol of women, and their slave.

WANDA stepped into the glaring sunlight and stood waiting for the postman; feeling that delicious heat soaking through her thin dress, while the smell of mimosa surrounded her with its sharp mocking fragrance.

She looked at her wrist-watch. Time for Barry's milk and brandy, but she would have liked to take him a good post as well. It had been dwindling so sadly, his fan mail, since the accident. She remembered how Barry had said " The public is a great fickle brute, and when they forget you, God help you ! "

It hadn't seemed fickle at first; when the news of Barry's motor smash had flared from the posters and galvanised them with pity. They had bombarded the hospital with enquiries and flowers. They had telephoned to the hotel, literally day and night, insisted on seeing Wanda herself, beseeching her to tell them if his face was really so terribly injured as the first hasty accounts had seemed to say. Was it true that the bridge of his nose was broken, as well as the jaw ? And was there a long diagonal cut down the left cheek ? How appalling ! Wanda had minimised it; hiding the extent of the injuries, suggesting he would soon be well . . . oh, quite soon.

There was something else she had had to hide too. Barry's public mustn't know of that midnight drive with Clarissa Farr, in defiance of his promise; that reckless dash back to London with the carelessness engendered by many drinks—carelessness which ended in a hideous grinding of buckled metal, a crash of splintered glass, and oblivion for Barry.

The woman had been lucky, her name left out of the papers, her self uninjured. Only Wanda knew, from the self revelation of delirium that Clarissa had been in the car with him.

Lady Farr had written once or twice, left some flowers, and then forgotten him, like the rest. Now he was all Wanda's. Nobody grudged him to her, and she had nursed him back to health and brought him out here, to the beauty, and the healing sunshine. It had answered. Barry had seemed calmer, only the instinct to hide had grown upon him.

The postman appeared at last, toiling up the hill to the Villa Espoir, his perspiring face beaming at Wanda and his hands fumbling as he sorted the letters.

"Dix pour Madame, et voilà, deux pour Monsieur."

Wanda gathered up the letters for herself, and put the two addressed to Barry in the pocket of her white jersey. That heavy fan mail which would have filled a washing basket six months ago, dwindled to this. Her heart ached at the cruelty. Without his beauty Barry had been swept away like a dead leaf littering the path, and he couldn't accept it, couldn't believe it sometimes. Then, when he did, he would sit like a helpless Samson, longing to pull down the pillars of his life.

She found Barry in the garden, on the bench by the wall; a cascade of yellow roses tumbling behind him, a stretch of piercingly blue sea glittering below the terrace. Barry was watching a tiny green lizard darting in and out of the crevices of the sun-soaked wall. Approaching him like this, tray in hand, the graceful figure and brown bent head looked just the same. Then he turned towards her. . . . It was as if the rough hand of an iconoclast had been chipping at the face of a statue, flattening the perfect nose ever so slightly, thickening the clear jaw line, leaving an image that was subtly defaced. Only the eyes, so deeply and beautifully set under the arching brows were the same; untouched by the almost imperceptible scar running from the left temple across the cheek.

The surgeons had made a good job of Barry's face, a wonderful job, they told him. Perhaps not ready for too close an examination yet, but he must have patience. In a year or two, something further might be attempted. In the meantime . . . patience.

Barry thanked them, and paid their huge fees with despair in his heart, for he knew, none better, that the camera demanded perfection. He wasn't a great actor, he knew that. He had held them with physical charm, and that was gone. So the morbidness grew, and he shut out the world. Hearing Wanda he sighed. He couldn't shut out Wanda, had to submit to that pitying brightness of hers, had to belong to her utterly.

"Your milk and brandy, Barry," said Wanda cheerfully, "and a letter." Barry took the letter, read it in silence, then tossed it to Wanda. "Read that," he said.

Reading, Wanda wondered why people were so stupid, so tactless, why his dresser must tell him that he had waited for Barry's return and as there seemed no chance of that, had applied to Mr. Haymer Jelf, who was going to play lead in his place. Would Mr. Dunallan write a few words to say he had always given satisfaction? . . .

"You will," said Wanda, "after all, it's only temporary."

"Why do you say that? You know it isn't true."

"Indeed, I don't," but her gaze shifted uneasily under Barry's cool, level look. "You know what they said. In a year or two . . ."

"A year or two," he mocked, "and who do you think would remember me then? What's the use of telling me these lies; they only make it worse. My God, what misery!"

He hid his face in his hands.

Wanda looked away from him, over that sparkling blue sheet of sea. She felt suddenly that her unvarying gentleness was weakening his fibre. The time had come to speak openly. "Oh, Barry, do be strong about this." she broke out. "We're young, we're rich, we love each other. Does it matter so much?" Barry's head lifted, his haggard eyes seemed to repel and accuse her.

"I've lost everything," he said slowly, "everything that was life to me. You think it's my beastly vanity, but it's something more. The way I used to be able to hold 'em, to make them laugh, to wring their silly hearts. Men and women I'd never seen or heard of. Think of it, Wanda, isn't that something to lose?"

Wanda understood. She could have suffered with him, but his ingratitude froze her pity, as he swept away her months of devoted care without a word of thanks.

"What about me, Barry?"

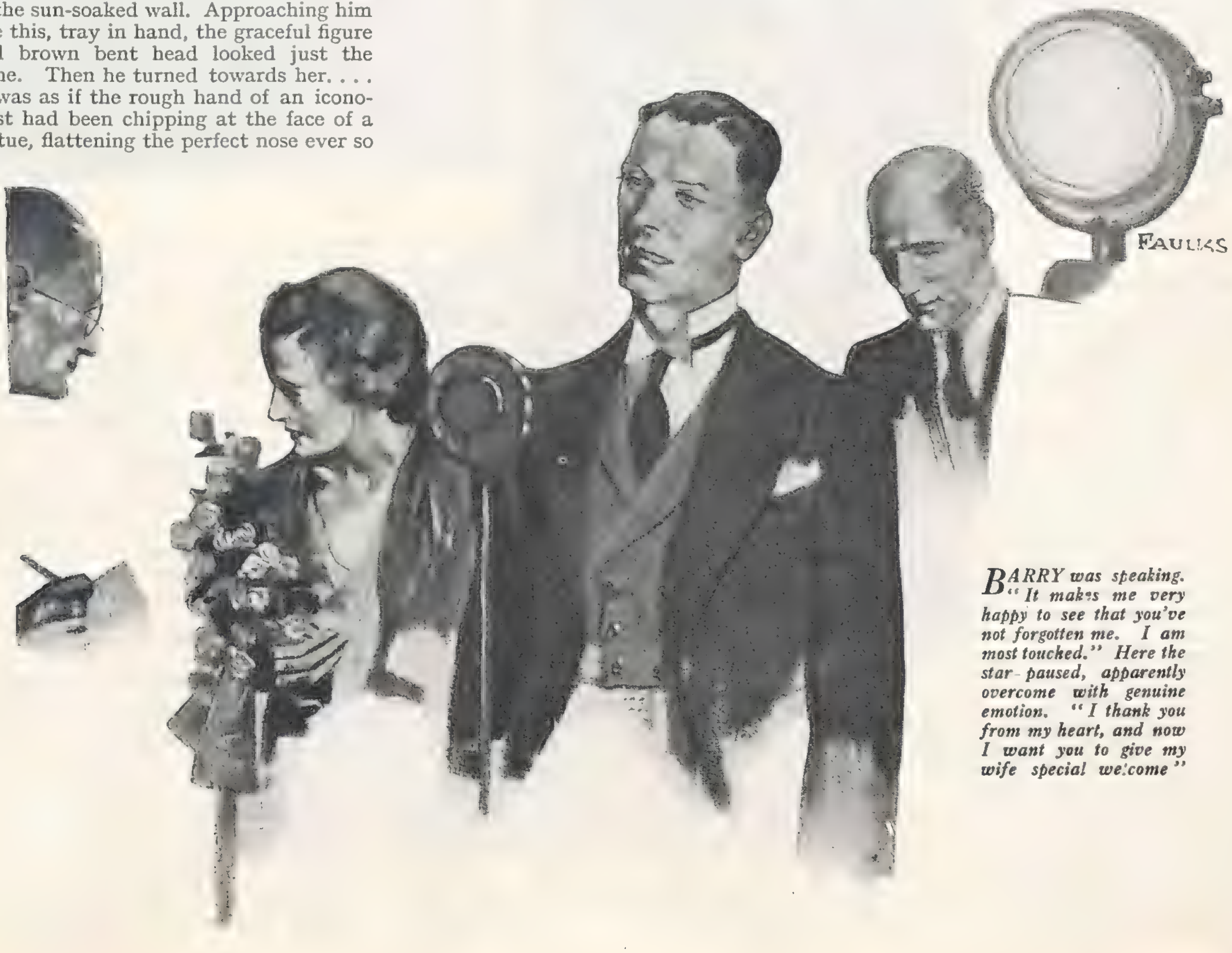
Then, very quietly, Barry dealt her a death-blow. "I'm sorry, Wanda. I know it's an awful thing to say, but there are times when I can hardly bear you in my sight, when I almost hate you."

"Barry!"

Her voice was a cry.

"Why do you say such terrible things?"

(*Continued on page* 111)



BARRY was speaking. "It makes me very happy to see that you've not forgotten me. I am most touched." Here the star paused, apparently overcome with genuine emotion. "I thank you from my heart, and now I want you to give my wife special welcome"

The Romance *of* Monaco

Problems *of* Succession *in a* "Comic Opera" Kingdom

THE changing of the guard at the Palace, at Monaco

THE Hereditary Princess Charlotte of Monaco who has renounced all her rights to the throne of the Principality

WHEN I entered the gardens of the brilliantly lit white Casino at Monte Carlo, I did not, as novelists had led me to expect, find an unhappy ruined gambler in evening dress, a bullet in his brain, lying on his back beneath the big Mediterranean stars. The usual monotonous games were proceeding tranquilly on the green tables; there were no outward signs of excitement. Monte Carlo, which has not had its full count of two million visitors this year, was, despite the strains of midnight music, almost dull. At any rate, it was peaceful beneath its brilliant lights.

But when I went to the capital on its rock, the ancient city of Monaco, which is separated from the world-famous cosmopolitan resort of wealth and fashion by a strange gorge, whose walls are precipices of reddish stone, with blue and yellow flowers springing from the crannies, I realised that there was commotion among the Monégasques. What had happened in this normally peaceful and remarkably favoured little State? The Princesse Héréditaire, the beautiful Charlotte, Duchesse de Valentinois, had written a letter to her adoptive father, the reigning Prince Louis II, renouncing all her rights to the thone of the Principality, and had left the crenellated palace for an unknown destination.

The news, amid the rumours of war, the turmoil of changing régimes, and the universal economic upheaval, passed almost unperceived. But for Monaco it meant much. It meant that perhaps the dynasty is in peril, that the personal ties between Prince and people may be loosened, that the very existence of the Principality, as an independent anachronism in the modern world, might hereafter be challenged. Who will be the successor of Louis II, now 62 years of age? The children of the Duchesse? But they are young—the girl, Princesse Antoinette, is 12, and the boy, Prince Rainier, is 9—and the possibility of a nebulous Regency is not pleasing to those who realise that there are recurrent voices demanding a revision of the status and statute of the privileged country which, near the borders of Italy and wedged into French territory, still maintains its centuries-old liberties against its powerful neighbours.

Nor is a Regency the sole danger. The Princesse Héréditaire is no longer a claimant to the succession. Her husband, the Comte Pierre de Polignac, on whom was conferred, on the occasion of his marriage, the title of Prince and the name of Grimaldi, is now, by reason of divorce and the abdication of the Princesse, presumably divested of all rights in Monaco. It is sought to safeguard the prerogatives of the girl and the boy, but there are legal issues involved which, it is clear, are somewhat serious. There is a German branch of the family, whose representative France would not accept, and who has wisely bowed to the inevitable. Finally, there is a French pretender, whose cause is sponsored by many people and is regarded as sound by a celebrated advocate who has risen to the highest position in French politics. So there are complications; and what is almost the last of the tiny self-governing countries of Europe has good cause to be perturbed. The story is not the least

By
Sisley Huddleston

PRINCESS ANTOINETTE and Prince Rainier of Monaco, children of the Hereditary Princess Charlotte, with their father, Prince Pierre de Grimaldi

Below: *THE Napoleon Museum in the Palace at Monaco*

A GENERAL view of Monaco

PRINCE LOUIS II OF MONACO whose successor to what is almost the last of the tiny self-governing countries of Europe is causing complications

interesting of all the romances of Monaco.

PERCHED up on the heights, overlooking the blue and warm Mediterranean, planted with picturesque villas, whose exotic architecture is a characteristic feature of the landscape, their balconies and terraces and pergolas filled with the vivid sunlight of the South, dotted with splashes of colour, red and white, yellow and green, the cliffs turning to a dull gold at twilight, Monaco and its sister town of Monte Carlo have not always been jewels in the blue setting of the Midi. They are, in their present form, of more recent growth than is usually supposed. But now they should be happy; they have taxes which cannot be compared with those of any other civilised country, since a good percentage of their State expenditure is covered by the Casino; living is relatively cheap; men and women come from the four corners of the earth bringing riches to the hotels, the restaurants, the theatres, and indirectly to the private residents of the Principality. They enjoy neutrality—an inestimable blessing in these days. It is true they have gone in for Democracy; instead of comfortably leaving the Prince and the Société des Bains to manage their affairs, they have had, since 1911, a Constitution. Absolute Monarchy has gone; there is a National Council; there is agitation; and on a number of occasions there have been unfortunate differences between the Reigning Prince and his people.

The décor is that of comic opera; it hardly seems real; the rocks are too red, the sea is too blue, the palms are too green, the houses are too white or pink or yellow; one almost expects it all to be moved away by the sceneshifters. Yet in this theatrical setting there has always been drama, sometimes too dramatic to give the illusion of reality.

JUST before the turn of the century—in 1898—a child was born at Constantine. It was a girl, and it was recognised by a young officer of an African regiment, and was given the names of Charlotte Louise Juliette. The young officer was Prince Louis, afterwards the Reigning Prince of Monaco; and the child became the Duchesse de Valentinois, one of the titles granted to the Grimaldi family by Louis XIII for services (*Continued on p. 116*)

Eve *and the* Serpent

A Modern *Version of an* Old Story

By Owen Archer

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

IN the week that elapsed between posting a letter to Mrs. Haddon Olfield at 32, Balders Street, Chelsea, and her call one summer morning, Mr. Alwyne Stanton, solicitor, discovered that she and Haddon, after three years of married life, had let their house furnished and gone their separate ways.

Nineteen months back Eve Olfield had retreated to Les Citronniers, her Aunt Kate's villa perched on the mountainside a mile or so east of Mentone; and Haddon, who had been called to the Bar to silence his father's cuckoo-cry of "Haddon, me boy, you ought to be doing *something*," after the conventional few nights at his club, had taken residential chambers in Fountain Court, Temple.

When Eve of the cowslip hair, her body little more than a lissome stem, had been shown in and Stanton had put his dry rasping cold hand into hers which was warm and live, greeted and seated her, he announced that his client, Mr. Horace Clerk, of whom she had never heard, had succumbed to peritonitis.

"Your late mother," went on Mr. Stanton in such sepulchral tones that Eve kindly put in: "I never saw her, you know," and smiled, at which he commented unanswerably, "Still, a mother is a mother. Before her marriage your late mother, as you are doubtless aware, enjoyed immense popularity at the old Empire Theatre when she emptied the bars and filled the promenades as Miss Fluffie Flighty."

Years ago, though Mr. Stanton didn't go into such intimate detail, the late Mr. Horace Clerk had been one of those lean tanned fellows who, landing like scarecrows in England at irregular intervals, are driven to their tailors to get equipped with the uniform that "seeing life" demands, and subsequently are to be seen blazing like comets in the West End, before fading away into savanna, veldt, bush or ranch.

But the profits Horace Clerk had made by selling diamonds won from the Vaal's clay, bronze tinted pearls found in the hammer oysters of Mangareva in the Gambiers; and rubber from Sumatra (when rubber *was* rubber); the emoluments earned by handling the brown solid produced from the capsules of the opium poppy, the "snow" that comes from the leaves of the Coca shrub, the "hooch" of the rum-runners and arms pined for by petty belligerents, had not all been dissipated.

"He has left, invested in gilt-edged securities," announced Mr. Stanton, "a sum which, after all deductions, amounts to at least—one hundred—thousand—pounds."

"Golly!" murmured reverent Eve.

"This princely sum," said Mr. Stanton, smacking his lips, "has been left to Miss Fluffie Flighty, and although Mr. Clerk was aware of her marriage and death, he did not alter his will, being content that the issue of the only woman he was ever honestly devoted to should inherit his fortune."

"The issue," repeated Eve, who had flushed, and was now pallid in patches. "Why—that's me!"

"Exactly," said Mr. Stanton.

Eve's dumbfoundment cannot be better exemplified than by recording that she had said "Good-bye" and reached the door before she remembered that she was almost penniless.

Mr. Stanton, having proved delightfully amenable, Eve was driven to the Chelsea bank, which kept and kept on reminding her that it kept her overdraft, paid in Mr. Stanton's cheque for £200, leapt back into her taxi, lunched at the Trocadero, and then went shopping. It was the first time in her life, she realised, that she had ever really "shopped." Before that day she had seen exactly what she wanted and been forced to buy what could only at the best be a "make-do." . . .

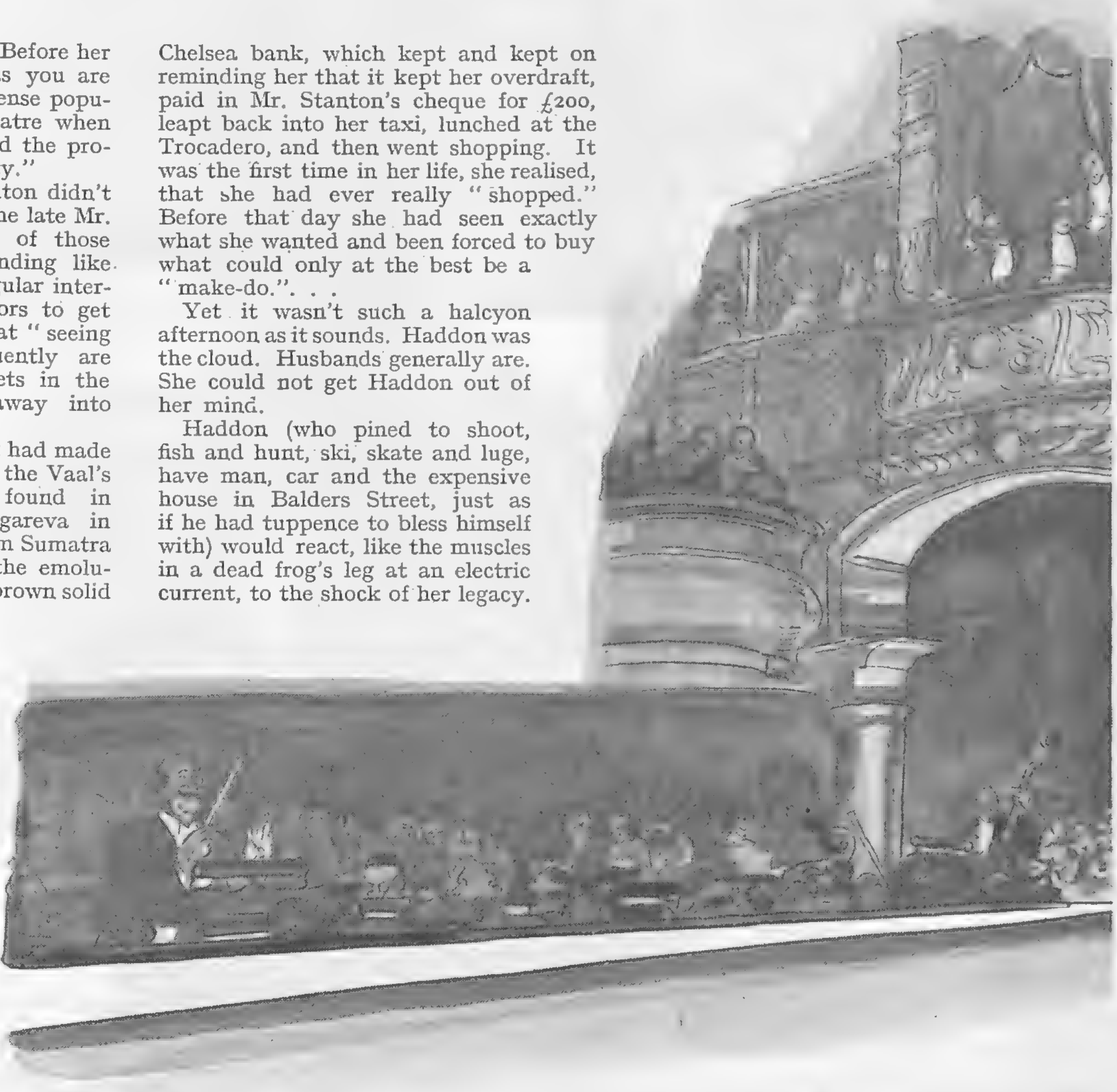
Yet it wasn't such a halcyon afternoon as it sounds. Haddon was the cloud. Husbands generally are. She could not get Haddon out of her mind.

Haddon (who pined to shoot, fish and hunt, ski, skate and luge, have man, car and the expensive house in Balders Street, just as if he had tuppence to bless himself with) would react, like the muscles in a dead frog's leg at an electric current, to the shock of her legacy.

For those three years of married life she had pinched and screwed and learnt to give up all manner of things—necessities, almost, like weekly manicures and hair-wavings, had worn frocks till she felt naked in them, had pretended slimming made her eat neither lunch nor tea—and all her reward had been grumbles and discontent and a face a kite would have crashed rather than fly with.

What would Haddon do? she was wondering as she strolled down Oxford Street. Would he meet her apparently by accident, pretending he had heard nothing? Would he write? Or what?

There was only one thing sure. He'd



"YOUR late mother, as you are doubtless
Theatre when she emptied the bars and*

try by hook or crook to get round her somehow.

Well, he wouldn't succeed.

Up went Eve's rounded chin, her jay's-feather blue eyes became almost hidden by their heavy lids and long lashes, and on she walked, her new tiny saxe blue hat hanging on the side of her cowslip yellow hair, slim hips swaggering under her new saxe blue wool romaine frock

Haddon had put himself beyond the pale.

"And you can damn well stay put," said Eve under her breath. "And thank the powers, I needn't accept another cent of your beastly grudged allowance." Till now Haddon's allowance, which her relations, and especially her Aunt Kate Gifford, who hated men in general and Haddon in particular, had forced her to accept, had been all Eve possessed. It had irked and humiliated her and made her feel kept. Now she felt clean, wholesome and free.

Eve went to Burr's Hotel (she had been there once to the reception after a rich relation's wedding), one of those unobtrusive hotels where the pound is worth ten shillings at most. There she gave instructions for a messenger-boy to be sent to Victoria for her luggage, telephoned to her cousin, Ronnie, a good-looking actor with no money and less pride, let him batten at the Berkeley, told him her news, lent him the inevitable fiver, took him to the theatre, danced and supped with him, surprised him by turning down his attempts to be ultra-cousinly, got rid of him at her tenth yawn and went to bed assured that Haddon would hear of her huge luck at latest next morning—if Ronnie hadn't already seized one of the opportunities afforded by hand-washing or nose-powdering to acquaint him of it by telephone.

Eve didn't wait for Haddon to communicate next morning, but when she came in, flushed from the sheer delights of the counters, she did expect to be told that Haddon had either called or rung up. Haddon hadn't. Haddon made no sign at all for the week Eve stayed in London.

It was, she felt, both beastly and rather sweet of him—but, then, Haddon had always been like that. Possibly he thought it was up to her to stoop from her affluent £4,000 to his beggarly £800 a year, or perhaps he suspected that she would confuse any olive branch he might hold out with the rod by which a dowser divines hidden gold.

For six months at least no letters had passed between them, and Eve felt a most ridiculous thrill as she rang up Haddon's chambers in Fountain Walk.

"Mr. Olfield's away, madam," a clerk disappointingly informed Eve and, on hearing who she was, explained that Haddon was taking evidence on commission in Alexandria.

Next day Eve went swaggering in a Golden Arrow Pullman and the luxury of the "Canterbury" to Paris, spent a night there and went on to Mentone by the Côte d'Azur express next morning.

Kate Gifford's comment on Eve's breathtaking news was characteristically damping:

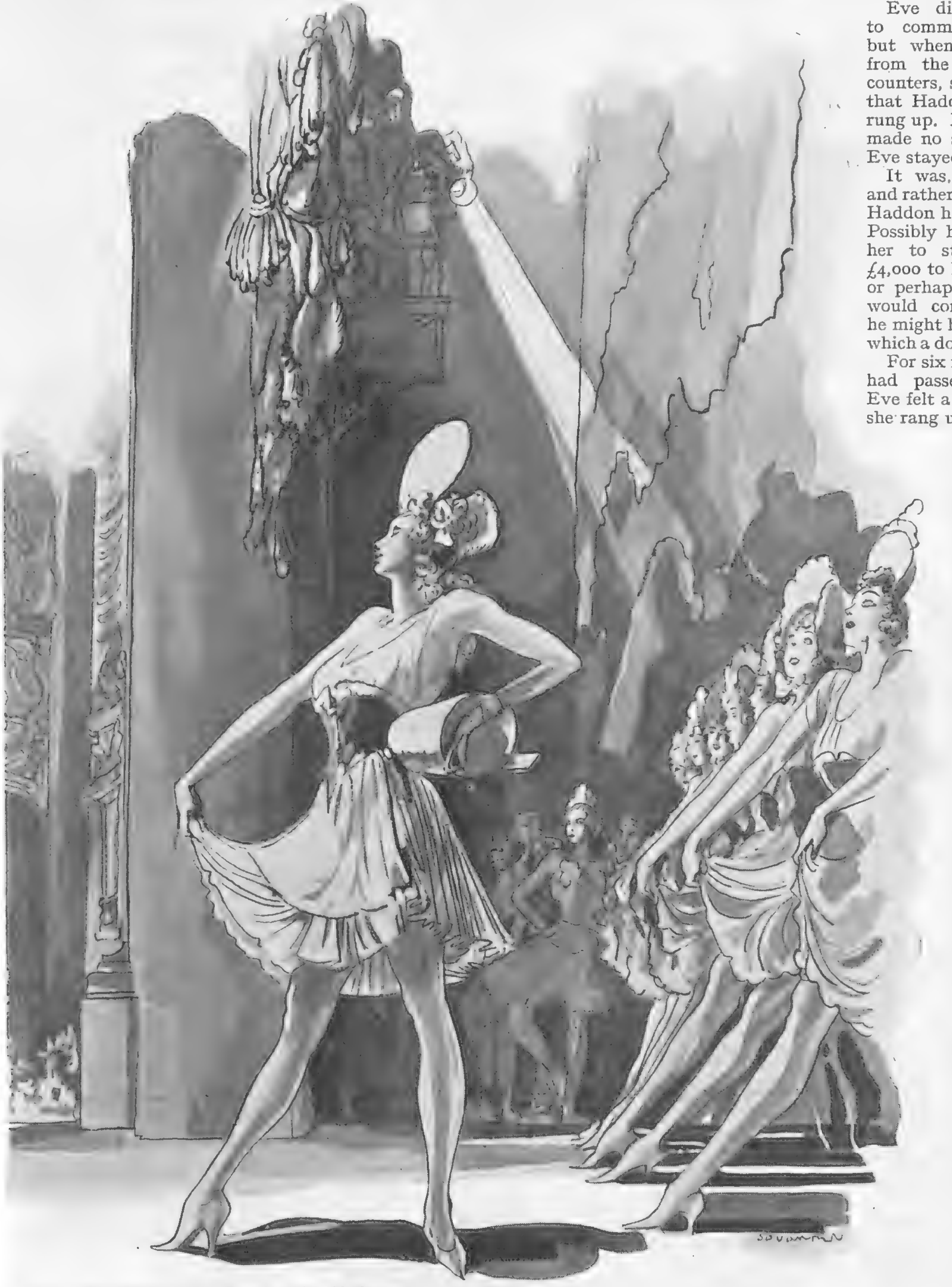
"Eve, how perfectly gorgeous—but for the inevitable fly! At any moment Haddon will be buzzing in—all bygones be bygones! Promise me you won't be weak."

"Keep your seat," broke in Eve. "There's no danger."

But Kate wasn't satisfied. She harped on the subject till Eve at length impatiently ejaculated:

"I do wish you wouldn't be so crass. I've no intention of letting my money buy Haddon back—none whatever. You seem to think he's only to put one foot in here for me to go in off the deep end."

"You *were* such a besotted little fool," muttered despondent Kate.



aware, enjoyed immense popularity at the old Empire filled the promenades as Miss Fluffie Flighty"

"Well," announced indignant Eve, "he can call here all day and every day, and I give you my sacred word of honour nothing will happen. Now will you kindly shut right up?"

DURING the next few days, sun-bathing in the garden stuck like a swallow's nest to the mountainside overlooking the two bays and the yellow bell-tower in the middle of the old town, Eve spent lazy hours wondering what changes she would make now that she need no longer hugger-mugger it all the year round at Les Citronniers. Become one of the *hivernants?* Have a flat in London? In pencil she jotted down possibilities—car; sable coat (sable crossed out and mink substituted); baby grand (*the* passion of her life); posh dinners at the "itest" restaurants; the best seats at the latest plays; satin sheets; and a bath that you went down steps to. . . .

She had been back a week when one morning as she shopped at ease in the Avenue Boyer she caught sight of Haddon, tanned and thinner and rather distinguished-looking. A tiny sniff equivalent to "I told you so" escaped her, and her only doubts centred on his motives for keeping away so long. Of his having been on watch for her, and of his having already seen her, she was assured, despite the apparently rapt attention he was giving to the blazing gardens of the Casino, so she walked briskly on, pretending to be engrossed by a positively dazzling Renault on the other side of the road, didn't slacken till she had passed behind him, then sauntered on, meandered indecisively on, came to a standstill and glanced back. The Casino garden might have been Eden, Haddon its lately evicted tenant, and the blazing flowers a flaming sword. Evidently he hadn't seen her. To go home meant hanging on tenter-hooks till he chose to turn up, so she retraced her steps.

"Hello, Haddon!" she exclaimed at his elbow.

"Eve!" he ejaculated. "Well, my luck *must* be dead in! Let's go in and gamble. You're the one person I want to see."

"Then there must be something wrong," was her swift retort.

"Oh, there is. Almost everything. Look here, I want to have a very confidential talk with you."

There trickled in her a little rill of contempt for anyone so transparent. A very confidential talk! So he thought there remained in her enough of the besotted little fool to make her contemptibly easy to get round.

"Come back and lunch then," she suggested.

"No," said he decisively. "It's too hot either for climbing or sparring with Kate. Let's go to Venti's."

Venti's, in the old town, is one of those discreet places in which only the indiscreet eat.

Three years ago, Eve and Haddon had stumbled on it while roaming the maze of narrow streets off the Rue Longue, when Kate's poverty, but not her will, had driven her to suggest their renting Les Citronniers for the honeymoon. After dinner that long-ago night, in an upper room, Haddon had locked the door and provoked Eve into exclaiming, "I don't care what the Romans do. And it's not Rome. Do stop. Darling, you must. Anybody would think we were bad!"

"Venti's be it," said Eve; but she marvelled at his thinking her such a sentimental fool as to be swayed by the setting of a past folly.

From the narrow Rue Longue they passed under an archway into an alley, where sunbeams shot down between houses huddling together, climbed steps and cobbled steeps up the hillside and talked of ridiculous trivialities (to Eve's thinking) such as her "How's the practice doing?" and his "Learnt yet how to keep your head down after a mashie shot?"

It wasn't chance that caused their lunch to be served on the same table as that long-ago dinner, for Haddon had asked if the room was vacant.

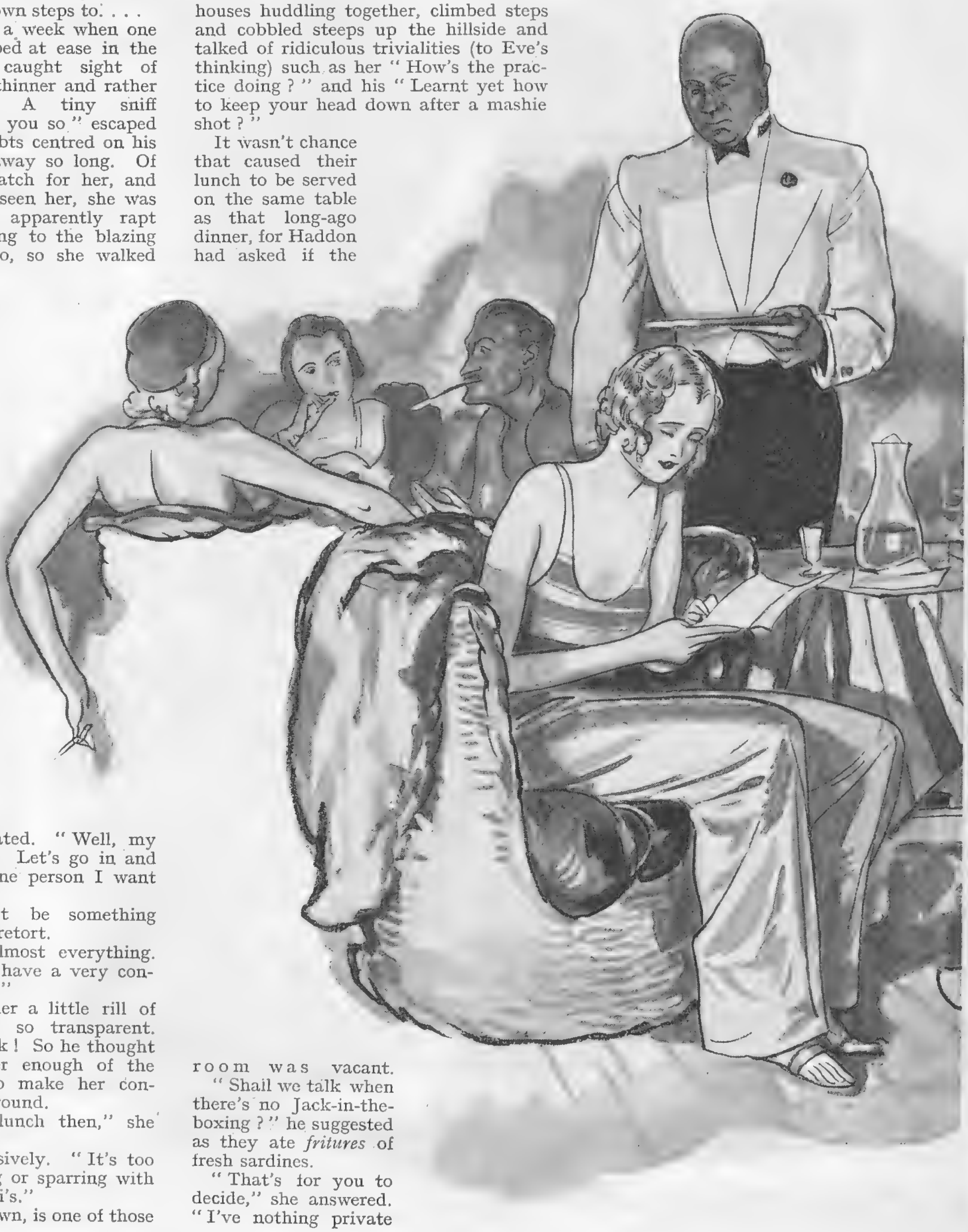
"Shall we talk when there's no Jack-in-the-boxing?" he suggested as they ate *fritures* of fresh sardines.

"That's for you to decide," she answered. "I've nothing private to discuss." Their eyes met, his that were brown, with melancholy and mirth commingled in a way that had once delighted her, and hers as coldly blue as the ribbon of the Band of Hope.

"It's a shame to rag you," he declared. "Look here, Eve, I know exactly what you're thinking. This: 'When I was poor the fool kept away: now I'm rich the knave has come back.' Yes, I know all about your whacking good fortune. Yes, it's why I broke my journey here from Alexandria. But, no, I've not come to—gather up the scraps that fall from your table."

"What's brought you then?" she asked.

The sleek waiter, unnecessarily slow and noisy, opened the door with Theodore Venti's renowned *vol-au-vent à la provençale.*



"They used to have a white Château Bellet—the real stuff—here," observed Haddon. "Any left, garçon? Good! What d'you say, Fleurette?"

Alone again, Eve asked "Why Fleurette?" and Haddon whispered, "Because nobody's to know you're my wife. Haven't you *any* patience?"

"Tons," said she loftily. "And no curiosity."

"You were always rare," he observed. "And how's dear Kate?"

"Very well and ever so happy."

"Still hating me?"

"More than ever."

"You get on?"

"Splendidly. You see we agree on almost every subject."

She caught his eye and suddenly remembered as she tried to repress a smile how infectious his laugh was.

For half an hour they ate and Haddon made conversation, then said:

"And that is—absolutely—all, garçon. Get me? We'll want nothing else whatever."

The weary waiter smiled his spasmodic sophisticated grin and withdrew.

"A show-up for circumstantial evidence," observed Haddon, as he held out his cigarette-case, flicked his lighter into flame, held it to her cigarette, lit his own, inhaled and said:

"You're—getting on all right?"

"Splendidly, thanks."

"That's good."

She knew he was staring at her, but she gave all her attention to her glowing cigarette-end.

"You look very happy," said he after a long pause, "and—very pretty."

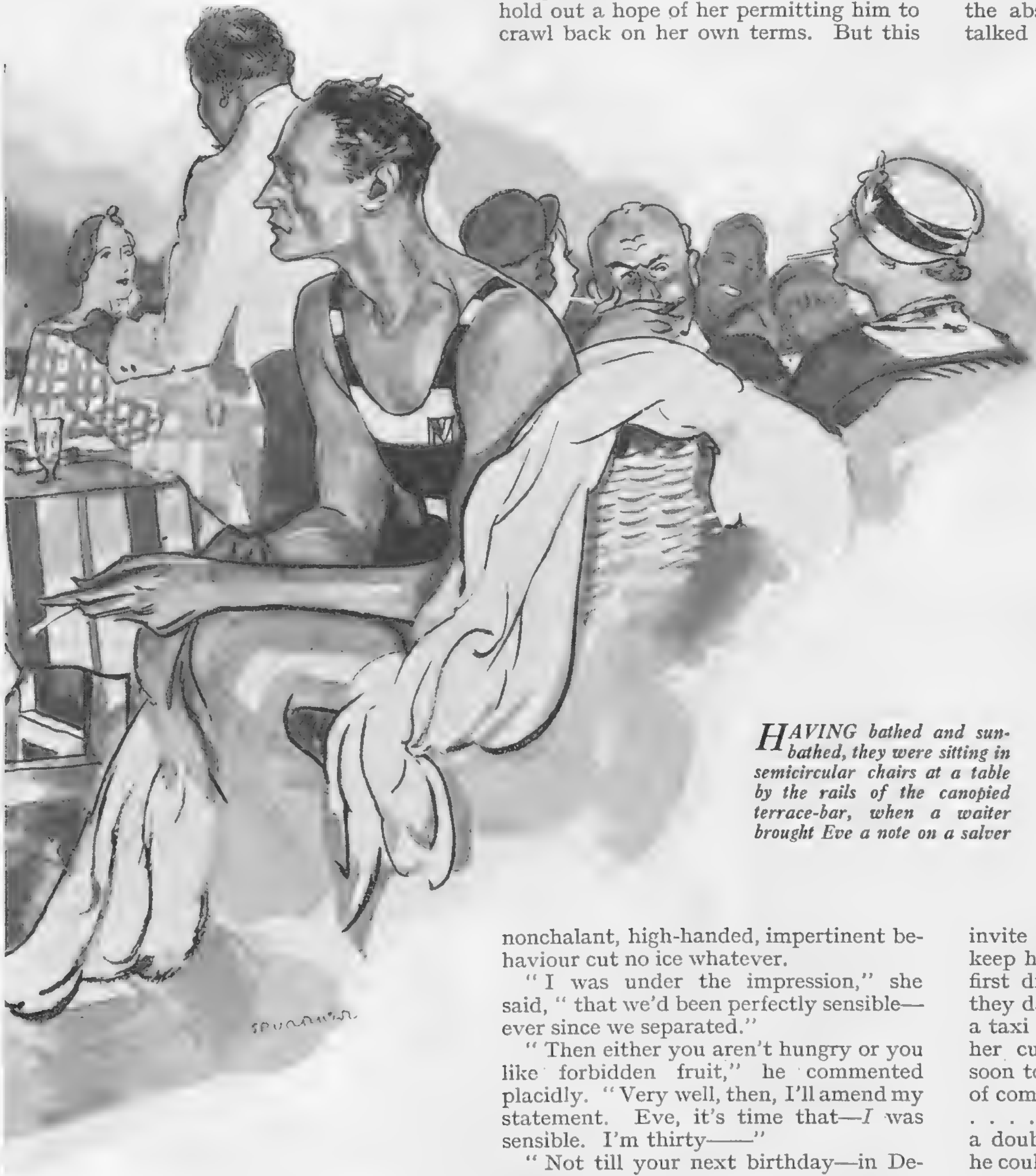
She sighed and exclaimed, "Of course I'm happy. Who wouldn't be?"

"Who indeed!" was all he said.

Once again silence fell. Eve tapped microscopic particles of ash from her cigarette into the ash-tray and seemed engrossed till abruptly Haddon said:

"Eve, it's time we were sensible."

She blew a ring and put another through it, a trick (he couldn't do it) that always annoyed him. He had deteriorated, she thought. If he had handled the thing like a man of the world, been obviously anxious to smooth her down, the least grateful at any unbending, obviously really keenly anxious to induce her to take him back, it might have been possible (anyhow she felt so now that the thing was utterly impossible) for her to hold out a hope of her permitting him to crawl back on her own terms. But this nonchalant, high-handed, impertinent behaviour cut no ice whatever.



HAVING bathed and sunbathed, they were sitting in semicircular chairs at a table by the rails of the canopied terrace-bar, when a waiter brought Eve a note on a salver

"I was under the impression," she said, "that we'd been perfectly sensible—ever since we separated."

"Then either you aren't hungry or you like forbidden fruit," he commented placidly. "Very well, then, I'll amend my statement. Eve, it's time that—*I* was sensible. I'm thirty——"

"Not till your next birthday—in December."

"Thanks for remembering. To a man of thirty the next few years are too important to squander. My having married you is proof that I'm of the marrying kind——"

She drew hard at her cigarette because her fingers then hid her lower lip.

"I see," she said. "You mean there's somebody else."

"I have a mistress," he answered quietly. "When I was with you I ignored her. Since we separated I've—tried to get round her. I'm succeeding."

She thought "How good to be Victorian and swoon and scream, instead of sitting here pretending it doesn't matter."

"Have I—the pleasure of knowing her?" she asked, proud of herself.

"No. To you she's a sealed book—a damned big library of sealed books too. The law, my dear Eve, is a very jealous mistress. I'm paying for past neglect. Another woman? No, not yet. But there may or might be. And there's every reason why you should stumble on another man. So long as you were poor I wouldn't have dreamt of suggesting a divorce——"

Once more she drew hard at her cigarette, and now she found it hard to stare at him, though stare she did.

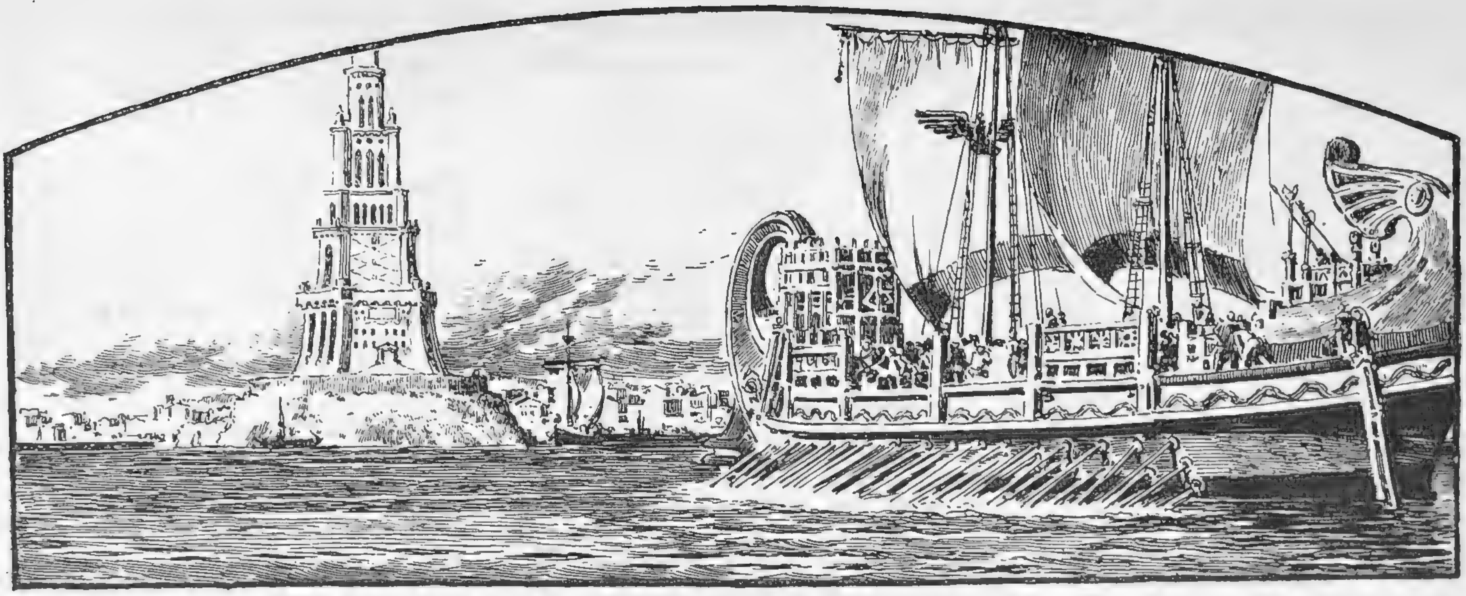
"I know your mettle," he added. "You abominate being forced to accept the absurdly small allowance you were talked into letting me make you. Once we are divorced and there are no ties of any kind between us, you'll think my alimony stinking and refuse to take a penny. Now, however, financially you're your own mistress. Between us we made an unholy mistake, but it's not irrevocable. Divorces are simple enough. That's why I refused to lunch at Les Citronniers. That's why I christened you Fleurette. Any hint of collusion is our only danger. Well, what d'you say?"

Abruptly she stood up, went to the window and stared out over tier after tier of roofs and the tops of palms and eucalyptus trees to the promontory and the jetty jutting out between the two blue bays.

She couldn't help thinking of the girl of nineteen, living in a hostel, working as a typist in a wholesale furrier's, who had first seen Haddon, wigged, gowned and idle, from the witness-box in K.B. IV as she nervously gave evidence for her employer in an action he had brought against old Lady Merriman-Yates. Just a "pick-up" she had been—no more. But Haddon had never treated her as pick-ups invite men to treat them. She couldn't keep her mind shut to memories of their first dinner at Pinoli's, of the first time they danced together, of that first kiss in a taxi . . . of standing at the window of her cubicle, naked and rapt, engaged, soon to marry, the drudgery done . . . of coming up the aisle to waiting Haddon . . . . of driving away with him without a doubt or a qualm, so utterly his that he could do exactly as he pleased with her.

Then decay so swift that few memories stood out—rapture merging into the commonplace; a streak of unsuspected wilfulness in her

(*Continued on page* 118)



Strange Chapters *in* History:

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

No. 10. *Cæsar and Cleopatra*

WHAT a pity that hitherto the present Hollywood or Elstree has not given to the public a genuinely faithful version of the famous meeting between Antony and Cleopatra! What a great opportunity for the talkies it would be, to revive that supreme inspiration of the Egyptian Queen: to approach the conqueror on that barque from fairyland, synchronising the melody of a hundred harps with the immersion of the silver-plated horse in the calm water!

This is a scene that offers a diametric contrast to her first meeting seven years before with the great Julius Cæsar, a little event which shows the astonishing resource of her mind.

Up to the age of seventeen, she had been only a princess; her father, Ptolemy Auletes, died leaving the throne of Egypt jointly to her and her brother, expressing the wish that, following Pharaonic practice, they should marry. But the mistake of leaving the throne to more than one child brought about the inevitable: severe enmity between them.

Owing to the pressure exercised by priests, courtiers, and those powerful eunuchs who surrounded the young king, Cleopatra was expelled from the kingdom and had to take refuge in Syria.

For a year she played the rôle of the dethroned queen, and tried strenuously to gather together an army in the hope of reinstating herself by force.

At this time a great opportunity arose. The last efforts of Pompey against Cæsar had brought the dictator into Egypt, where he undertook to settle the crisis which obtained between Cleopatra and her brother Ptolemy.

As soon as he arrived, the chief mischief-monger of the Egyptian court stayed incessantly with Cæsar in order to influence him in favour of Ptolemy. It is obvious that the enterprising eunuch was not favourably impressed by Cæsar's attitude.

The maintenance of the Roman army depended on the repayment of money owed to Cæsar by the late king. This money was not paid, in spite of Cæsar's renouncing a great portion of the debt in favour of the dead king's children. He even feared for his life to the point of being awake all night—under the pretext of a drinking bout—but in reality to escape the dangers that Pothinus, the Eunuch, hid under the guise of friendliness yet did not succeed in concealing altogether.

For a lion-like Julius Cæsar, such a condition of inferiority was only tolerated on account of the fact that the army he had with him was so small that it did not give him any opportunity for direct and decisive action. He had to wait for reinforcements. As these were nearing, Cæsar made it plain to the fat and insolent eunuch that he had had enough of him, and, while calmly scratching his head with one finger (as was his habit, according to Cicero's description of him), he told Pothinus that he would not leave Egypt, neither was he going to have Egyptian advisers. Instead of adjudicating between the royal brother and sister in the absence of Cleopatra, he sent for her. On the other hand, Cleopatra, knowing perfectly well what to expect from Pothinus, did not dare to come openly.

It was a moment of great tension: somewhere on the road the reinforcements were rapidly advancing—and Pothinus knew it.

From another direction the line of wagons and servants with Cleopatra was converging on the same spot, while Cæsar and Pothinus were on the alert, watching the events and studying each other's movements like a pair of lynxes.

ONE day, in the dusk of the evening, a small boat rowed in the vicinity of the Palace, unnoticed by anyone. A powerful man was in it, alone save for, apparently, some huge bundles of cloth. The man looked all round, and after having secured the boat to the river bank in an inconspicuous position, he cautiously explored the surroundings. He saw the sentinels at the gate of the Palace, observed carefully if there was any other door, and with the swiftness of a cat he went back to the boat and for some time seemed to be whispering something, while his attentive eyes did not lose sight of the gates for a second.

Then he undid some of his bundles and pulled out some gorgeous coverlets. Carefully he made one big bale of the lot, adjusting every side, tucking in every corner, and, after he had made sure that everything was properly tied up, he went boldly to the sentinels, had a short conversation with them, once or twice pointing towards the boat.

Obviously he was telling them that he had something to bring in.

There was no difficulty, for he came back, put the big bundle on his shoulders and walked straight in. A soldier showed him a certain door and there he disappeared.

In a room upstairs the lonely Cæsar turned sharply at a knock on the door. A servant told him that a man had brought some bed-clothing to be delivered personally to him. Cæsar listened to the message without ascribing any importance to it, assented, and the man was allowed in. The powerfully built young porter deposited his load on the floor very gently, made the Roman salute and went away, obviously satisfied that there was no one in the room but Cæsar.

A bundle of bed-clothes, however gorgeous, could hardly interest one of the greatest men the world has ever produced. He turned towards the window, breathing the tepid air of the falling Egyptian dusk. He received a vague impression of a slight noise. A second later his eyes were fixed on the bundle, his heart beating a little quicker as, by an unseen hand, one of the ropes was pulled inside the bundle, undoing the knot. Then an exquisite little hand came out, searching for another rope, found it, pulled it in, and as the second knot was undone, the bundle opened. Like his statue, the figure of Cæsar stood motionless with astonishment as from the folds the beautiful figure of a girl appeared. She freed herself of her encumbrances, and there she remained sitting on the floor, paralysed half by her own daring, half by the emotion of finding herself for the first time face to face with a man whose repute had already filled the world. Then she stood up, gorgeously dressed in her Egyptian attire—the Cleopatra of twenty-one years of age—and in syrenic voice introduced herself to the dictator.

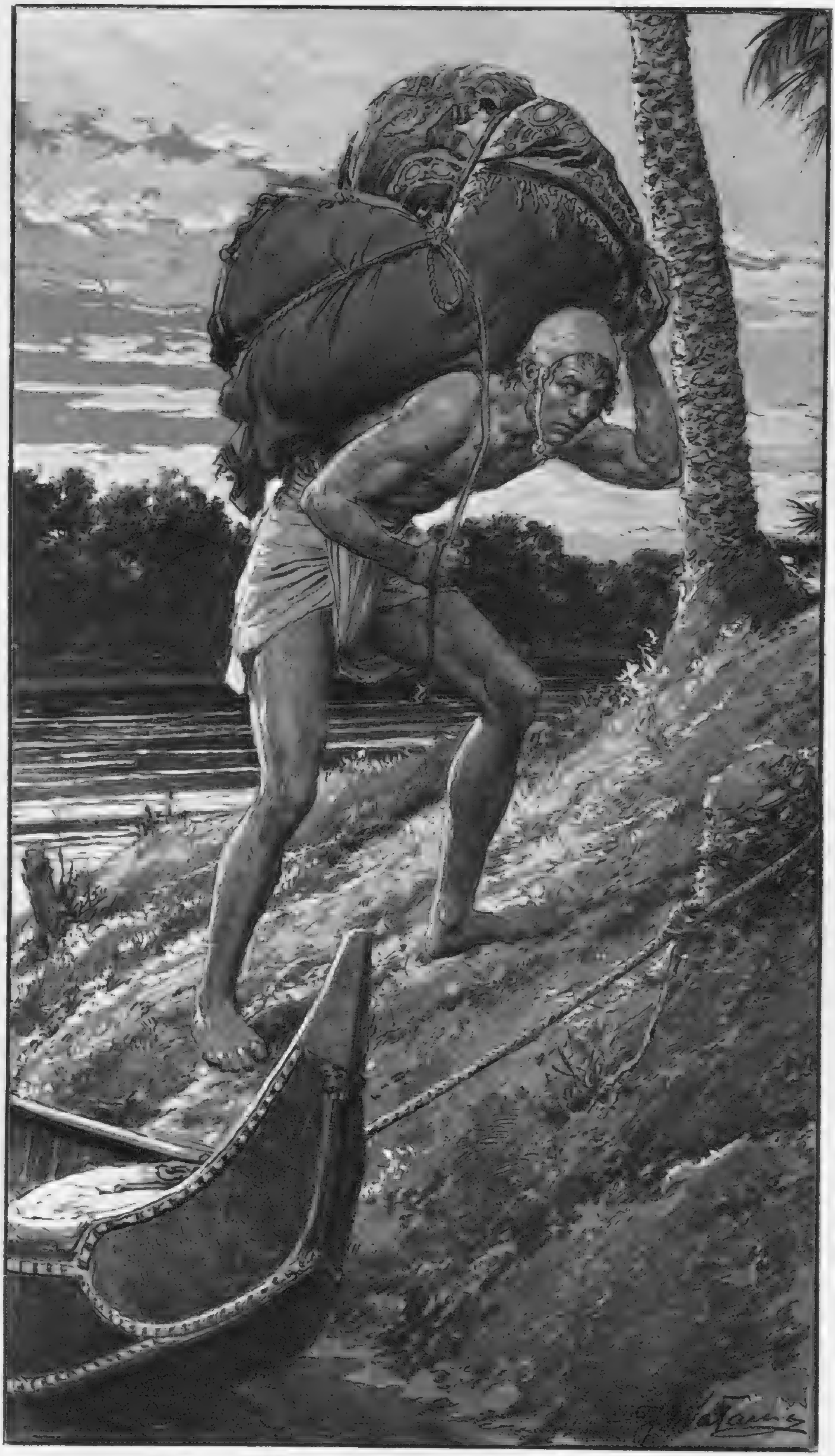
"*Ave*, Cæsar! Do not let yourself be impressed by the strange fashion in which I came to you. Before you stands Cleopatra of Ptolemy, rightful heir of the throne that from king to king was thrust in my Father's hand, and from my Father to me and my brother.

"The ruse to which I had to resort in order to lay my plea at the feet of the most just man the world has produced is enough evidence of the weakness of which I have been the victim. My brother has permitted the crime for which the souls of my ancestors are shivering with horror in their peaceful tombs. Deaf to the call of blood, and to the last disposition of his Father and his King, he has defied the wrath of our Gods and betrayed the traditions of our most glorious and ancient country."

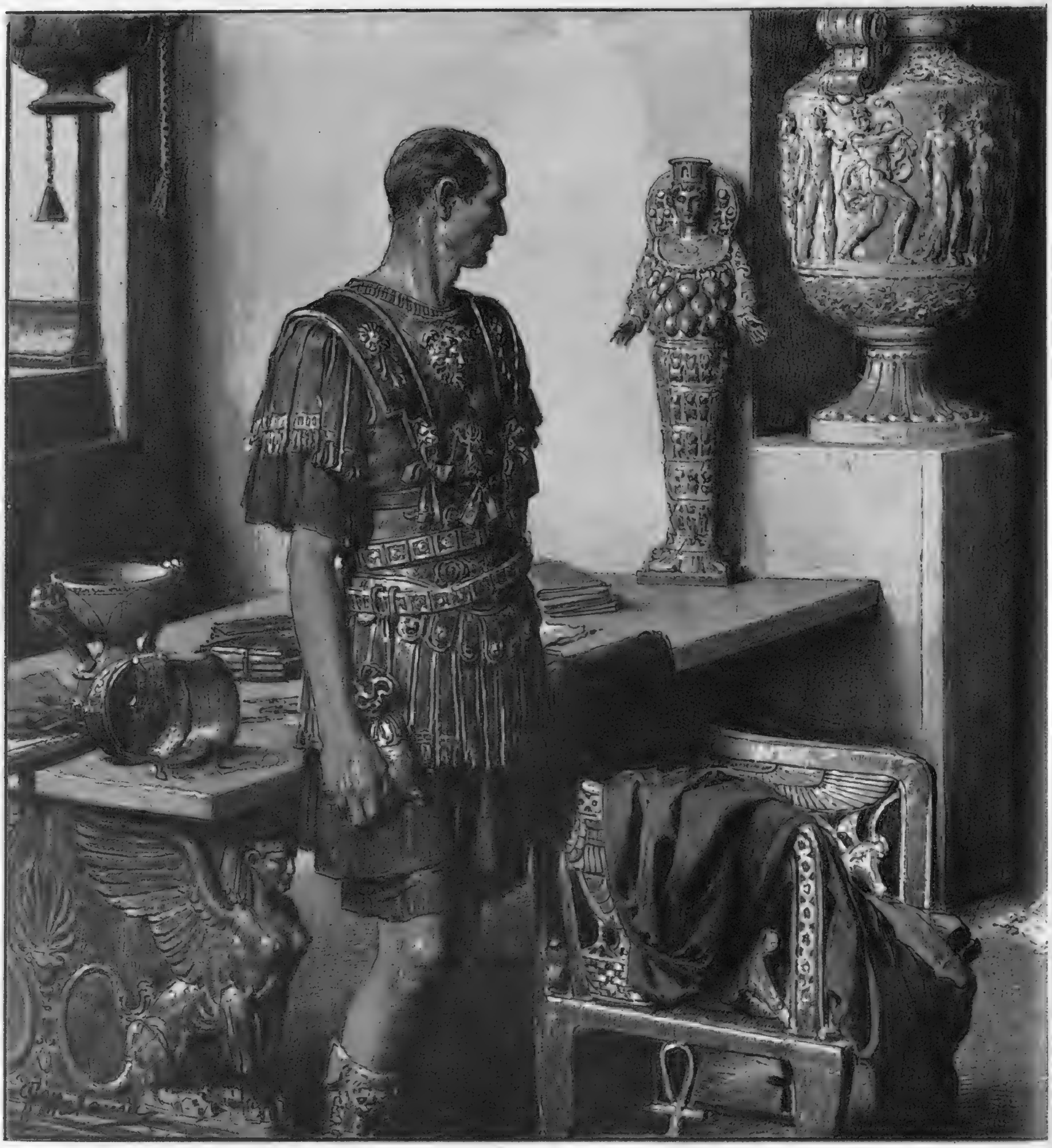
She took a deep breath and, looking straight in the eyes of Cæsar, still motionless, went on: "While the two crowns of the kingdom are wrongly worn by one head, the other is bending before you, O Cæsar, and if sorrow prevents me from speaking further, I entrust to your omnipotent hands the anguish of my soul and my frail woman's body to—to——" She broke into sobs. The tears streamed down her cheeks, yet, rarest proof of perfection, even in her grief she was as beautiful as ever.

A FAINT smile was the only variation of Cæsar's expression. But it was not merely her story that was working upon the heart of Cæsar: it was her way of looking at him through half-closed eyelids; it was the fascinating sweetness of her voice, admitted by all who knew her, and any historian who has written of her, to be her greatest charm; it was her youth, the rise and fall of her young breast as she breathed, the restlessness of her little hands in soft and nervous movement. . . . Unconsciously, the conqueror was being conquered.

He took her by the hand and felt that unmistakable quiver of fragile



HE came back, put the big bundle on his shoulders and walked straight in



LIKE his statue, the figure of Cæsar stood motionless with
of a girl appeared. She freed herself of her encum-

maidenhood that told, despite her audacity, of her inexperience.

She whispered something to Cæsar. With an apparent calmness, pressing more and more tightly the two little hands, he said to her, "Leave Pothinus to me and be at peace."

A little later he clapped his hands and the guard appeared; refreshments were ordered; and from the half-open door, Apollodorus, the faithful servant who had brought the bundle, exchanged a smiling glance with Cleopatra which meant "Done it!" Amid great festivities Cleopatra was reconciled with her brother, and accepted as a colleague in the management of all public affairs.

Cæsar was still undecided how to deal with Pothinus when a sudden development precipitated and facilitated matters.

Cæsar used to employ a certain barber, a real and true ancestor of *Figaro*, a busy, listening fellow, sharp, quick and faithful. He discovered that a plot was being hatched against Cæsar. Achillas, the General of the King's forces, and Pothinus, the Eunuch, were at the head of it. Cæsar, without losing a moment, surrounded with his guard the hall where the festivity was taking place. At a given signal they were upon the two men. Achillas managed to escape, but Pothinus soon became another Egyptian mummy.

It was extremely difficult for Cæsar to hold the position against such a large army and such a large city. Achillas was raising a troublesome and embarrassing war against the dictator, who was the only man in the world who

No. 10. CÆSAR *and* CLEOPATRA

astonishment as from the folds the beautiful figure brances, and there she remained sitting on the floor

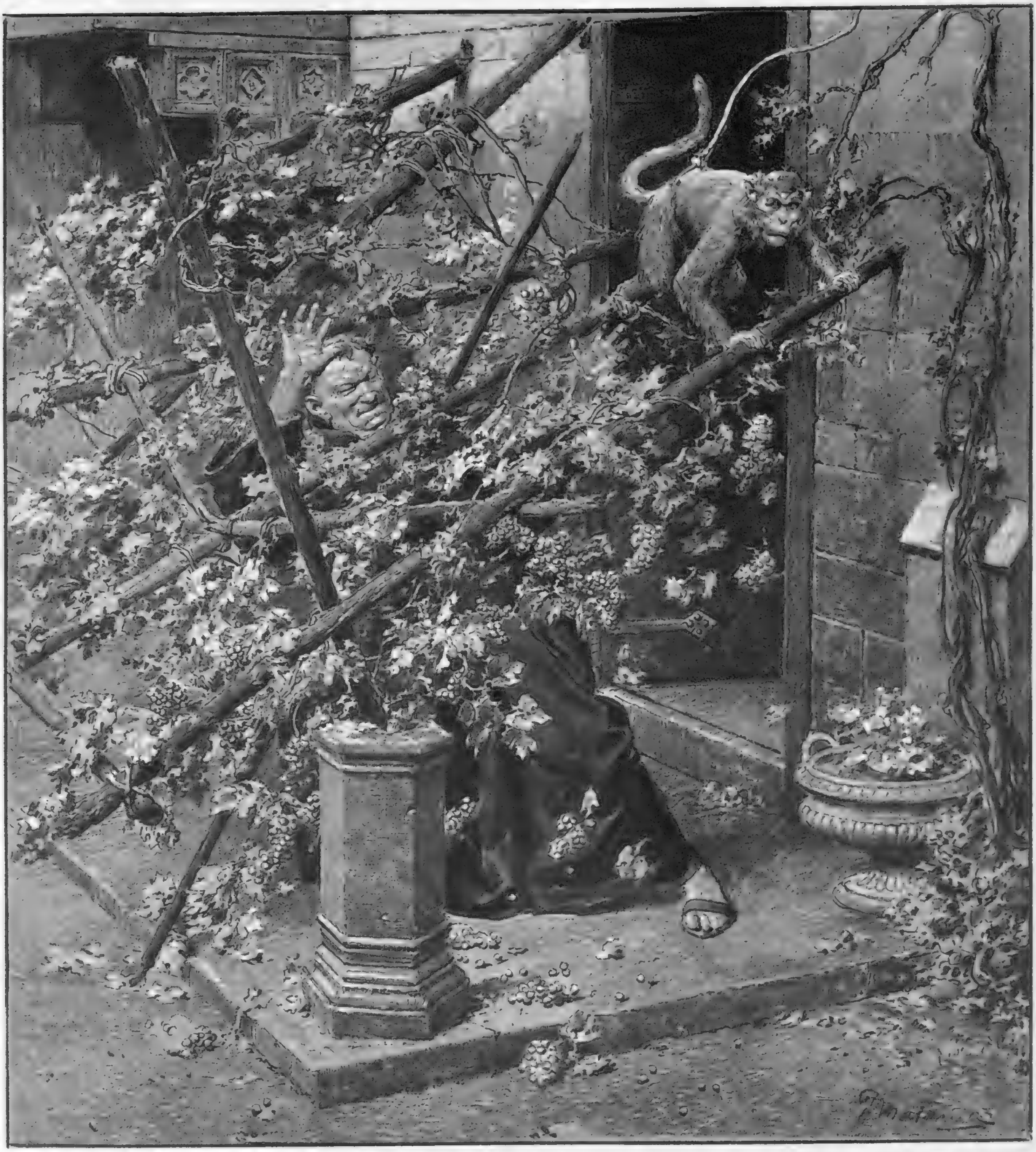
could cope with such a situation. Surrounded and harried upon every side, he had to accomplish miracles of brain, prodigies of tactics, marvels of strategy, wonders of audacity.

It was during this unequal duel that the canals were diverted and he was left without water.

It was then that the enemy endeavoured to cut off his communication by sea, and in order to avoid the danger he fired his own ships—that fatal fire that spread to the docks, and thence to the world-famous library. No human power could stop the involuntary crime of such a loss.

It was then that he personally escaped from death under what even to an atheist must seem Divine protection, for he jumped from the mole into a little boat in order to assist his soldiers. Pressed on every side, he jumped from the boat and swam, under a thick rain of darts while the little boat was sunk, with one hand, the other holding above water some precious manuscripts. Even the King of Egypt fell in that battle, eventually leaving the throne free for Cleopatra.

During all this time Cleopatra and Cæsar were writing in deed more eloquent than any word the most beautiful passages of their romance of love, passing through the inebriation of danger without control and without law—a worthy honeymoon for such figures of the Classic and the Immortal as Cæsar and Cleopatra.



A SHOUT from Batistino, a few more antics, and pergola—monkey, beams, grapes, crashed on top of the friar

No. 11. *A Monkey Trick of Florence*

At that era, when Florence and Rome were competing for the supremacy in all the arts—painting, literature, architecture—when talents capable of the most astonishing fecundity in art were springing on every hand, enriching and beautifying churches and palaces, there was in the Borgo dei Tinturi, in Florence, the studio of the famous painter, Il Rosso (The Red), so nicknamed because of a luxuriant red beard, of which he was very proud.

He lived happily enough with two beings very dear to him. One was a little boy called Batistino, who assisted him in all those minor things required by a painter of that time ; the other, a superb monkey endowed with an intelligence so human that man and beast enjoyed a perfect understanding. The boy and the monkey were the greatest of friends, inseparable in their work, their meals, and their recreation ; invariably silent, respectful, and well-behaved during the long hours when their master concentrated his mind on his work; perfectly ready to become two devils whenever the artist left the studio.

It happened that the back of the house had windows overlooking the gorgeous garden belonging to the friars of Santa Croce. Not far from those windows there was an old pergola, a pleasant Italian arrangement forming a roof of leaves. These pergolas from early Roman times have generally been constructed by making holes in the wall and introducing into them the ends of beams sustained at the other extremities on wooden pilasters. Though never a really strong construction, they nevertheless managed to hold together for centuries. It was towards September and from the rich foliage of the vine hung gorgeous clusters of fruit ripening under the radiant sun of that irradiated region.

Many times Batistino and the monkey had exchanged mysterious signs and cast longing glances at that viticultural bounty of God; many times they had suddenly disappeared from the window as the old and jealous friar approached the pergola, looking with eager satisfaction at the result of his work.

The priest knew them one by one, those bunches of grapes; he had watched them grow from mere insignificant beads of green to lush and bloomed globes of fragrance kissed by the sun; he rehearsed in anticipation the pleasure of bringing into the refectorium the basket full of the precious muscats when the time should come; he had endured with religious patience the irritation of his throat when from his own holy lips he had blown the protecting sulphur on them.

ONE day his attention was arrested by broken branches. The bunches were not all there! Who in heaven—or from hell—could reach the pergola? As the days went by other grapes disappeared. The friar was certain that rats had found their way into the sacred garden. He would catch them, sure as he was alive.

The next day he carefully arranged cruel traps, cunningly concealed at the foot of every vine. To his disheartened astonishment the traps were untouched—but not so the grapes. The baffled friar was swept up in a fit of that rage so characteristic of fruit growers of any time and any country at the mere idea that any profane hands should touch the result of their labour, and he set out to spy, resolved to find the thief at any cost.

At last he made the discovery. From the window of the painter a monkey sprang, and, with a wonderful leap, reached the pergola. For a while he was lost in the foliage; then he reappeared, his hairy arms embracing a load of grapes. He got to the edge of the pergola and let himself go, and remained hanging by a rope which was attached to his belt, perfectly sure that he would be pulled safely in by Batistino.

The rage of the friar had no limits. Many ideas unsuited to his holy office flashed through his mind, but he was strong enough to resist the impulse of shouting, realising in that second that any hasty demonstration would only be a warning to the thief. Impatiently he waited for the next occasion.

His scheme was quite obvious on account of the long pole with which he was armed. He swore by all the saints of Heaven that he would reduce the confounded monkey to pulp.

As he was hiding under the pergola the little trick was repeated. Then Pandemonium broke loose. The friar's pole struck out madly to reach the animal; the pergola shook, not only from the blows, but under the mad gymnastics of the agile thief. Who could stop the excited monkey? Not even Batistino, who was calling frantically. The pole of the friar missed its object every time, while the maltreated grapes dropped on all sides.

To complicate matters, the animal had started that characteristic fit of frenzy of grasping with four prehensile hands the branches and beams, wildly shaking, shaking, shaking . . . until some of them broke loose from their holes in the wall.

THE failure of the friar and the rain of fruit and timber shaken in his eyes made him redouble the fury of his abortive blows. He did not notice that the pergola could not hold another minute. A last shout from Batistino, a few more antics, and pergola, monkey, beams, grapes crashed on top of the friar. . .

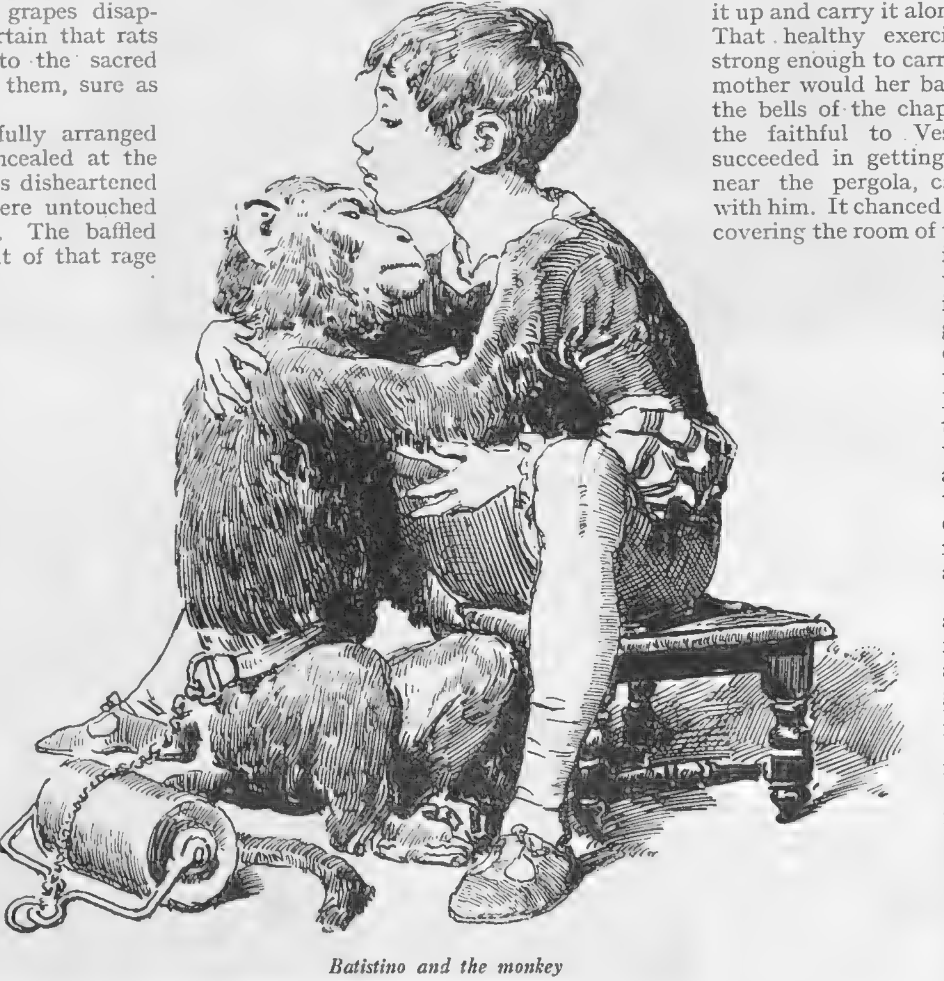
Some time later the monkey and Batistino were crouching in a corner of the studio listening to the advisedly severe scolding of Rosso, who was walking up and down the studio, making his face stern every time he faced them, choking with repressed laughter when he had his back towards them. At the same moment from the terrace of the monastery the friar was shouting epithets described by the contemporary historian in these words that I translate literally—"*things which had nothing to do with the Holy Mass*"; threatening the most relentless prosecution of the law. As a matter of fact, he denounced the dreadful event to Messer Otto, High Magistrate of Florence, an extremely severe judge.

ROSSO was ordered to appear in court with the culprit. The case was not a simple one and the result was rather out of the common, because Rosso was exonerated from any blame, while the responsibility fell entirely on the monkey.

Considering that, barring the possibility of such a fantastic leap from window to pergola, nothing would have happened, the monkey was condemned to be saddled for life with a weight of iron such as would never allow him so to jump again. Rosso, in order not to inflict too cruel a punishment, made a sort of little garden roller. This contraption allowed the animal to walk easily, pulling the everlasting garden roller behind him, but heavy enough to check any other exercise. The simple mind of the animal, of course, could not understand that he had done anything wrong, for he had only done what he had been told; but he could draw the simple and just conclusion that the only enemy he had in the whole affair was the friar! No wonder that he bore a secret grudge against him!

As time went on, the poor monkey got wearied of the burden and tried to lift it up and carry it along instead of pulling. That healthy exercise had made him strong enough to carry it all the time as a mother would her baby. One day when the bells of the chapel were summoning the faithful to Vespers, the monkey succeeded in getting on to a little roof near the pergola, carrying the weight with him. It chanced to be the very roof covering the room of the hated friar. Was it a coincidence, or was it a spark of that incredible instinct granted by Providence to the beasts that do not reason? He started banging the weight on the tiles so energetically and so untiringly that before anyone could come to the rescue there was not a tile left unbroken.

It is quite probable that more scolding, more coercion and more surveillance gave several unhappy hours to the monkey, but when peace was restored it was undoubtedly a great moment for him to be again in the arms of Batistino, murmuring to each other inarticulate, eloquent sounds that only they understood.

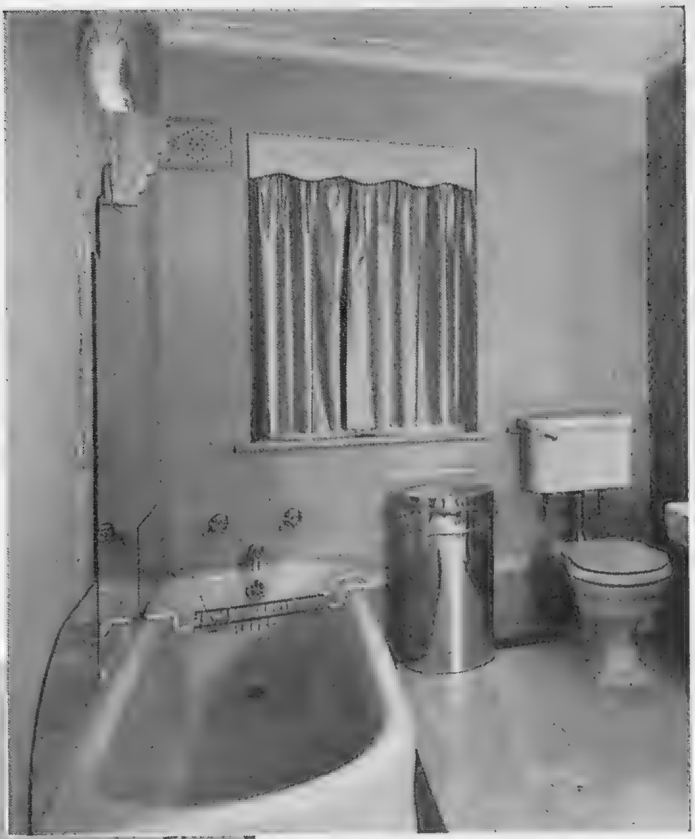


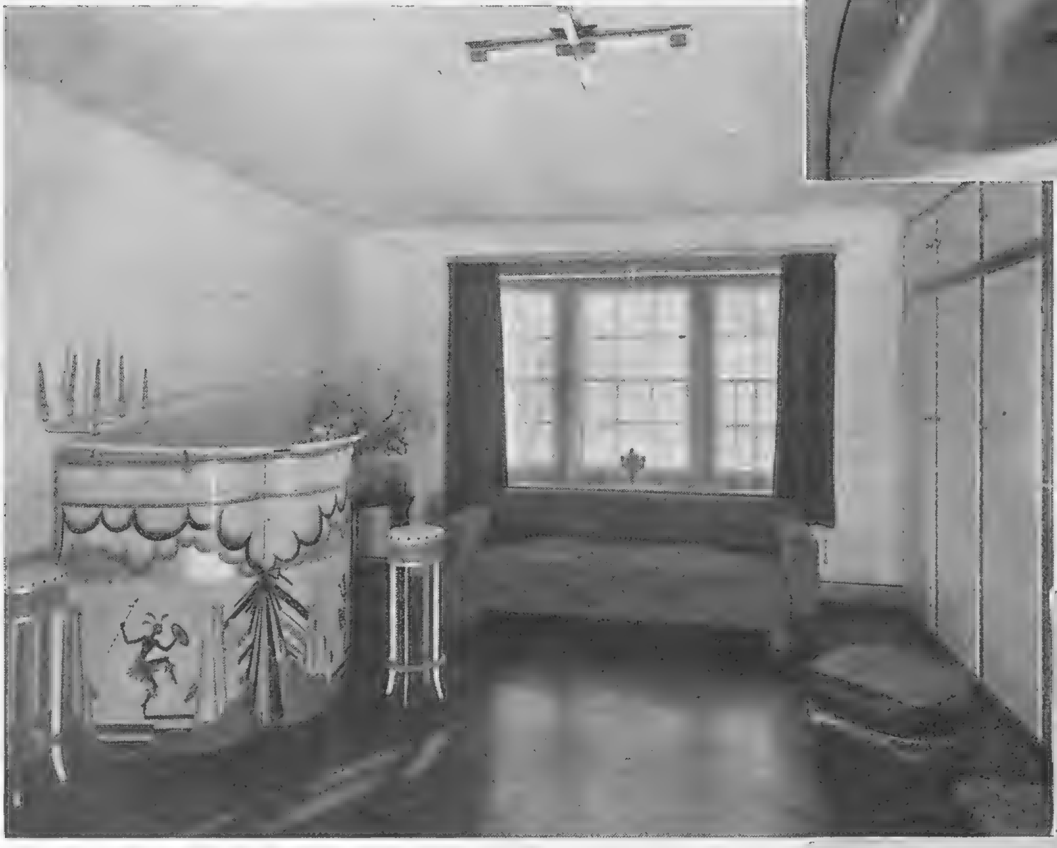
Batistino and the monkey

"E" *is* for Efficiency

By Winifred Lewis

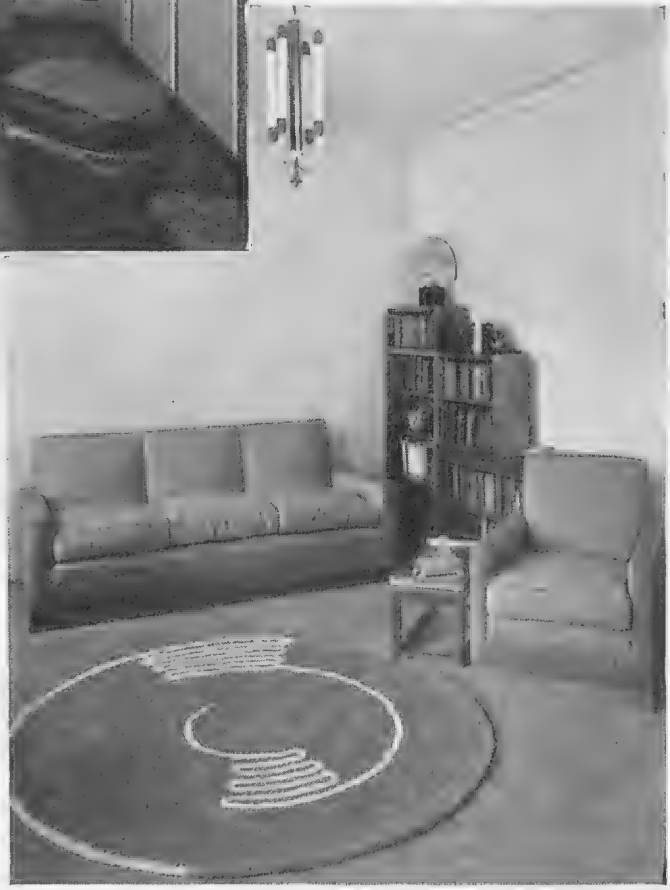
THIS is a bathroom which combines comfort with a decorative scheme of distinction and practical utility not often seen in smaller houses. The walls of shaded cyclamen are treated with plastic paint which is impervious to steam and renowned for its qualities of endurance. A neat design in silver relief is cleverly mingled with the arrangements for lighting, while "silver" waterproofed curtains and chromium fittings add their lustre to the scheme and reduce cleaning to a minimum. The bath and other porcelain fixtures are of a paler colour than the walls, while deep mirrors are used to convey an impression of depth to a narrow room, the luxury of which is completed by the shower concealed behind a curtain at the near end





Describes *and*
a modern home
and furnished for
maintenance *and*

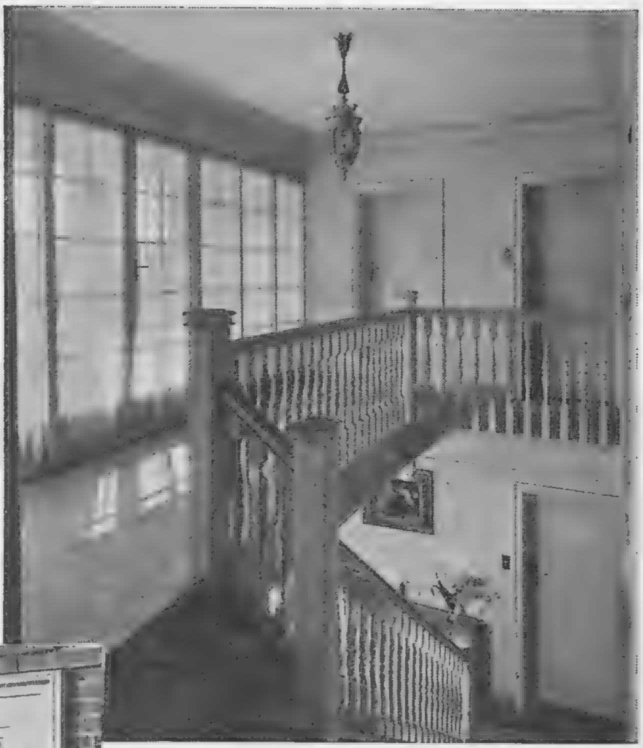
A LARGE room reserved for parties, both decorated and equipped with special regard to the comfort and easy conduct of these affairs, is christened "the Studio." Whitewashed walls provide an immaculate foil for party gowns and have their more practical advantages in the ease with which their freshness is renewed. A lacquer red lounge settee is matched with the curtains and a cocktail bar has an amusing design of red and gold on a white background. Otherwise the room holds itself in amiable readiness for conversion at any time into an extra bedroom or a nursery



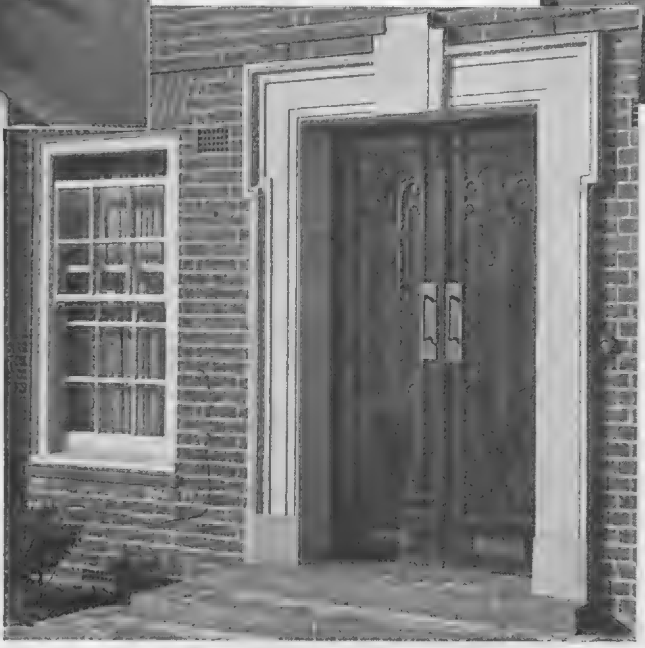
Right:

THE morning-room is a lesson in neat simplicity and prides itself upon a decorative scheme which is particularly immune from effects of wear and tear as well as upon many other features which combine to invest it with comfort as well as with efficiency. Plain grey washable walls are thrown into vivid contrast by the furniture which is upholstered in a severely plain fabric of softest blue. A plain grey fitted carpet is relieved by the round rug of modern design in blue and white, while the windows have a "tailored" finish with curtains of blue and grey modern fabric. There are no pictures, no mouldings and scarcely any other means of decoration but colour in a room which, quite plainly, announces itself "easy to keep clean"

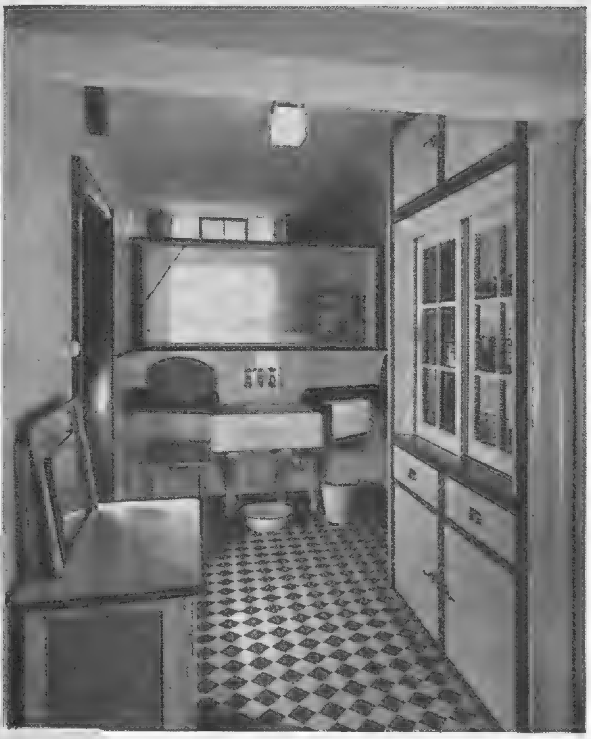
THE staircase and landing are superbly lit by long windows which stretch the entire length of one wall and open out on to a spacious verandah. The staircase and woodwork in this part of the house are of pickled oak—a plan which has its decorative advantages no less than those of simple practicability. Dusting only is required, of course, while later problems of redecoration are eliminated as in the case of panelling. A fitted carpet on the landing tones with the woodwork, while at one end wall space is utilised for hot-air cupboards and a closet for bedroom cleaning implements

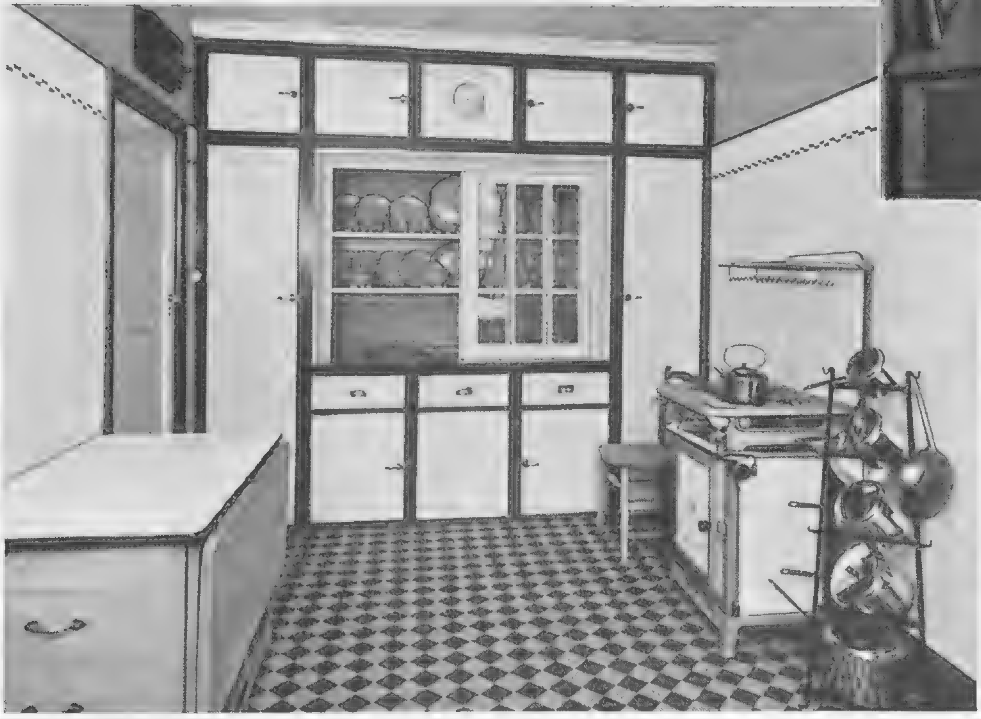


ELIMINATION of labour and care for the cost of maintenance have been, literally, carried to the front door of this house. Wrought iron and frosted glass combine to make an entrance-door of unusual dignity. There is no paint to be renewed or tarnishable fittings to clean. Brick steps repeat the warm colouring of the main structure and need only sweeping, where tiles and concrete demand repeated scouring



pictures *planned ease of* economy *in* upkeep

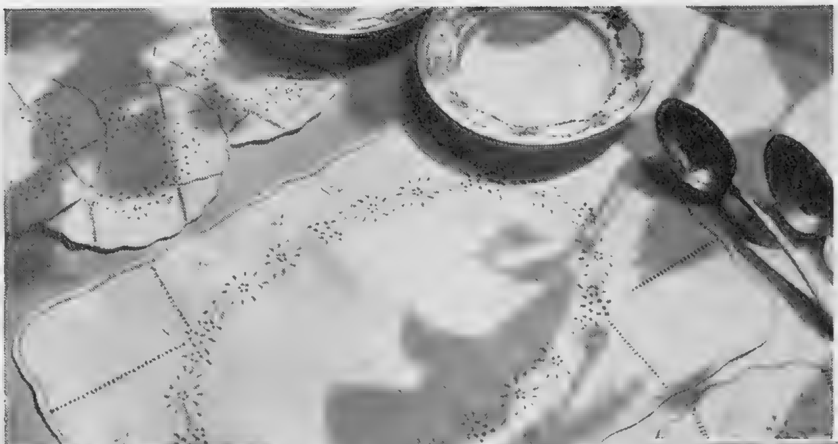




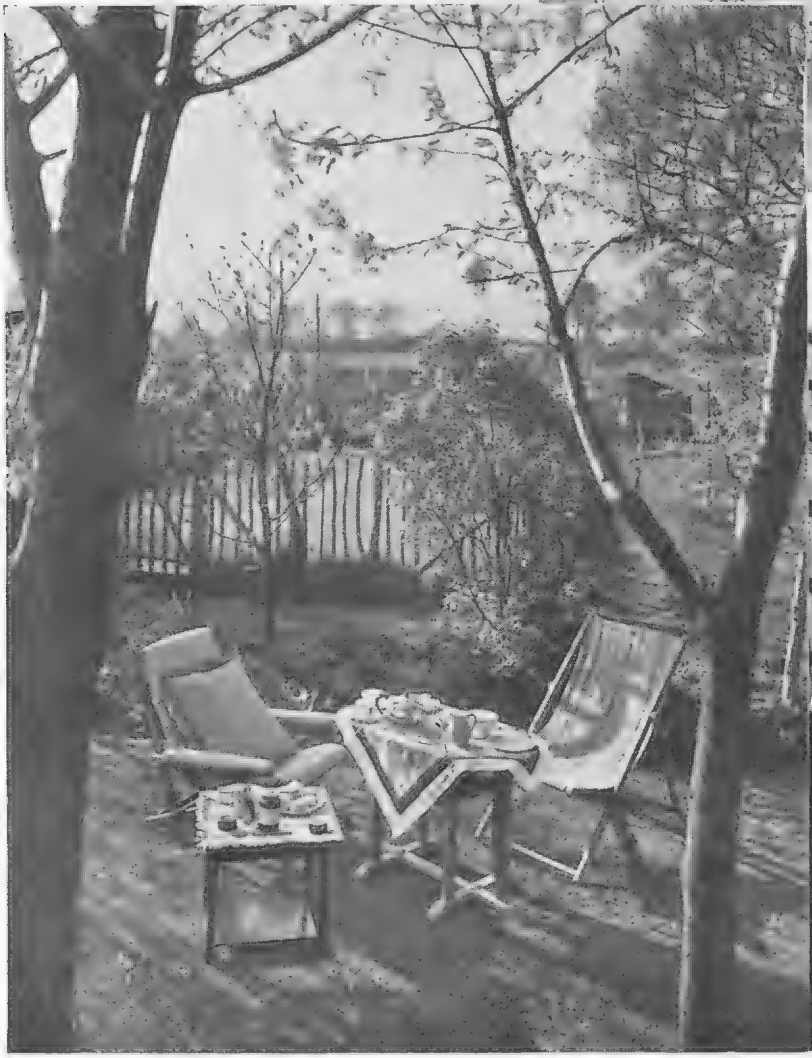
Left:

THE kitchen is a cool picture in white and green with tiled walls and an ingenious built-in cabinet of glossy cream paint outlined with green. China and glass, kitchen linen, brushes and other implements are stored in this cabinet, which is as decorative as it is compact, while green and white tiled floor and a green and white enamelled cooker complete a picture of immaculate efficiency. Above, a view of the maid's pantry is given. This apartment opens from the kitchen and communicates with the dining-room, facilitating service between the two rooms. The food pantry beyond the frosted glass has shelves and floor of cool tiles and adequate space for the refrigerator—whose proper place the pantry seems to be

THINGS are not always what they seem and even fine linen delicately embroidered in colour may prove to be a sham. This is a "paper" luncheon set designed for outdoor meals. Price 1/3



A SMALL table which also has its uses indoors is, below, set for an informal tea. The limed oak table is serviceable for use outdoors, light to carry, and, with its "lower deck," sufficiently commodious for a small tea party. Price 37/6 from William Spriggs. The lower table, which folds into the smallest compass, costs 8/11 from Fortnum and Mason, and holds those honoured contributions to the repast, Scotch pancakes with Hartley's Raspberry Jam!



"BASKETTE" cloths are made of Irish linen in a creamy white diaper weave with brightly coloured stripes and checks that seem almost like hand painting. In the Linen Hall at Robinson and Cleaver they cost 3/9, 5/6 and 7/6

SUMMER being what it is—or isn't, as you prefer—there does seem good reason for being on the alert and constantly prepared for its arrival. Especially considering the way in which it appears, unexpectedly, and departs again before one has collected one's wits and a few items of necessary equipment for its enjoyment.

Dining out of doors, for instance, is a luxury we often forgo because the right equipment for its comfortable enjoyment invariably fails to coincide with the perfect weather. For my own part, this has happened so often in the past that I am determined not to "miss the boat" again, and am holding myself in readiness for the most sudden arrival of summer with all the paraphernalia for its enjoyment up my sleeve. This, in the first place, means comfortable garden furniture so that every available moment of sunshine can be spent in the open.

To this one's friends are apt to reply that garden furniture is all very well, but who wants a load of chairs and tables that the house is too small to accommodate when their function in the garden is limited to a mere three months—if we are lucky?

The answer to that is—garden furniture which has its uses indoors, my friends!

For instance, what is wrong with a bridge table and chairs for outdoor meals? They are compact and comfortable, usually painted in gay colours most suitable to garden surroundings. Moreover, there are many occasions, apart from the bridge party, when their services will be appreciated indoors. Folding chairs and a table that can be stored in a cupboard and produced at any time when seating accommodation runs out are a sensible all-the-year-round investment.

The small oak table which is laid for tea in the garden photograph on these pages is a good example of furniture chosen for its adaptability. As an occasional table in the house it is attractive and useful at the fireside or elsewhere while, at the same time, light and commodious for a small tea party in the garden. Though the table is actually quite small, the "lower deck" gives just that amount of extra space needed. It is, in fact, worth while to look for double deck tables when choosing something for garden meals.

The auxiliary table also shown in the photograph is another splendid thing to have. No bigger than a large tray, it can be used as such when the legs are folded out of sight. Overflow items can be accommodated on here and carried to the garden as on a tray. The legs are then released and it becomes a table. 8s. 11d. seems very little to give for this table and, owing to its compactness, nobody can complain of the space it it occupies when not in use.

A larger and more elaborate thing on much the same principle can be bought if

Summer Service

Here's wishing June *on* her *best* behaviour *and* some *hints* for *the* improvement *of* outdoor *meals*

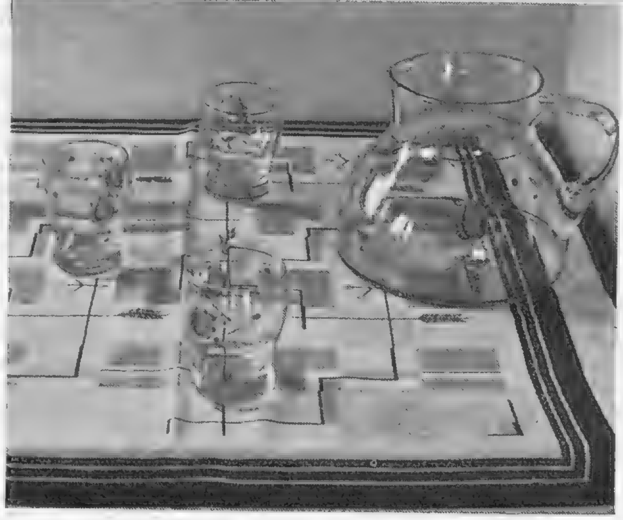
PAPER luncheon mats which invite the closest scrutiny. The mat on the left emulates Limerick lace with astonishing conviction, and right, cream "linen" strikingly "embroidered" with blue. The centre mat has a "lazy daisy" design in mauve and green on a cream ground. The larger mats are sold in packets of fifteen at 1/-

Above:

GARDEN cushions are serviceable and gay when made from one of the attractive waterproof fabrics of which this is a sample. Price 2/11 a yard from Harvey Nichols

THE owner of this verandah is to be congratulated on the possession of a "place in the sun" and a commendable understanding of the means of enjoying it. Comfortable upholstered deck chairs mingle their bright colouring with the flowers, and the simple folding table has its own covering of gaily striped canvas. No wonder the canary sings!

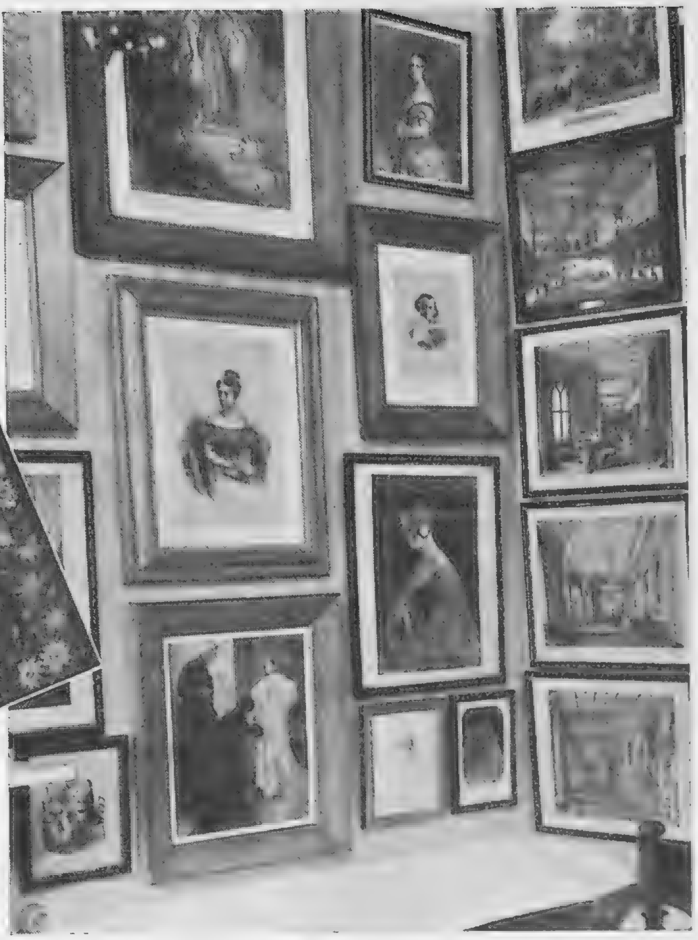
CHINA for garden meals should be delicately attractive whilst serviceable and cheap, a combination one might have thought unattainable but for this delightful cream Wedgwood tea set with handles of lacquer red and the cream dinner ware with its floral border of green and red. The price of a twenty-one piece tea set is 19/6, while the dinner plates cost 26/- a dozen. Fortnum and Mason



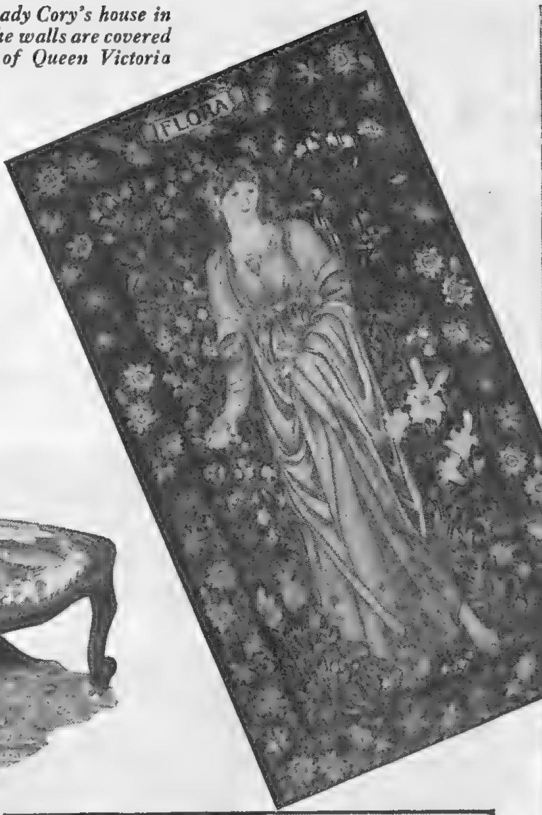
A FEATURE of this lemonade set costing 47/6 from Fortnum and Mason is its size. A jug large enough for the needs of the warmest day and six glasses. The teacloth costs 4/6 from Marshall and Snelgrove

one is going really thoroughly into this matter of outdoor meals. A large tray, cellulose painted in almost any gay colour you prefer, can be set for a meal in the house and, on reaching the garden, converts into a table by releasing a spring. The worth of this investment is proved by its many other uses, particularly that of a breakfast tray which becomes a bedside table in the bedroom.

To do the job properly special china and glass should be kept for outdoor meals. Fresh table appointments give to garden meals such a stimulus that though one may have moved a mere fifty yards from the dining-room, the change is as complete as if the yards were miles, and as agreeable as dining in someone else's home amid all the privileges of your own.

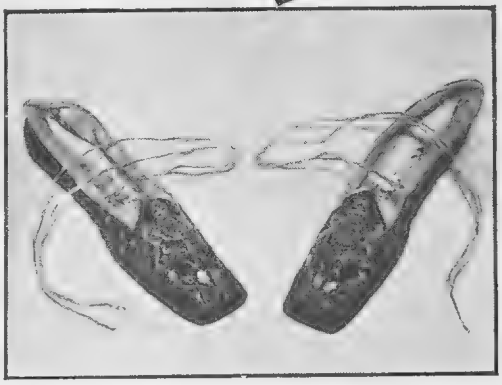


Right:
ONE of the rooms in Lady Cory's house in Belgrave Square. The walls are covered with prints and pictures of Queen Victoria



Right:
A SPECIMEN of Lady Cory's beautiful needlework. A copy of a painting by Burne-Jones

MANY of the chairs are covered in flowered cross-stitch



THE shoes that Queen Victoria wore at her Coronation

A Gallery

Contemporary Portraits. No. 2: Lady

THE little shoes that Queen Victoria wore at her Coronation lie in a box in a house in Belgrave Square. They are carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and when you are privileged to see them you feel that you are peeping into the past only because you are a very favoured person. You take the shoe in your hand, and if you are the kind of individual that I am at such moments, you are drawn away from this sad year of grace. Your thoughts go tumbling down the years. All that you have read of Victorianism, all that you have heard, the little things you remember, paint a picture of an England growing into greatness, of a puberty land feeling the stirrings of its manhood, of a people reared in an atmosphere of stuffy convention, timid culture, aggressive prosperity, and almost unbelievable security.

You finger the shoe gently. It was worn by the girl who became the Queen of that incredible country of the past. It was slipped on to her foot on a misty summer morning in 1837 (if there ever was such a year), and fifty years after it was discarded its wearer was watching her people gather the fine fresh fruits of her reign, watching them accumulate the gigantic treasures of industrial success which later their sons and grandsons flung irrevocably to the winds in the brief years between 1914 and 1920. It is a fragile bit of work, this shoe. Its sole is of the thinnest leather and its purple velvet is embroidered with gold, and in the white lining there is a greeting in black silk—"All Hail to Victoria." A fragile shoe, but it carried its first owner to the throne.

It lies now, in a generation that has no memory and little reverence for Victoria and things Victorian, in this house in Belgrave Square. It is partnered by one of the stockings that Queen Victoria wore on the same momentous occasion, a white silk stocking with gold embroidery. The other stocking is missing. I wonder what became of it. Here are the two shoes, here the one stocking. Where is the other?

But here also is a room that is full of the past in a house that breathes of the past, owned by a woman who is both of the past and the present. A very old grandfather clock tick-tocks, tick-tocks into the silence. Every tick of it is lengthening the span between myself and that other age; every tock is drawing away To-day from Yesterday. I need this fragile shoe in my hand to bridge the distance and establish contact; the woman beside me needs no such remembrancer.

Lady Cory says:

"And here is a pair of gloves she wore in 1846. Aren't they lovely?"

They are indeed lovely. Plain white kid. Once worn by Victoria, Queen of England. What are they doing here? And as I put down the shoe to take up the gloves I reflect that they could be in no better custody than Lady Cory's, in no happier house than this, which is a veritable temple to Victoria and a museum of Victorian relics. They could be in no safer hands than this woman's whose adoration for Victoria and the Victorian tradition fills such a large part of her life.

THE atmosphere of the past is in every inch of this house. In this small room very little can be seen of the walls. They are covered by pictures. Pictures of Victoria. Pictures of Victoria as a child, Victoria playing with her children and Prince Albert, Victoria in the ballroom, Victoria serious, Victoria smiling, Victoria very plain, and Victoria surprisingly beautiful. There are twelve pictures by Nash of Victoria at Windsor—a very grand, up-stage Windsor it was, too. You cannot escape Victoria here, but you do not want to escape Victoria at all if you come to Lady Cory at her house in Belgrave Square.

A PAIR of gloves worn by Queen Victoria in 1846. They are now in the safe keeping of Lady Cory

Left:
ANOTHER example of the beautiful needlework executed by Lady Cory

LADY CORY, a wonderful needlewoman and collector of Queen Victoria relics

# of Women

Cory—a Great Victorian

By James W. Drawbell

In this same room there are nineteen chairs, most of them flowered in cross-stitch. Lady Cory is showing them to me again with pride, and I say thoughtfully :

" What a difference they are from all the modern chromium-plated stuff ! "

She wheels round on me. Her blue eyes, shrewd and kindly in her healthy, high-boned face, show their surprise.

" Chromium-plated stuff ? "

" Yes—the modern tubular furniture and that sort of thing. The steel chairs and the glass tables, you know."

She does not know. I don't believe she wants to know, but I tell her about some of the houses I have visited and about the very modern designs and mediums for furniture. She listens with interest.

" How amazing ! " she says. " Who uses that kind of furniture ? "

" Oh, lots of people nowadays. Smart people, mostly."

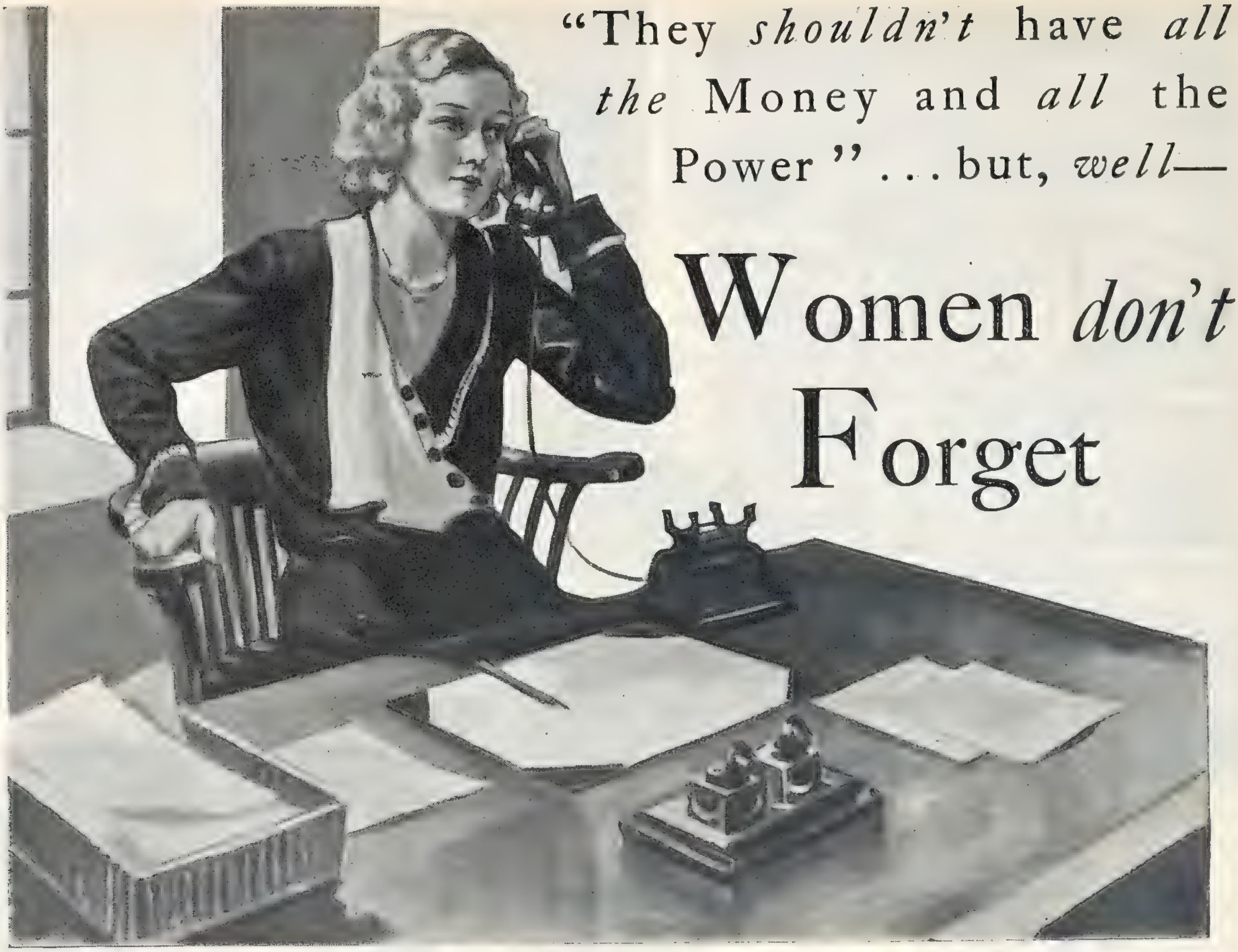
She murmurs again " How amazing ! " with a soft wonder in her voice, and promptly forgets all about the subject. She has no condemnation for people who prefer chromium-plated chairs to flowered cross-stitch. She has only a tolerant surprise.

There is another article in this room for which I have an affection—a very old-fashioned piano with red silk pleating and narrow flanking mirrors. I thread my way between the chairs and the table, past the very old-fashioned bird-cage which rises from a stand on the floor, but which has no bird because Lady Cory has for years been associated with societies for preventing cruelty to animals, and would not dream of caging a bird. I finger the yellow keys of the piano.

We discuss music and musicians. Lady Cory is passionately fond of music. She is an eager and accomplished pianist, and is, in fact, the only amateur pianist who has ever been asked to play with the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Paderewski has played to her in this house, and Kreisler has drawn from his violin the wild gipsy music that Lady Cory loves. She does not care for rigid classical music that is technically perfect but emotionless. She likes the melody that appeals to the emotions. She touches the yellowed keys now and the sound is strange in this room. The fifty Victorias on the wall look down indulgently at the brown-haired woman at the piano.

She puts down the lid and the room is given over again to the tick-tocking of the clock. I know no sound that conjures up such fancy and such dread as the solemn ticking of a grandfather clock in a silent room. It worries me, and I would have all clocks silent, but I know that it does not worry Lady Cory. I question whether she hears it.

(*Continued on page 98*)



"They *shouldn't* have *all the* Money and *all* the Power" . . . but, *well*—

Women *don't* Forget

By Dorothy Black

Illustrations by M. Mackinlay

SOMEONE said "That's Mary Gallant's husband." Zoe thought it too bad. It was horrid for a man. Women shouldn't have all the money and all the power. It was, thought Zoe, very humiliating, and she thought, "I'd be so different to him."

He gave her a smile as he passed her, and her eyes softened. He was so tall, so slender, so handsome. He had such a nice smile, and she couldn't forget the way his hair grew at the temples.

Sylvia Green said "Don't pity him. We all get what's coming to us. I don't expect Charles Gallant has had anything else happen to him."

Zoe looked at her. Sylvia was a successful business woman, like Mary Gallant, and successful business women always got hard. Sylvia was hard. She had never married. She said she didn't want to, but Zoe thought it more likely she had never had a chance. As if a woman wouldn't marry and have a home of her own rather than anything else.

A home, housekeeping, babies. I'd not want a career, dreamed Zoe, and her eyes bright with wistful envy, followed the broad shoulders of Charles Gallant through the crowd at the cocktail party and she said some women didn't know when they were well off.

"Maybe," said Sylvia, and sniffed. But Zoe took no notice of Sylvia and her cynicisms. Zoe was only twenty-one.

MARY was twenty-one when she married Charles Gallant: their new house had a strip of garden where a thrush sang fit to burst itself in a may tree. It was, as the advertisement had said, rural yet in reasonable distance from town.

Mary was just a slip of a thing. You could get your two hands round her waist. Her hair looked black until she stood in the sun.

The Gallants were seated at breakfast in the early days of their married life, and Charles Gallant said,

"Money, darling. Now tell me, what on earth do you want money for now?" He spoke lazily, charmingly, teasing her, and dutifully Mary laughed. She loved him so much. She wanted only to do everything that was expected of her.

"Why, Charles, one does want money, you know. I must have some new stockings. And one thing and another."

"If you had to make it, you know, you'd realise it wasn't as easy as spending it."

Mary said nothing. She did not like to remind him she had been making it, for years, until she married him. Making, as a matter of fact, very nearly as much as he was, writing fashion articles for a firm in the City. If only she had saved more!

He took her face in his hands and kissed her, a lover's kiss, right on the mouth. They had only been married nine months, and she loved him so much. He was her man, and she would have died for him willingly. She loved the way his hair grew at the temples, the way he held his head rather high, and looked as if he owned the street. She liked everything about marriage except this question of money.

Charles fished in his pocket. A rich jangling came from it. He produced half a crown.

"There you are, O Daughter of the Horse Leech. Run away and take care of it, and don't come asking me for any more until next pay day."

She watched him down the garden path, and waved her hand to him as he turned at the gate. She loved him so much. If she saw him looking in even the laziest admiration at anyone else, her sentiments bordered on savage. Suddenly she began to understand the things women do because of men. The foolish reckless things, like murders, and suicides, and stealing hats from shops to try and look pretty for them.

But for all her childish appearance,

Mary was no fool. She hadn't earned big money for nothing. She knew that on the horizon there was a little cloud, at present no bigger than a man's hand, and that clouds have a way of growing. How beautiful marriage would be, if you never had to talk about, or consider, money!

For quite honestly she had to face the fact that Charles was unreasonable about it. Monthly they did the house accounts together and he gave her a cheque to pay them. There was no hanky panky about it. He knew exactly how the money went and where. Yet somehow, from somewhere not specified, he expected Mary to manage to procure all kinds of small and tiresome necessities that he never budgeted for at all. Stamps, for instance, and her own personal needs. Silly things like new elastic to run in underwear, mending cottons, tooth paste. Tram fares to town. Mercifully the question of clothes hadn't so far arisen. She had come to him with a luxurious trousseau provided entirely by her own efforts with just a few voluntary contributions from her aunt. She had also brought him the house linen. She had also brought him a very good set of dining room chairs. A shocking extravagance, but what a difference they made to the little dining room!

But was Charles, she wondered, with a sensation not unlike rain trickling down the spine, going to expect her to procure clothes from the same unspecified source when the time came? He never discussed the subject. And this also she had to face, that Charles never did discuss anything that seemed likely to be tiresome. He just left it to her, satisfied that she would solve it somehow without worrying him. Charles had had an adoring mother. She had solved everything for him and the only time she ever worried him was when she died. Even then she did what she could, by having her funeral all arranged, cut and dried, beforehand.

How Mary hated herself for the least suspicion of disloyalty to Charles, but a girl couldn't help facing facts. She minimised them as much as possible. It wasn't as if he drank, or was extravagant, or ran after other women. And then she thought, with sudden colour flooding her face,

"It will be different when I tell him."

She hadn't told him yet. There never seemed to have been just the right opportunity in the right setting. Mary was sentimental. She wanted to whisper her pretty secret in a way they would never forget, either of them, when the secret itself was grown to man's estate, and had sailed away, wearing real trousers with braces. . . .

She took a duster and set to work resolutely polishing her chairs. They were real Chippendale, a bargain of bargains. She had paid forty pounds for the four of them. A terrible extravagance, but everyone said they were really an investment. She wished she hadn't been so extravagant before she married. She might have saved a lot, if she had known—that one was going to need money afterwards, and not quite know where to get it from.

When they had babies to think about, of course Charles would put her on a regular allowance. Then one could save up for several months, to meet really large expenses. There would be all sorts of things to buy now to start with. A cradle and a perambulator. A rubber bath that you could pack easily. If only she had put her forty pounds by, instead of investing it in chairs. . . .

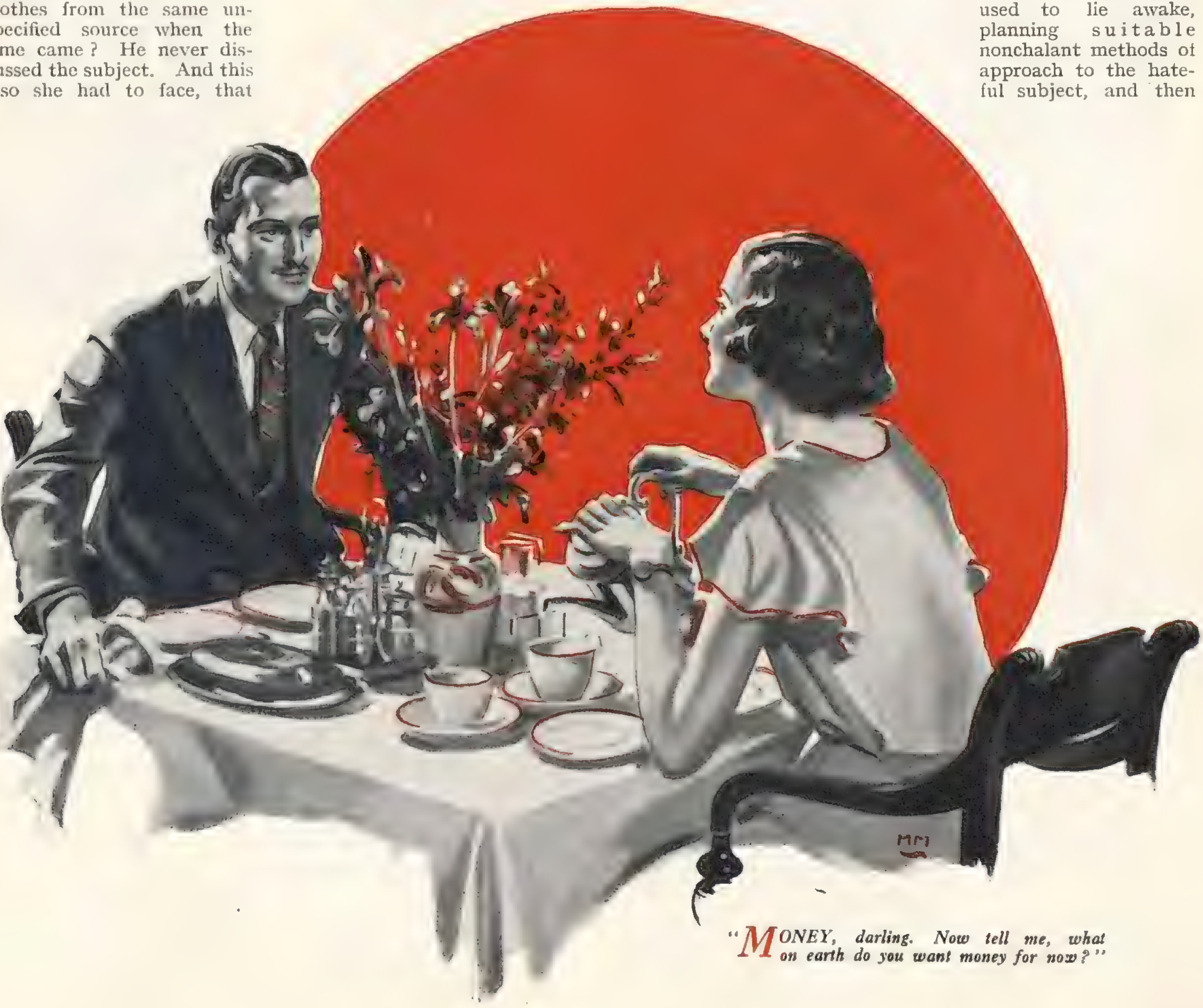
Mary sang to herself about the little house, and tried to forget the thought.

SHE told him out in the garden, with the fat thrush singing in the may tree, fit to burst, and giving to the town dwellers the illusion of living far in the country.

Charles was sweet. He knelt beside her, shaken with the news.

"Ours," he said. "I can't believe it. Oh, darling, it will be so lovely!" She hadn't the heart to bring him to earth with sordid details of finance when he was so happy. Surely he would talk about it presently himself. He must know there were any number of things she had to have.

Charles didn't say anything that night, or for some time. Mary used to lie awake, planning suitable nonchalant methods of approach to the hateful subject, and then



"MONEY, darling. Now tell me, what on earth do you want money for now?"

almost cry with rage that such a thing should be necessary. Early in June he came home and told her he had had a rise in pay. The birds were singing charmingly in the little garden at the time, and Mary's heart began to sing too, for she thought:

"All my fuss and worry was for nothing. Of course he had just forgotten. Of course everything will be properly fixed up now."

"You'll want money," he said. "With all this coming on, darling. I can afford to be more generous now than I otherwise would have been."

He took out his pocket book. He laid two one pound notes on the table.

"That will carry you on for a while," he said. He tilted her face back and kissed her, a lover's kiss, full on the mouth. Presently the gate slammed behind him, as he went over to the club. He paused to look back and kiss his hand to her. He never forgot these little things, of which he had read women think so much.

Mary stared at the notes on the table.

So that was what Charles thought it cost to outfit a baby. She did not know whether to laugh or cry. The birds went on singing and singing. She felt she couldn't bear their exuberance another moment, and opened the window and threw a lump of sugar at them.

"Shut up!" said Mary, "oh, shut up!"

The fat thrush looked at her, and entirely disregarded her. He went on with his pæans of praise to the sunset just the same.

Obviously there was nothing to be gained by tears. She had some hard thinking to do. What she had made excuses for, thought might be forgetfulness or an accident, or something that would pass, was just Charles. There would be these same worries all through life, about one thing and another. Now it was just petty cash, but presently it would be children's clothes, doctor's bills, school fees. This was marriage!

She paced the room. She must do something, she thought, feverishly. She must do something. She would take up her work again. It was only a little over a year, and people wouldn't have forgotten her yet. She thought, "If only I had a typewriter," and remembered how, in her wild happiness, she had given hers away to little Sylvia Green, who wanted so badly to make extra money in her spare time. One had never, somehow, connected making money in one's spare time with being married to Charles. It wasn't as if he had been hard up.

Sylvia had been so pleased, so touched. "I'll never, never forget . . ." she had said, her pretty eyes full of tears, and quite rightly, for people do not go about London recklessly giving typewriters away every day of the week, thought Mary. A new typewriter costs fourteen pounds. It might, thought Mary bitterly, as well have been a thousand. And then, suddenly, she stood quite still, her forehead puckered, her eyes thoughtful, one hand resting on the back of her Chippendale chair. She stood like that for quite a long time.

THE avidity with which the American gentleman closed with her should have warned Mary that she had not asked enough. He wrote her a cheque for sixty pounds, and seemed real glad to do it.

The little man in the furniture shop round the corner had copied them so successfully that no one who wasn't an expert would notice the change. Charles wasn't an expert. He sat down to his dinner upon the imitation without question, and Mary's bank account was swelled by forty pounds. Those chairs had proved an investment after all.

She bought a typewriter.

But it wasn't as easy as she had thought, this come-back. London seemed to have bred a whole army of competent fashion writers since she left. They were pleased to see her, the men she had known and worked for in other days. They gave her tea, and a cigarette, but seemed surprised when she talked of work. Most of the stuff she used to do was done now by girls on the staff. . . .

And it was tiring and dispiriting, this trailing round the offices that had seemed such fun when she was seventeen. She did not feel very well now, nor was there any longer that hint of romantic possibility the old days had held. A dozen times she felt like giving it up, and going home, but the doggedness that had carried her to success once before was still ingrained in her, and she powdered her nose, and squared her shoulders bravely, and determined to see the thing through.

The old ways were closed. One must look for a new opening. With knitted brows, biting the end of a pencil, Mary thought out a scheme, and made a list of the big shops. It looked like a forlorn hope, but then hopes have a way of turning out more robust than they appear

The first two visits were hopeless and depressing—a superior young woman who looked Mary over and said "Nothing to-day"; a blond nitwit of a young man who did not bother to take his feet off his desk when he interviewed her.

But the third visit produced little Sylvia Green with all the unexpectedness of a conjurer producing a rabbit out of a hat. Downstairs they said, "You had better see our Sales Manageress," and there was Sylvia, curled and manicured and dressed in the latest mode, with a manner as imposing as Mont Blanc.

Let no man say that women are devoid of gratitude. Sylvia shed her grand manner as Mont Blanc sheds its cloud at morning, gave one squeal of delight, and threw herself in Mary's arms.

"Darling, if this isn't an answer to prayer. I've tried and tried to get hold of you. Because I owe all this to you. I started by doing typing for David Garnett on the machine you gave me, in the evenings. I was just down and out. Then they took me on permanent, and I riz, darling, and look at me now! And it's all because of you. But, Mary, you don't look awfully fit. Darling, there isn't anything—anything wrong?"

One hadn't meant to tell anyone. It seemed so disloyal to Charles to tell anyone. But somehow it all came out, all the disappointments and the difficulties one had never dreamed of.

"You mustn't think," she sobbed, "that I don't love him. . . ."

Sylvia gave her a little hug. "No. I'll never think that, but listen, Mary. I've got the very job for you. Here, and now. Nobody can write just the way you do, making fashion stuff seem almost romantic. I'm reorganising the Advertising this very minute. I'll speak to Mr. Garnett to-night. Darling, of course you'll get work. Why, anyone would be glad to have the sort of work you do. . . ."

Sylvia ran on gaily.

"You can work at home until—afterwards. And then we'll see; probably we can fix up an office here for you. That would be far the best thing. Oh, Mary, what fun to see you again!"

Charles was amused and a trifle patronising when he heard she was taking up her work again.

"Haven't you got enough to do, Pussy, without starting that? I would have thought a baby was a whole-time job."

Mary said rather wistfully, "So would I." But Charles did not ask for an explanation, and Mary did not give one. And now she started to live a life that was entirely separated from Charles. It was as if she was two people. One had breakfast with him, saw to the arrangements of the little house and then retired upstairs to a small room fitted out with a desk and an oil stove, and proceeded to do work Charles knew nothing about, never asked about, apparently was not interested in. All the summer Mary worked. As time went on, she went up to town less often, and the following November she took six weeks off, and her baby was born very placidly, in an early snowstorm. Sylvia came and cried a little over it, and was one of its godmothers.

The baby had a lovely new pram, and a rubber bath, and a basket trimmed with blue ribbons and muslin frills. If Charles was pleased or surprised that all this cost him nothing extra, he never said anything about it. He went inflated with pride at his fatherhood and boasted a good bit about his son at the club. But when Mary tried to talk to him about insuring for Tony's education right away from the beginning he changed the subject. He said, " Put the papers on my desk, and I'll have a look at them."

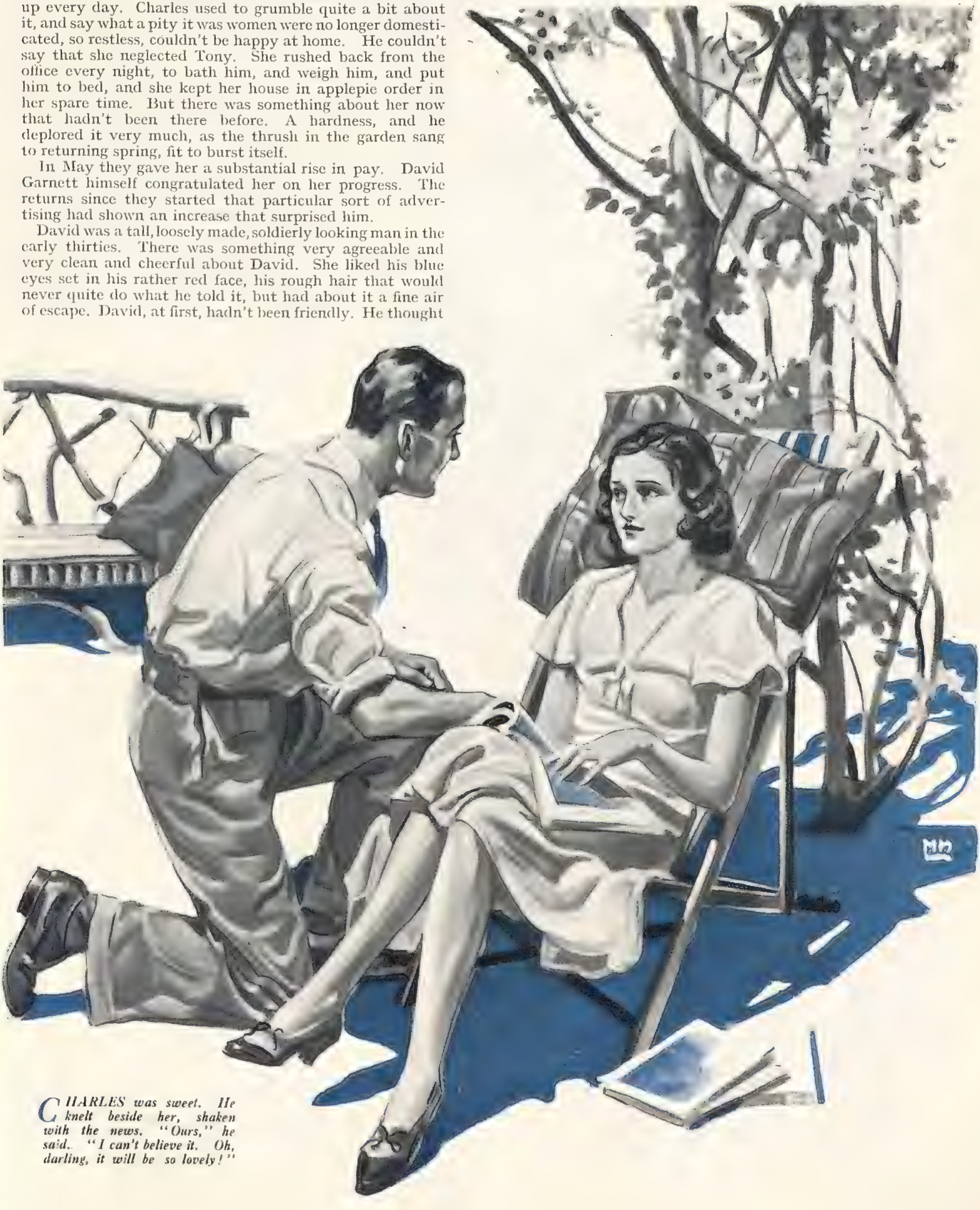
Mary waited three months. After that she took on the insurance herself. She was back at work again, more seriously now. She had an office to herself at Maldon's, and went up every day. Charles used to grumble quite a bit about it, and say what a pity it was women were no longer domesticated, so restless, couldn't be happy at home. He couldn't say that she neglected Tony. She rushed back from the office every night, to bath him, and weigh him, and put him to bed, and she kept her house in applepie order in her spare time. But there was something about her now that hadn't been there before. A hardness, and he deplored it very much, as the thrush in the garden sang to returning spring, fit to burst itself.

In May they gave her a substantial rise in pay. David Garnett himself congratulated her on her progress. The returns since they started that particular sort of advertising had shown an increase that surprised him.

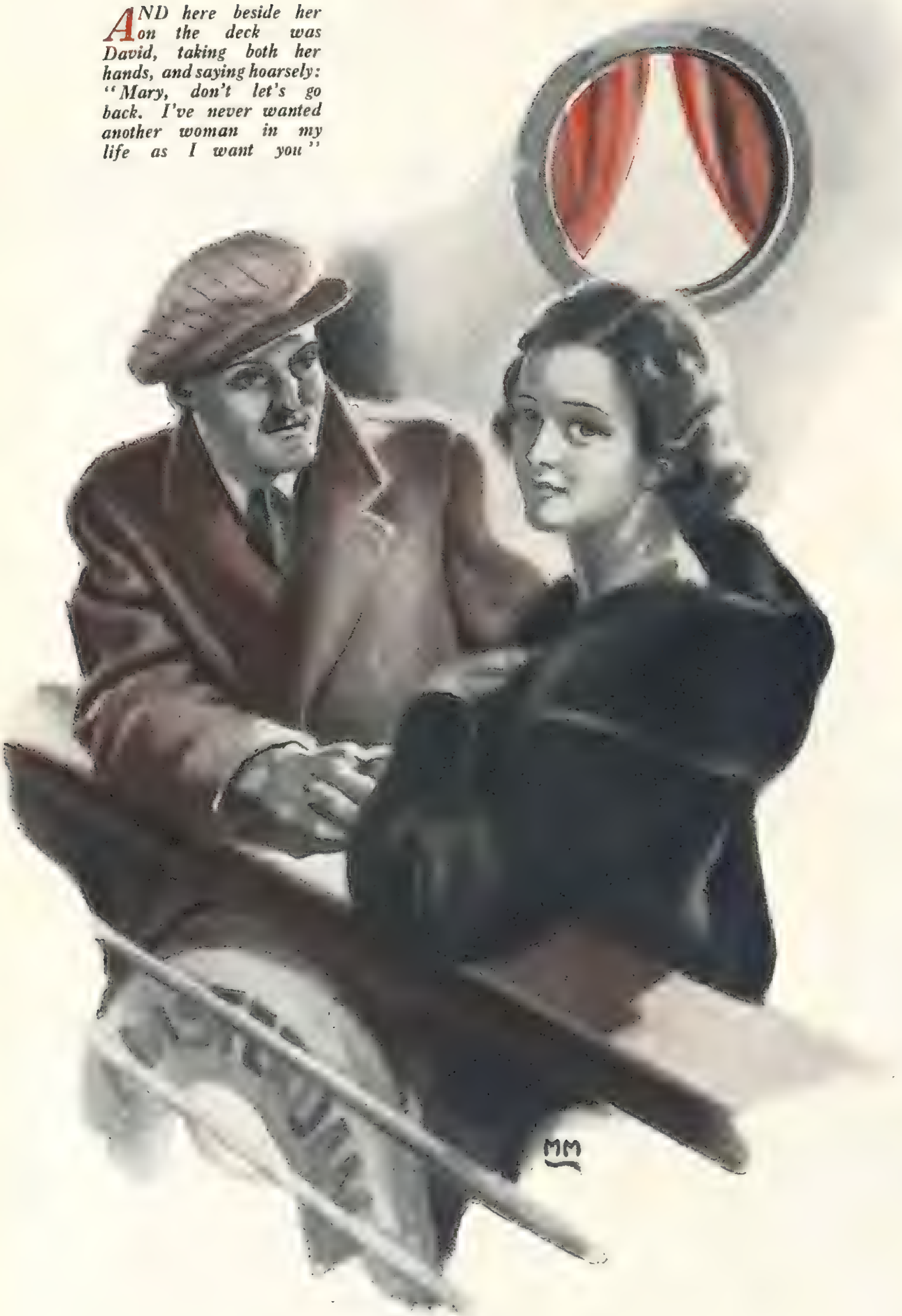
David was a tall, loosely made, soldierly looking man in the early thirties. There was something very agreeable and very clean and cheerful about David. She liked his blue eyes set in his rather red face, his rough hair that would never quite do what he told it, but had about it a fine air of escape. David, at first, hadn't been friendly. He thought a married woman's place was the home. But of late he had changed. It gave Mary a little thrill that was half pleasure, and half fear, to realise how much he had changed. He spent a lot of time in her office, discussing new projects with her. He had taken to examining all the new sketches himself.

" David," said Sylvia, " has surely fallen for you, Mary. I've never seen him interested in anybody here before. I wouldn't be surprised if it was serious."

Mary tried to laugh that off. " Darling, he wouldn't waste his time ! "



CHARLES was sweet. He knelt beside her, shaken with the news. "Ours," he said. "I can't believe it. Oh, darling, it will be so lovely!"



AND here beside her on the deck was David, taking both her hands, and saying hoarsely: "Mary, don't let's go back. I've never wanted another woman in my life as I want you"

Sylvia said gravely: "Need it be a waste of time? You like him."

Yes, she liked him. He was so capable and competent. He was so companionable. Sometimes their work took them to the wholesale houses. She had to own as time went on those days stood out, Red Letter Days, in any week. Gradually they were drifting together into a love affair.

When she went home in the evening Charles was out at his club, or not home as yet from golf. She thought, "This is what marriage means to women, to-day. You take it on for companionship, and find out all you've landed yourself with is another job."

Charles played golf now, with other women. He sometimes took them dancing in the evenings, when Mary couldn't get away because of Tony. It horrified her to discover she didn't mind.

IN the autumn she got a bonus on sales, and was put on to a commission basis, and began to make money on a scale that made her gasp. It made Charles gasp too, and he was for ever talking about her amazing good luck.

"Other folks might work like slaves for a lifetime and not have the luck you have had," he pointed out to her. In October he found the house. A dear little country cottage tucked away in back premises in London. He pointed out all the advantages of owning your own abode and warmly advised her to buy it.

Mary bought it.

She didn't care. She was making more money than she had ever dreamed of, and it bought her just this—freedom from the need of discussing finance with Charles. Only once did she take a stand with him. That was when he suggested scrapping their serviceable two-seater, and buying a large car.

"A good car makes all the difference to one's credit," said Charles.

Standing with her back to the fireplace, Mary told him she had no intention of contributing more than a certain amount to the general exchequer yearly. That she was going to save the rest. She named her figure, and Charles looked decidedly hurt.

"I must say, considering all you're making, and that you don't need to save, you are rather strange about it. I would have thought," said Charles, "it would give you pleasure to be able to supply luxuries, when I supply the bread and butter."

There were many things that could have been said. Mary did not say them. She was looking at him, and when she looked at him, she had to smile. He was Peter Pan. He had never quite grown up. You couldn't really be very angry with Charles.

"You don't love me any more," he cried. "What has happened to us, Mary, since you took up that wretched work? All our lovely hopes and vows seem to have wilted. . . Darling. . . "

She let him take her in his arms. She kissed him and comforted him. But did she love him any more? Far into the night Mary lay awake, pondering the problem. Charles had said:

"It's that damned fellow David Garnett. I expect he makes love to you. I expect he's to blame for the mess our marriage is in now."

On that subject also Mary could find nothing to say. For David certainly loved her. David, she knew, would give her companionship—not just another job to run in conjunction with the one she had already. Experience had given her a dozen hints of what was in the air, and yet she was all unready when David spoke to her.

They were going to Amsterdam together, to a trade exhibition. Sylvia had smiled knowingly when David arranged to take Mary with him.

"Darling, I wouldn't turn him down lightly if I were you. He's a man in a thousand, and obviously you struck a stumer with your number one. Divorce is going to be made a very much more simple affair before long. I'd love to see you happy."

Mary kissed her and drove to the station with David. There was something romantic as a honeymoon about that journey, and the white moonlight on the sea, and the sound of the wind. It's all very well, this being free, and travelling around just like a man, thought Mary, but it makes life very complicated. There in his nursery was Tony playing with a large Teddy bear, and warmly awaiting her return. And here beside her on the deck was David, taking both her hands, and saying hoarsely:

"Mary, don't let's go back. I've never wanted another woman in my life as I want you. We could be so happy together."

They could be so happy together. Leaning on the rail watching the foam make a pattern like white lace on the dark water, she knew that.

"I love you so desperately. I simply can't go on without you."

With a little shiver she remembered Charles saying just those words to her, years ago, in a country lane in Hertfordshire. He couldn't go on without her. And wasn't it tiresome that, when he took her in his arms and kissed her, she remembered Charles doing just the same thing, under just such a moon?

"It's our chance of happiness. Are you going to let it go?" he whispered.

She closed her eyes and leaned her head against him. She wanted to think.

"I'll tell you when we get back. Let me have a little time," she pleaded.

"Say you love me. . . ."

"David, you know very well I love you."

"Very well, dear heart. I won't worry you again. I won't bring the subject up at all. And if you feel you can come to me, you'll say so. Your own dear self. . . ."

She watched him the week that followed, at various functions and business meetings. Tall, aloof, and competent, he seemed a head and shoulders taller, mentally and physically, than anyone else there. She didn't only love him, she admired him. You had to respect David, he was so honest and brisk and to the point.

Charles wrote her several times. He had met, he said, a nice kid called Zoe, and was taking her dancing.

"I'm lonesome without you," he wrote. "I know you don't mind my keeping a few Fairies on hand. And she's a nice kid."

After all, she thought, he wouldn't break his heart. It would give his pride a knock, but he would soon comfort himself with one of the Zoes or Marions. She thought: "I work so hard. Surely I've got a right to a little happiness in return; otherwise what's the use of it?"

She had quite an ovation in Amsterdam on her own account. The Mary Gallant Fashion Articles had become famous. Her cabin was full of flowers when she sailed for home again. It was sad that their trip was over. It had been so wonderful, being together like this in a complete understanding no words could ever explain. They belonged, and that was the end of it.

"Darling, you know we can't go on indefinitely," he whispered. "And think what we could make of it together. Mary, you've promised to come to me, if you feel you possibly can. . . ."

They stood shoulder to shoulder, watching the shores of England draw near. It was a cold day, with a mantle of fog hanging around, damp and depressing. With a heavy heart Mary had to face the fact she did not want to go home. She wanted to stay with David. . . . Charles would let her have Tony; he didn't really care frightfully about him—not enough to shoulder any responsibility. Charles would soon comfort himself with a Zoe. . . . As these things passed through her mind she saw Charles. He was standing on the jetty, very well dressed as usual, but there was something about him oddly portending disaster. With a catch in her breath she thought:

"Tony . . ."

She caught at his arm when he came on board. . . . "Charles, quick. . . . What is it?"

"I've lost my job," he said. "It's disgraceful. After all these years, just to turn me down as if I was one of the youngsters. . . . I—I—it's knocked me over, Mary. Completely. I had to come to you."

He sat on her bunk, his head hidden in his hands. She stood looking down at him, at his hair that grew at the temples in a way she had once loved so much. He had never got fat or heavy. There was still about him something that was the boy she had married, and reminded her with a poignant ache how much she had been in love with him then, and she put out a hand and touched his head.

"Never mind, Charles. You don't have to worry." She smiled at him brightly, and then looked away, because there were tears in his eyes. She did not love him, but she knew that she could never leave him. Oh, other days! Nothing binds us to the present like the past. The ghost of past emotion stirred in her as she comforted him, holding his head against her breast. What did it matter? She was doing very well. They'd carry on, and in time he'd get something else to do. "Cheer up," said Mary.

He hurried off, presently, to see about her luggage. The stewardess looked after him in frank admiration, envying Mary. She thought him a lovely man.

SYLVIA said: "So that explains why David has departed to New York all in a hurry. Darling, you're making a frightful mistake. You're just settling down to keep him. Whereas David . . ."

Mary said, with a little sob: "Oh, don't. . . . I know. But you haven't tried it, Sylvia. You don't know what it is. Women can't forget. I can't understand it myself; all I know is I'd never be happy. If they make the divorce laws as pliable as washed-out elastic, it won't make any difference to some of us. . . . So there you are."

She squared her shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"I'm the new woman," said Mary, with an effort at gaiety. "I take my responsibilities seriously." But there were tears in her eyes as she drove her two-seater through the maze of traffic. David had transferred himself to the New York office. He would meet someone else in time. Men do. It was Mary who had bid farewell to hope.

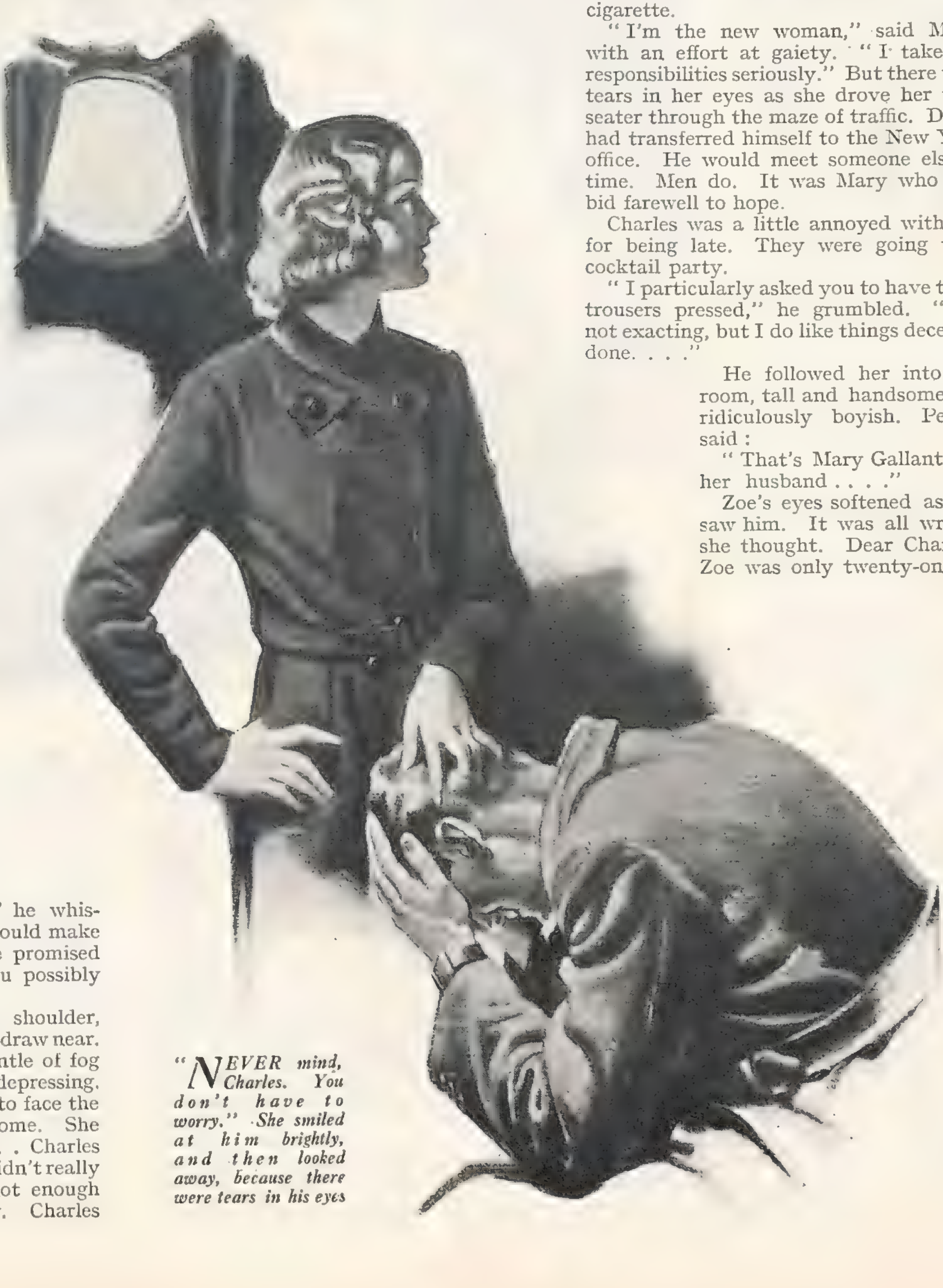
Charles was a little annoyed with her for being late. They were going to a cocktail party.

"I particularly asked you to have these trousers pressed," he grumbled. "I'm not exacting, but I do like things decently done. . . ."

He followed her into the room, tall and handsome and ridiculously boyish. People said:

"That's Mary Gallant and her husband . . . ."

Zoe's eyes softened as she saw him. It was all wrong, she thought. Dear Charles! Zoe was only twenty-one.



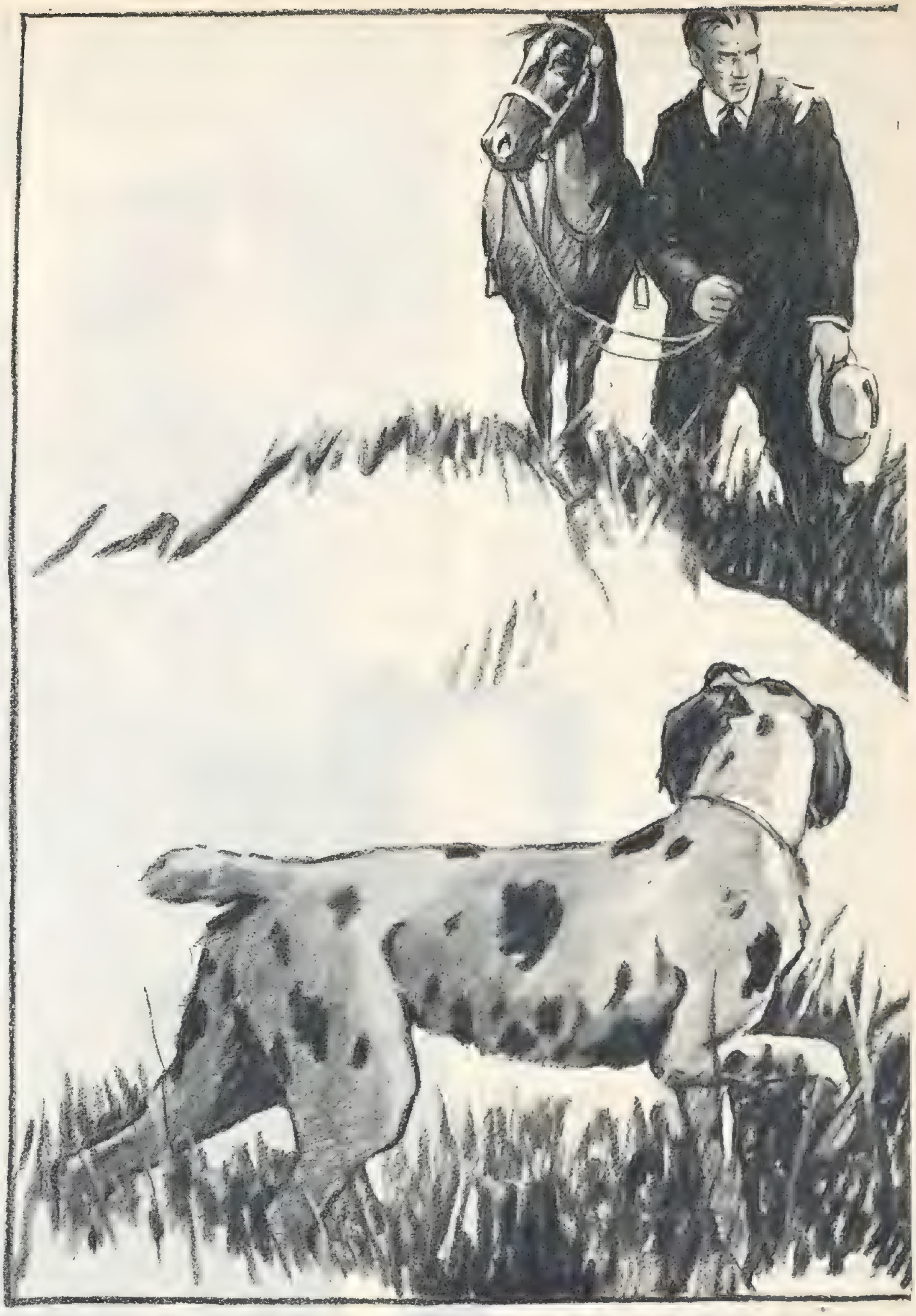
"NEVER mind, Charles. You don't have to worry." She smiled at him brightly, and then looked away, because there were tears in his eyes

Tales of Tug No. 2

In the Dark of the Moon

By Dorothy Cottrell

Illustrated by
Geo. D. Alexander



"NOW, it ain't as if we was transients," Dutch said. " We may be here a month."

They had both been on their best behaviour: Tug's large step holding the complaisance which came of having recently mangled two collies and a big farm mongrel who had made the mistake of thinking that three to one was always good odds; Dutch himself radiating the moral rectitude of a well-spent and honest day. Under Dutch's arm was a loaf of tough brown bread and a ladle of sweet butter, given him by a blue-eyed farm maiden to whom he had told of his untiring search for his lost son—stolen as a child. In his hand he carried a billy of stewed plums in thick crimson syrup, the gift of an old lady whose eyes had filled with tears as she heard of how his children had turned him out from the farm he had deeded to them. (This, by the way, was one of his best stories, being a somewhat modernised version of *Lear*, with variations as necessary to include Tug.) Dutch had his standards—never stealing what he wanted if he could beg it or get it by any other means involving neither manual labour nor expense. He felt the pride of a good workman in the supplies he now carried.

But here into their path had stepped tangible temptation. From the tall and glittering corn had emerged a heavy, conceit-puffed turkey gobbler, thrumming with his own opinion of himself, fanning his tail and scraping rigid wings in the moist earth. At sight of Dutch and Tug, he gobbled pompously and blushed purple.

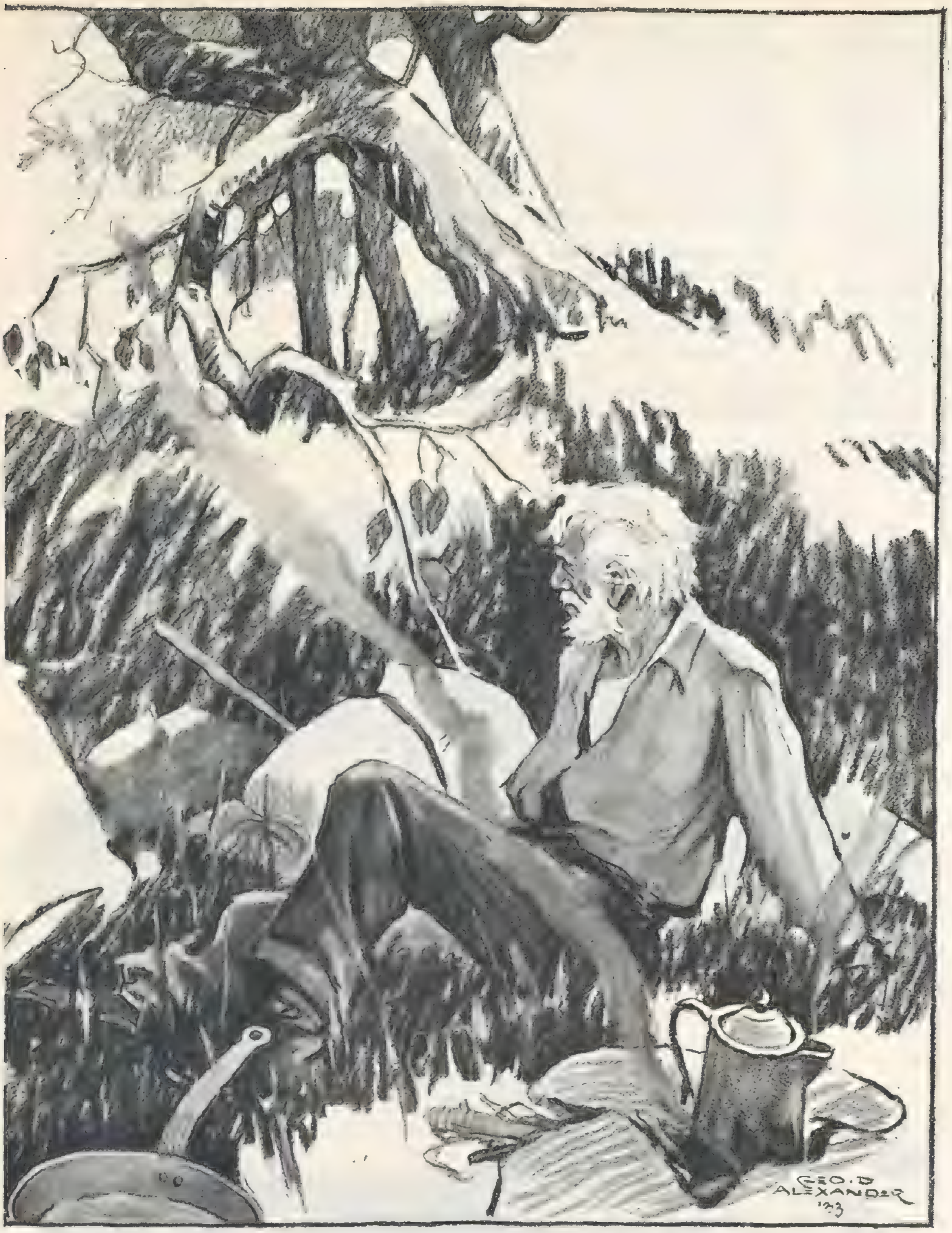
Tug's best ear rose and quivered. He looked at Dutch with a visible question in his eye. " Shall I ? " said eye and ear.

They were alone in a blue and green world of corn and sky. Dutch struggled with himself and then pursed his lips and shook his dirty white head.

" No, as I said, it ain't as if we was transients. We may be here all of a month," he repeated firmly.

Tug's dewlaps slobbered uncontrollably because of the fatness of the gobbler, but he looked away. They left the bird admiring the bronze glints on his breast plumage.

" We got reputations to think of," said Dutch reproachfully, and Tug was obviously shamed over having looked covetously at the turkey gobbler. " Who steals my purse steals trash . . . " declaimed Dutch, stumping bow-leggedly along through the perfumed heat. " Reputation ? That's another kettle of fish ! " He poked suddenly with his willow staff at Tug's mottled and marbled



"YOU aren't taking me to the Beak? Not a old, hungry man as didn't know where his next meal——"

"You bet I am—and you keep your dog off, or I'll have him shot as a menace"

rump. Tug, who hadn't known that he had a reputation, hung his huge, abashed head and flattened the broad bud of his tail.

THEY sauntered homeward through the lush richness of summer amongst the Northern Rivers of New South Wales. The dairy herds drowsed stagnantly, too lazy even to eat. Bees were in the verdant lucerne fields, murmurous as a river in the clover. There was a warm bloom and glitter upon all the sleepy world.

Presently Dutch turned from the grassy, scented back road along the river to visit a little farmhouse amongst old quince trees. Before reaching it he took the precaution of hiding the billy and the loaf of bread and pound of butter in the lucerne field by the path.

"Set an' watch 'em," he ordered. And Tug sat largely and dutifully down; an immense, massive and savage creature, result of the mating of a dozen fighting breeds, yet he began to cry with childish, small whimpers as his master left him. He had never asked quarter in any of the hundred fights when the town dogs fell upon him, knowing him a nomad; he had been quite silent as, terribly wounded, he fought an armed thief over Dutch's drunken body—but to see Dutch going away without him always made him cry.

He would not have dreamed of following, however, for while he feared nothing else that lived, he was meekly afraid of offending Dutch.

A large, freckled and kindly young woman answered Dutch's feeble knocks. He stood before her, looking terribly stooped and broken. (It pleased him to think that he acted this feebleness—and he never admitted that the acting was becoming always a little easier.)

"I was wondering if I might do a little wood-chopping for a bit of meat for meself and me poor old dog," he said, trying to straighten his old frame with exaggerated pitifulness. The girl regarded him surprisedly.

"I . . . I don't think that you could chop wood," she said.

Dutch drew himself up. "I haven't come to begging me way yet!" he said proudly. "Not to begging, no!"

The girl flushed, fearing that she had hurt him. "Oh, I know you weren't meaning to beg," she said. "We got no time for beggars here! My husband says that food he didn't earn would stick in his throat!" Dutch was glad that a man with these gastronomic prejudices was away from home. The girl's plain face, however, had lit with love at the mention of her husband. Noting this, Dutch made a rapid mental shift. "You reminds me a little of her," he said in a faraway voice, looking trancedly at her face. "*Beautiful*, she was!"

"What was it you wanted?" asked the girl, blushing. "Perhaps we could find something for you to do . . ."

Dutch tactfully ignored the latter suggestion. "Some meat, lady. Some meat to keep up me strength," he said. His bleared old eyes grew dreamy and remote. "Me strength mustn't fail me till I find her grave and tell her she's forgiven," he added, apparently to himself. "But that's an old man's story—no one wants to hear an old man's story." He started totteringly for the veranda steps. The girl ran after him.

"Wait, please!"

Dutch followed her feebly into the slab-walled, cleanly gleaming kitchen with its great whitewashed fireplace and scrubbed pine floor, where he sank weakly into the most comfortable chair. His voice was hollow. "*My wife . . .*" he muttered. "Always my wife to me she is—although she's been dead these forty years, and left me for that other."

When man and dog finally got back to the river road, Tug walked a little behind his master, instead of before, his nose moving slightly as the balmy breezes came to him via a steak.

The road ran here through the Great Falkner Farms—property of an elderly bachelor whose passion was the raising of Scotch collies—and the corn stood six feet high, its green cobs swelled with ripeness, the tops glinting off into gold towards the eye of the level sun. Dutch stood irresolutely, placed a caressing mottled claw of a hand upon the corn-ears; glanced about him. Ten thousand miles of tramping—with old feet growing always a little slower—lay between him and the last green corn he had tasted.

"Green corn, grilled in the pan in its own sheaths, is uncommon sweet and milky," he said meditatively.

"We could easy have took the gobbler," he added, as at their camp, a little later, he turned over the grilling corn with a forked green stick. His sinful old white head gleamed with tangled curls. His face was reddened by the heat of the clear-coaled fire upon which hissed his two old black iron pans and his billy, which, along with Tug, stood to him in the place of home, family and friends. The iron of the vessels was waved and worn thin with the heat of a thousand such little twilight fires. When once they were unpacked and set out in the dust, they gave him a feeling of establishment and welcoming hearth fire.

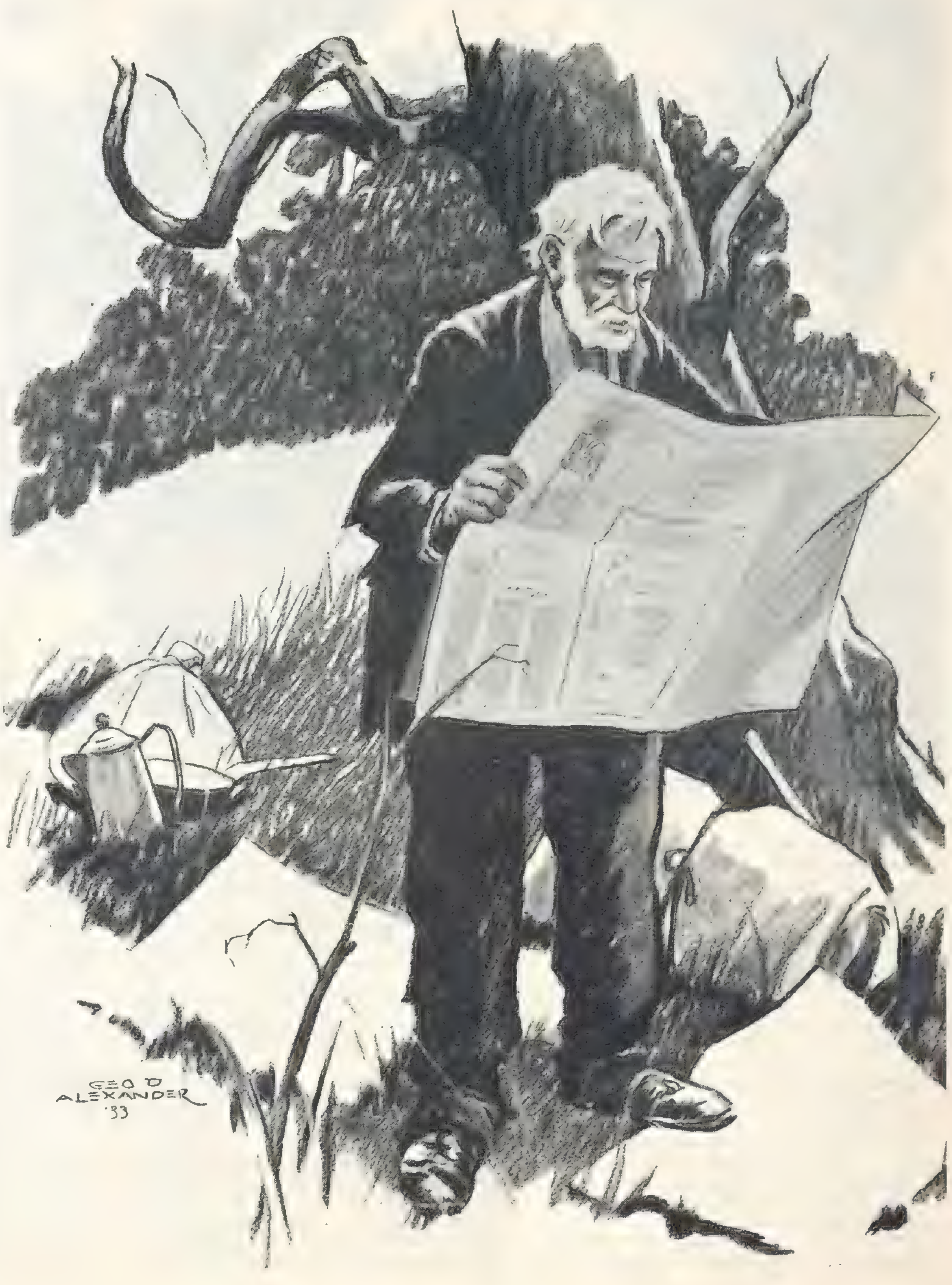
Sometimes the pans and billy were placed at the edge of a barren plain, swept by the night wind, or at the rim of some little artesian stream in Queensland; in the fog and drizzle beside the Tole Bar Road climbing towards Toowoomba, or on a hill shoulder under the starlit snows of the Victorian Alps—but once they were placed, there Tug and Dutch were at home. The sky roofed their kitchen.

Dutch had little sentiment and was untroubled by either hope or regret. After the way of swagmen, he would plod aimlessly on, with his dog at his heels, and get aimlessly drunk and like a good meal when he could cadge it—until he could not plod any more. When that time came he would rather have liked to be buried with his pots and pans and great mongrel dog—as he had once read of the Egyptians burying their dead.

THEIR present camp was upon a six-foot wide, thickly grassed ledge between the dense, low tree growth of the river bank and the deep, slow little river itself. All day the sun poured down upon it in burning, saturating, sweet warmth. The grass was faded and sweet with sun. Dutch could fish luxuriously without even moving from his fireside. His tattered swag was spread under the overhanging branches of a glossy-leaved bush. He had woven a swinging willow tray to carry his provisions. Flat stones were ranged about the fire for greater comfort in cooking. All told, they had been so comfortable here that they had stayed on amongst the river deltas long past their usual time, into the season of bees and myriad water lilies.

Tug's mouth watered and opened and closed slightly as the odours of grilling blew towards him, and at intervals he stirred a little upon his haunches. His eyes measured the steak anxiously. He could hardly bear the suspense—for whether he would taste that steak depended upon whether Dutch could or could not eat it all. Once he had been given almost a pound of grilled steak, and he had never forgotten it, although the experience had not been repeated.

Below the camp, upon the breast of the river, across the river, bordering the further shore, up the river and down the river, bloomed the great blue water lilies, standing high above glossy pads. Thousands of great, soft blue flowers, petal-crowded, twelve and thirteen inches across the face, centred with crowns of powdered gold. They lay now in shadow with the coming evening, but they still murmured with the tones of a multitude of bees, and all above them was a slow dance of gold sparks where the bees eddied up into the rays of the low sun. The scent of the flowers, like a commingling of lemons and arum lilies, filled all the air. The river was perfectly still, save for the rings of insects.



"A land 'flowing with milk and honey,'" said Dutch, eating inelegantly, the butter dripping from his hooked, worn, brown roots of fingers, while the gradual fading of hope in Tug's eye marked the vanishing of the steak. All he got was the pan, which Dutch finally sent towards him with a shove of the foot. His tongue travelled, with a mixture of relish and reproach, around the worn undulations, which he knew as a rosary. He had not really expected any steak, but he had hoped for it so painfully.

He followed Dutch as the first half-wolves may have followed early man, for neither shelter nor food—although Dutch flung food to him when he felt that way and there was plenty to spare—but because there is in a dog the need of a man for whom to watch and love and fight and, when the time comes, die without thought.

Upon the idyl by the river broke an offensive voice.

"So you're the guy that took the corn, eh?" it said. Dutch made a futile scuttering motion to hide the stripped corn cobs beneath an old newspaper, and looked up to see a large, red-faced young man with folded arms and wide-straddled legs standing at the top of the bank like a Colossus against the sky. He recognised the overseer of the Falkner Farms—and reputed heir to them. A large and domineering young man with an ugly reputation amongst the Falkner tenants.

"I've been looking for you," said the wide-legged one, with unpleasant facetiousness. "And as I was riding home I happened to see a smoke down this way—and here we are."

"Yes," said Dutch, recovering from his momentary embarrassment. "Charity is a wonderful thing in a woman. 'She opens her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness' . . . 'It's many a day since I tasted green corn,' says I. 'Take some,' says she, 'and God go with you . . .'"

"Oh, so a woman gave you the corn?"

"Yes," said Dutch glibly, wiping his mouth with the back of his mottled hand. "'You remind me of me father,' she said. 'Take it and God go with you!'"

The man in leggings grinned sardonically, showing a strong line of worn teeth like a bulldog's. "Mr. Falkner's cornfield is the only one in ear in ten miles," he said. "And there isn't a woman on the place."

Dutch smiled the smile of a good loser who has told the best lie he could think of and is not ashamed to rest on it.

"Well," he said, with his disarming, bleared smile, "what's a few ears of corn to a man of your wealth and position? Now, one of these little cow cockies, they might be fussy about it, but a man like you sees things in a big way . . ."

"Get up and come with me," said the stranger brutally. "Go on! Get a move on!"

"Now, come, mister, you aren't going to hound a poor old man as——"

"Get started!"

Dutch looked up at him with the incredulous hurt of a man who might have taken a turkey gobbler and has only taken six cobs of corn.

"You aren't taking me to the Beak? Not a old, hungry man as didn't know where his next meal——"

"You bet I am—and you keep your dog off, or I'll have him shot as a menace."

"Well, lemme get me pots," said Dutch resignedly, abandoning pleasant thoughts of deep sleep by the starlit river, his old hands hastily gathering his pans. "You'm a unfeeling blankety blanky blank, an' I got two minds to put me dog on you an' throw you in the river!" he muttered shrilly.

The Overseer stepped forward and leeringly kicked the pots into the water, apparently without realisation of how close to the fulfilment of Dutch's threat he stood. "Come on, you old rat!" he said scornfully.

Tug roared and Dutch struggled with him—and with himself against the desire to let Tug go. "You'll regret this, Mister Falkner's overseer!" he shrieked. "You . . . ." He fell into the collected profanity of a continent.

As they reached the top of the bank many horses came cantering down the lane, tossing their heads at the gnats. They had apparently escaped through an open gate from the Falkner fields.

"Instead of persecuting me an' me dog," said Dutch, breathing hard from the climb, "you'd better give a bit of attention to them horses."

"Yes?" said the Overseer. "Well, maybe I will!"

An hour later, Dutch volubly protesting and still shorter of breath and freer with abuse, and Tug rumbling with repressed indignation and puzzlement as to why he wasn't allowed to destroy the Overseer, they arrived at the local police station.

"It ain't human," said Dutch, who was somewhat cheered by the reflection that he could probably fish the pots and pans up again, "blarsting a man's reputation for six mizzling corn cobs! I'd always supposed that blood was thicker than vegetables—but such is not the case here."

THE Overseer came into Court next day with an elderly, heavily built gentleman with a clipped grey beard. The elderly gentleman was apparently perfectly able-bodied and somewhat athletic, but the Overseer hovered over him tenderly as a mother. His mien, so bluff and bouncing to the rest of the world, was, where the elderly man was concerned, all humility and deference. He moved in a continual murmur of "Yes, Mr. Falkner, that's just what I say, Mr. Falkner," and to others he as continuously expounded the brilliance and foresight of Mr. Falkner—who was obviously not displeased.

Dutch had decided cheerfully that at most he would only get a day or so in jail—they couldn't do much to a man for six green corn cobs. Then the Overseer began to testify. He expounded the immense value of the Falkner holdings, his great sense of his own responsibilities in caring for them, his unsleeping vigilance and great faithfulness. He then began to outline a daring theft of blood horses which he had been in the nick of time to prevent. Dutch was mildly interested. His inherent impertinence also prompted him to say audibly:

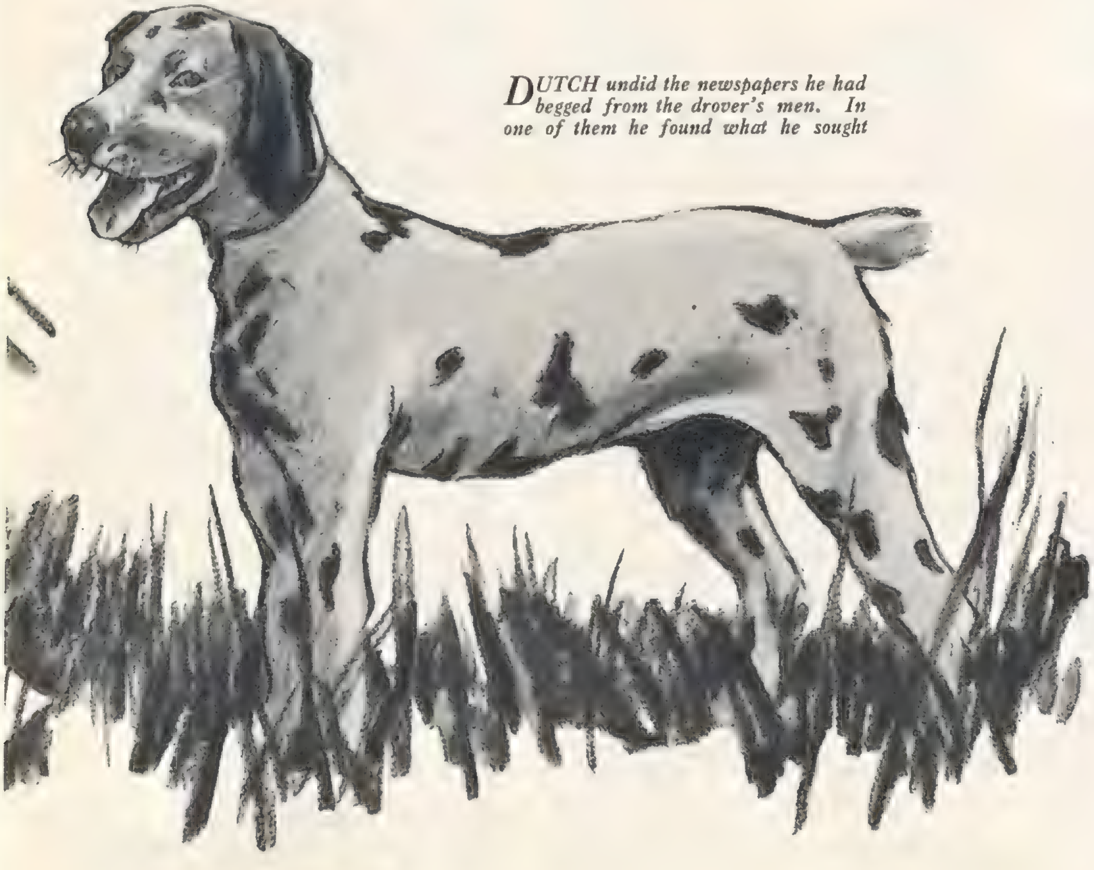
"It sure was a blessing for Old Man Falkner as a brave, wakeful an' clear-headed a young man like you was around, weren't it?"

There was a titter from the courtroom. A bang of the Judge's gavel, and the Overseer turned towards Dutch. He drew himself up, legs well apart, manly chest expanded.

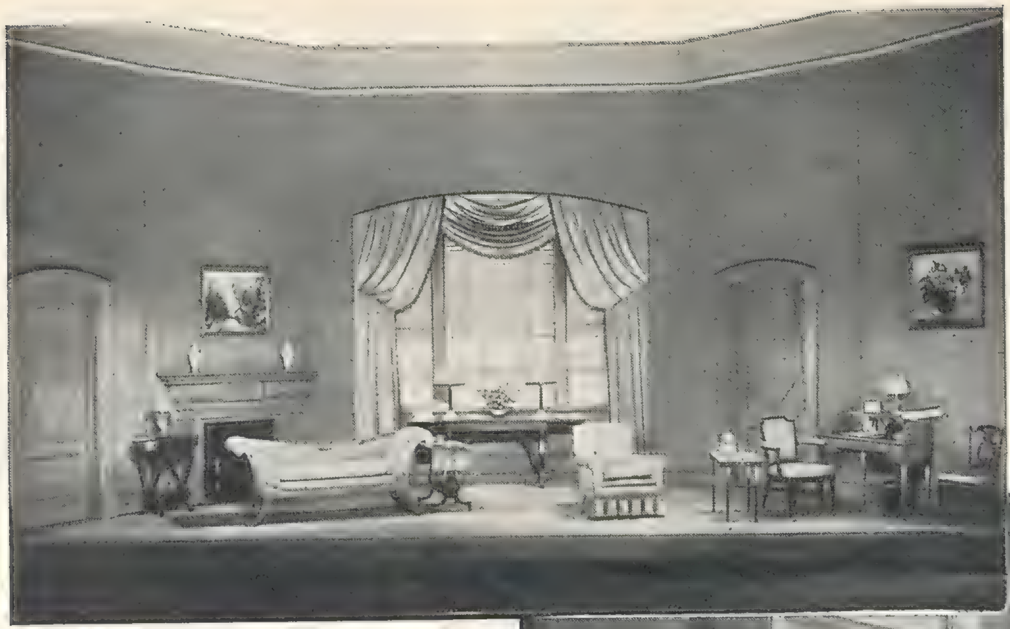
"There is the miscreant, your Honour!" he said, pointing at Dutch. "I caught him red-handed in the act."

Dutch jumped to his feet. "Here, young man," he cried shrilly. "I don't mind being a advertisement for the way you takes care of things—within reason. I'll give you a testimonial as the most devoted own-son type

(*Continued on page 92*)



DUTCH undid the newspapers he had begged from the drover's men. In one of them he found what he sought



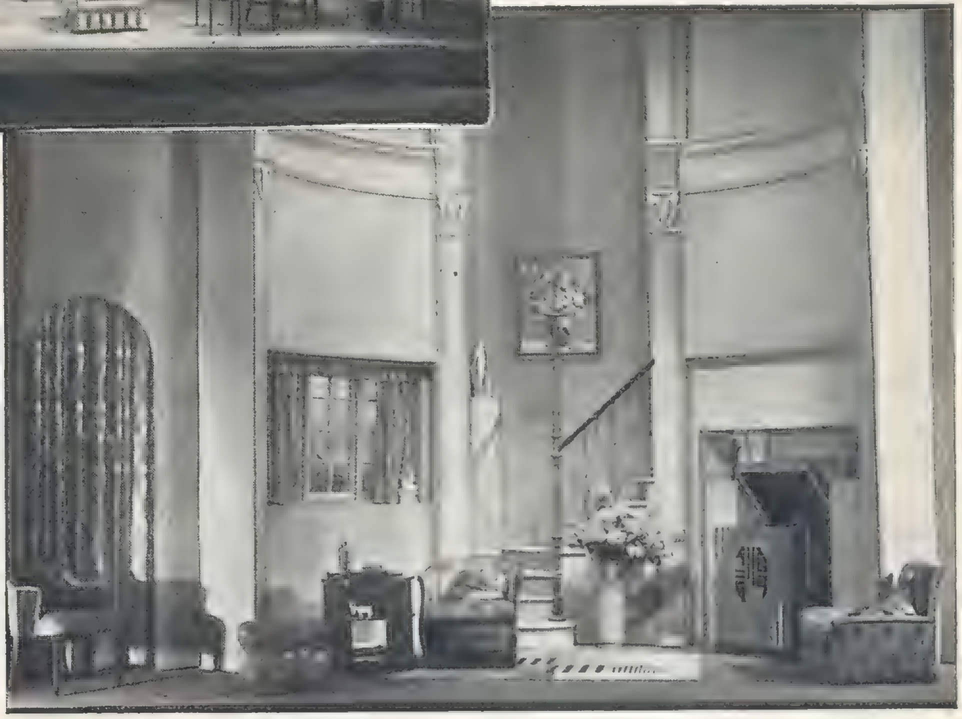
By

Sasha

The Stage Photographer

THIS simple but effective drawing room was seen in "Dinner for Eight." Note the novel curtain treatment and the sparing use of furniture

AN attractive treatment of a hall which is also a living room was seen in "For Services Rendered," and includes modern curtains and rugs



The Stage will *give* you suggestions *for* your HOME

GRANTED that the play is the thing, yet the theatre holds other attractions, especially for women. For instance, there are the clothes worn by well-dressed actresses, a number of whom set the fashion for many women playgoers.

But there is another source of inspiration well worth studying, and that is the "sets" which show the interiors of rooms.

Just as the gowns worn by actresses are created by the leading fashion designers of the world, so the stage "sets" have been evolved by the best decorative artists available, men whose services could not be afforded for the average home, yet whose inspirations are at the disposal of anyone who buys a ticket for a play. It may seem easy to visualise the room one is going to decorate and furnish, but more often than not the result is disappointing because there are many unexpected pitfalls in this highly skilled craft, and it is therefore both easier and safer to re-create from something one has actually seen.

A visit to "Mother of Pearl" will yield two perfect examples of the modern style. The "Great Pavani's" (Delysia's) drawing room is, as might be expected, decorated in an exotic manner: the walls are hand-painted in aquatint and mellow buffs leading to deep browns; the architraves are cream. The furniture is entirely in blue and gold, except for the cushions of silver, pale green and flame colour. The carpet is just as a carpet should be, rich in texture, but so neutral and unobtrusive in colour that you cannot remember just what shade it is; you only know it is just right for that particular room. The marble overmantel has a recess for a statuette, beneath which is a panel which opens out and reveals a miniature drink cabinet. A similar idea is carried out on the opposite side of the room, where squats a hollow figure of the rotund God of Good and Plenty whose belly opens to reveal yet another miniature bar.

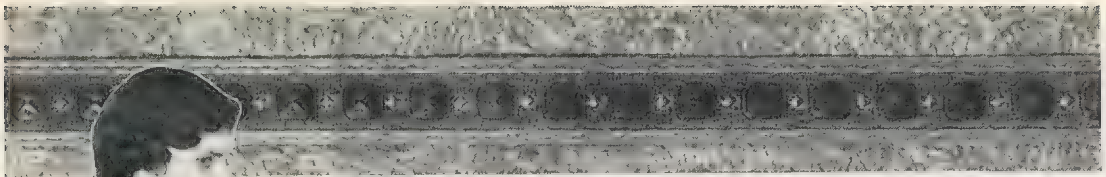
Quite different in style is Mrs. Daventry's drawing room in the same play. Here the walls are painted horizontally in alternate broad stripes of pale grey and cream, and these are balanced by the horizontal glass panes of the door, while contrast is achieved by a recess in vertical design and by long curtains of several pale shades. The carpet and furniture are pearl grey, with the exception of some black wooden pieces and one armchair covered in palest yellow. Entirely in conformity with the severe but luxurious scheme of this room is the structure of the electric fireplace, completely faced with chromium plating.

Delysia's dressing room provides an idea for a boudoir which could be simulated at quite a small cost. The walls are draped in pale green curtains, with floral decorations of deep rose and red; a colourful skin covers the whole couch, and there is an ingenious lampstand which looks like a huge dice! Almost anybody could make it from a sugar box.

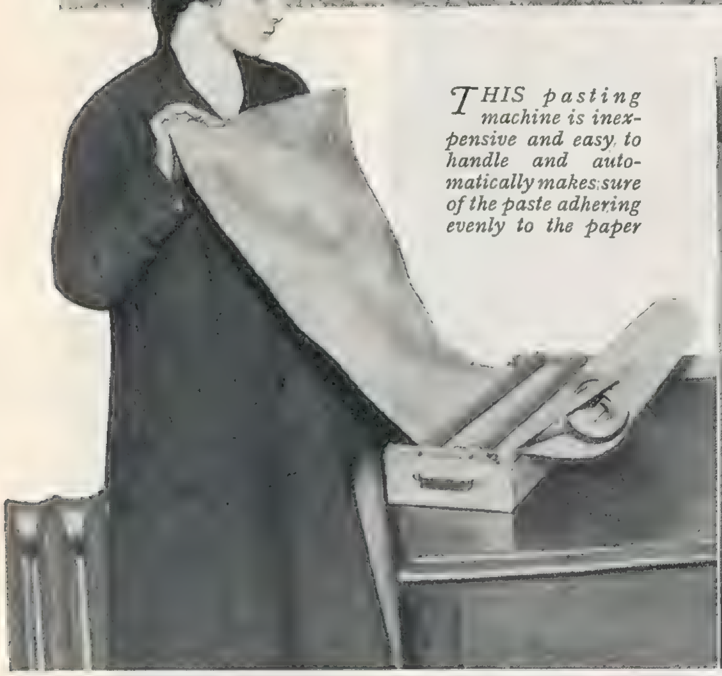
NOW let us study the drawing room of "Dinner at Eight." The carpet and walls are pale blue, but by means of a narrow gold stripe the walls appear to be panelled. The draped curtains are of deep primrose satin, so is the armchair, but the couch is covered in pale mauve. The bureau is a genuine Carlton period piece, and the four lampshades are in the same shade as the curtains. The modern trend is characteristically shown in the sparing use and simple displacement of the furniture, and two pictures only are used to adorn the considerable wall space.

The modern play does not only provide luxurious drawing rooms or bedrooms; take, for example, the kitchen in which the ill-fated repast for the "diners at eight" has been prepared. This is full of ideas for the housewife; all the cupboards are built into the walls, and so is the refrigerator in order to give plenty of space; it is painted throughout in bright sunshine yellow—a colour bound to keep cook in a perpetual good temper, and the curtains are of blue check gingham.

In yet another play we learn to decorate a living-room hall. The domed ceiling gives a lofty effect, but the actual size of the hall is not large and is used to great advantage. Curtains replace doors and in such cases the rooms should be decorated in the same scheme as the hall itself, thus creating unbroken harmony when the curtains are drawn back.



THE beading shown on the left may be utilised to divide your wall space into panels



THIS pasting machine is inexpensive and easy to handle and automatically makes sure of the paste adhering evenly to the paper

THIS charming room was decorated by a young married couple—a first attempt which was most successful. The walls are light beige and the woodwork dark brown

For *the* Amateur D*ecorator*

Some hints on how to do your own house painting and decorating

NECESSITY is not only the mother of invention, it is also the sponsor of discovering latent talent. In recent times this has been amply evidenced by the fact that so many home-makers, both men and women, have undertaken the fascinating work of doing their own decorating. It is not altogether easy to turn out a creditable job; a certain amount of natural aptitude is necessary.

The ready-mixed enamels and paints, such as Ripolin, now on the market are remarkably easy for the amateur to handle. The main thing is to choose the material that suits the given purpose best, and to bear in mind that the better the quality of these materials the more pleasing and lasting the work will prove. The tools, too, most especially the brushes, need to be very good and of the right kind for each job.

Let us deal with the work in the rotation in which it should be done. If the walls have to be stripped of paper, or old paint has to be removed, this should be done first. For removing paint, there are plenty of good paint-removers to be had, safe and easy for the amateur to handle. Where the old paint can be left on, it is of great importance to make sure that it is thoroughly clean and smooth before the new paint is applied. The smoothing is best done with glass-paper.

Then comes the ceiling. Dead white ceilings have gone out of fashion, and so has white paintwork, except for an all-white room. The best thing to use for the ceilings, which should be thoroughly brushed and cleaned beforehand, is a distemper in a lighter shade than the colour of the walls. If these are to be papered or distempered, the woodwork is left to the last, but if the walls are to be painted in the same colour and finish as the woodwork, then both are done at the same time. Whatever has to be done, the floor is, of course, left till last. In this respect much trouble can be saved if the whole floor is overlaid with dust-sheets, clean sacking, or even thick layers of paper.

THE successful papering of walls depends primarily on the even pasting of the wall-paper, and that, by the old-fashioned method of the paste brush, is by no means as simple as it looks. But now you can buy a pasting machine, quite inexpensive and easy to handle, which automatically makes sure of the paste adhering to the paper in an absolutely even layer. It also saves a great deal of time, prevents splashing and accidental smearing of the face of the paper, and there is therefore no waste of paste nor are any brushes needed. The paper is simply fixed on the stand, as shown in our illustration, and is wound under and over the rollers in the trough, the latter being half filled with cold water paste. The large main roller in centre brings the paste up from the trough and applies it evenly on the back of the paper. All you have to do is to pull the paper through to the length required. Of course, a dry brush is needed to smooth the paper on to the wall.

The woodwork may be done with oil paint or enamel, but, particularly for rooms in the modern style, a matt finish is considered smartest to-day, and this should either tone in with, or be in vivid contrast to, the colour of the walls.

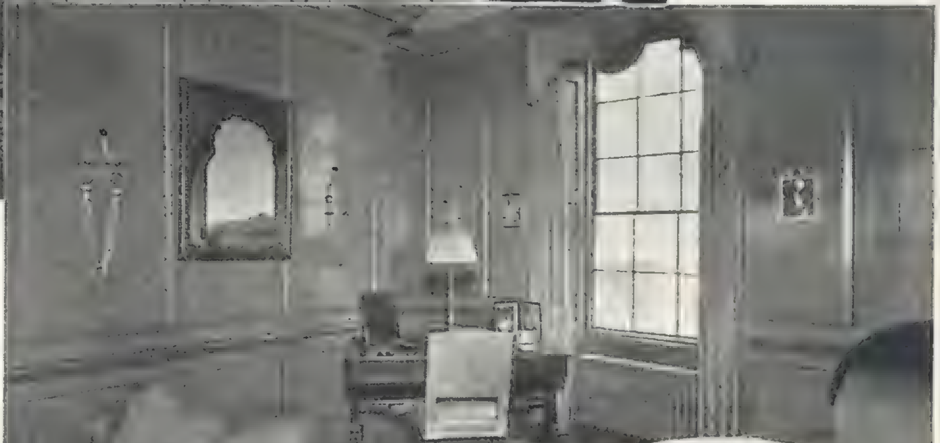
Grained finishes, known as "scumble," are fashionable, but are difficult to obtain and should only be attempted by the professional.

A very pleasing effect can be obtained by staining the woodwork with matt woodstain in the same shade as the furniture of the room, in which case the floor surround should be treated in the same way. If your dining room is furnished in mahogany, the woodwork stained the same colour and the wall washed in pale salmon or coral pink, you would have a warm and harmonious scheme for a room facing north. Where oak provides the leitmotiv the walls would be better painted a buff or beige colour. A hard enamel or cellulose paint is always practical, though nowadays matt paints can be obtained which dry equally hard and wash equally well.

And now a word about those very important quarters the kitchen, bathroom and scullery. If tiled, there is only the woodwork to be attended to, and here a hard gloss or cellulose paint is ideal. But if the walls are only partially tiled then they should be given special attention, and a surface achieved that shall be hard enough to resist both steam and heat. This can be done by giving two coats of an impenetrable or petrifying undercoating and two coats of enamel of the same brand. It is also a good plan to treat the woodwork or any walls which are apt to be damp in the same way.

Photographs by Sasha

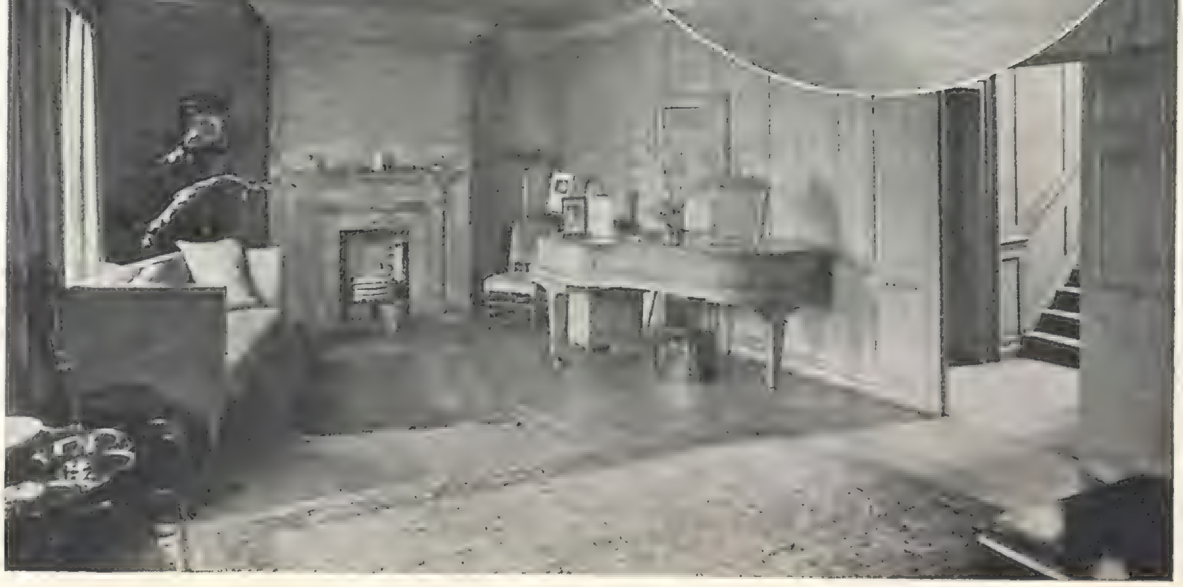
THE Right Honourable J. C. C. Davidson's charming house in Great College Street, which has made history as the old Manor House of Westminster, looks on to the completely rural retreat of the gardens of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, which are especially charming in summer when the lilac and jasmine are out. Westminster School stands on the left, where Mr. Davidson was educated



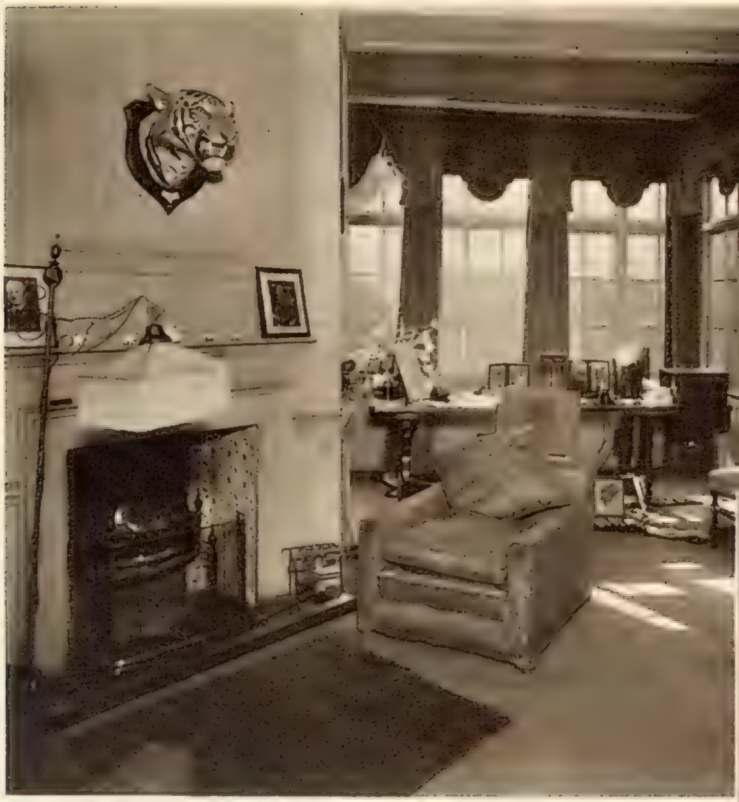
Below:

IMMEDIATELY on entering the morning room, one is struck by the reposeful colouring of its walls, leaf-green painted panels. Chairs and curtains carry out an interesting contrast in apricot brocade. The vastness of the cool, clear colouring in Keith Henderson's landscape is balanced by the ceremonial garlands on the walls presented to Mr. Davidson on his Indian tour last spring

THE eighteenth century still exists in mid-London! In the very heart of Westminster runs a by-way called Great College Street, which intrigues the visitor doubly by the massive wall that shuts it off from the precincts of Westminster Abbey, and by the antiquarian charm and simple dignity of the Queen Anne houses, which still retain their original porticoes and railings



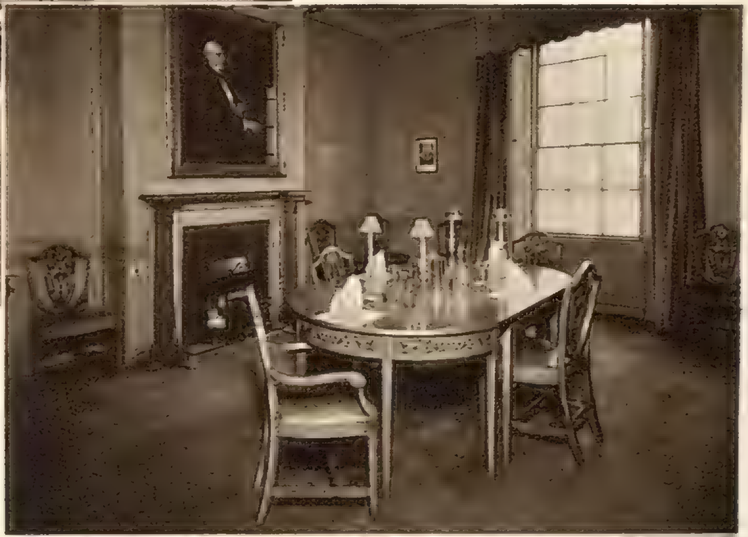
HAVING a true appreciation of the beauty of wood in the raw state, the Hon. Mrs. Davidson had the walls of the long and spacious drawing room stripped to reveal the grain of the oak underneath. Superbly moulded Adam overmantels adorn the fireplaces at either end of the room. The upholstery matches the willow-green grand piano picked out in coral and gold



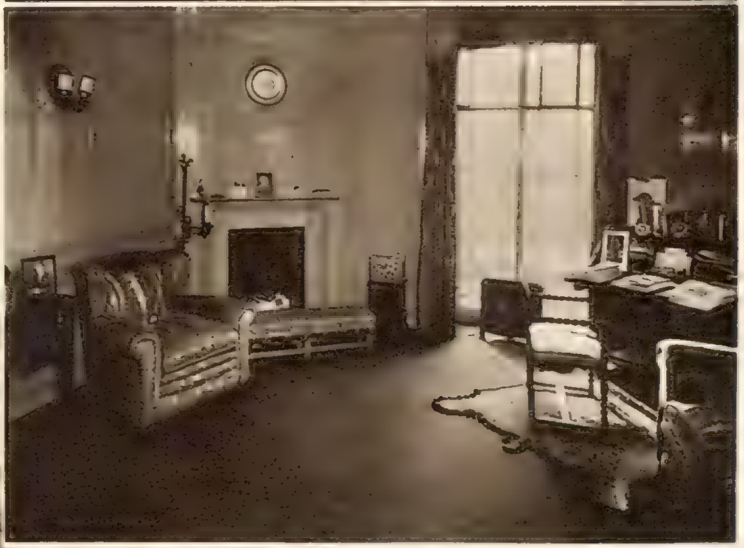
MR. DAVIDSON'S own special sanctum is the library which overlooks the garden. A refectory table which stands on a tiger skin serves as his desk, and bronze brocade forms a fitting background for the rich colour of a Persian strip

A HOUSE with a VIEW

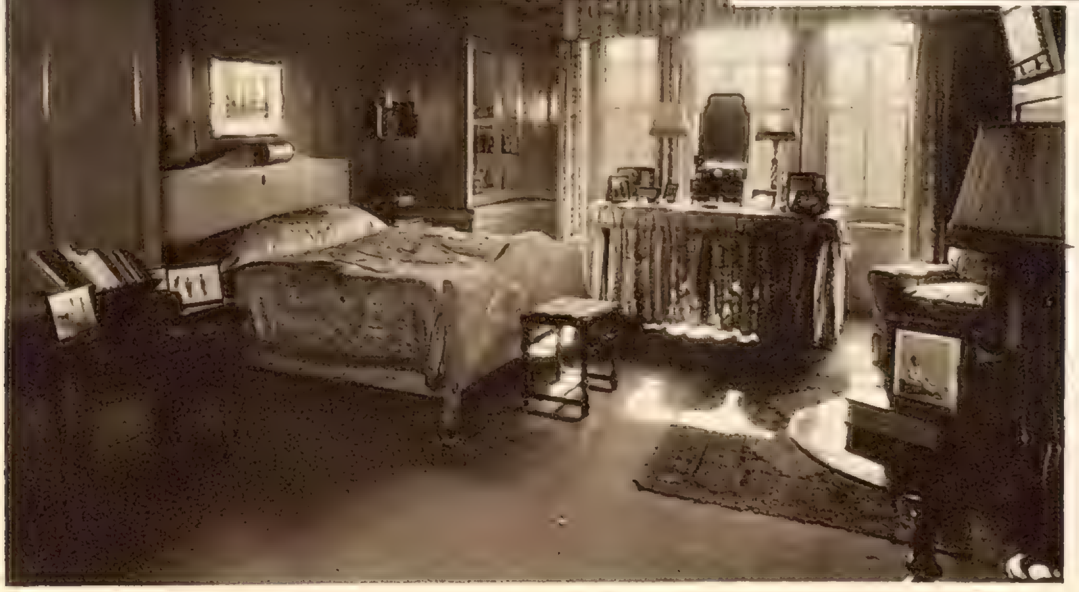
The home of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Davidson in College Street, Westminster, is a charming oasis of peace in a noisy city



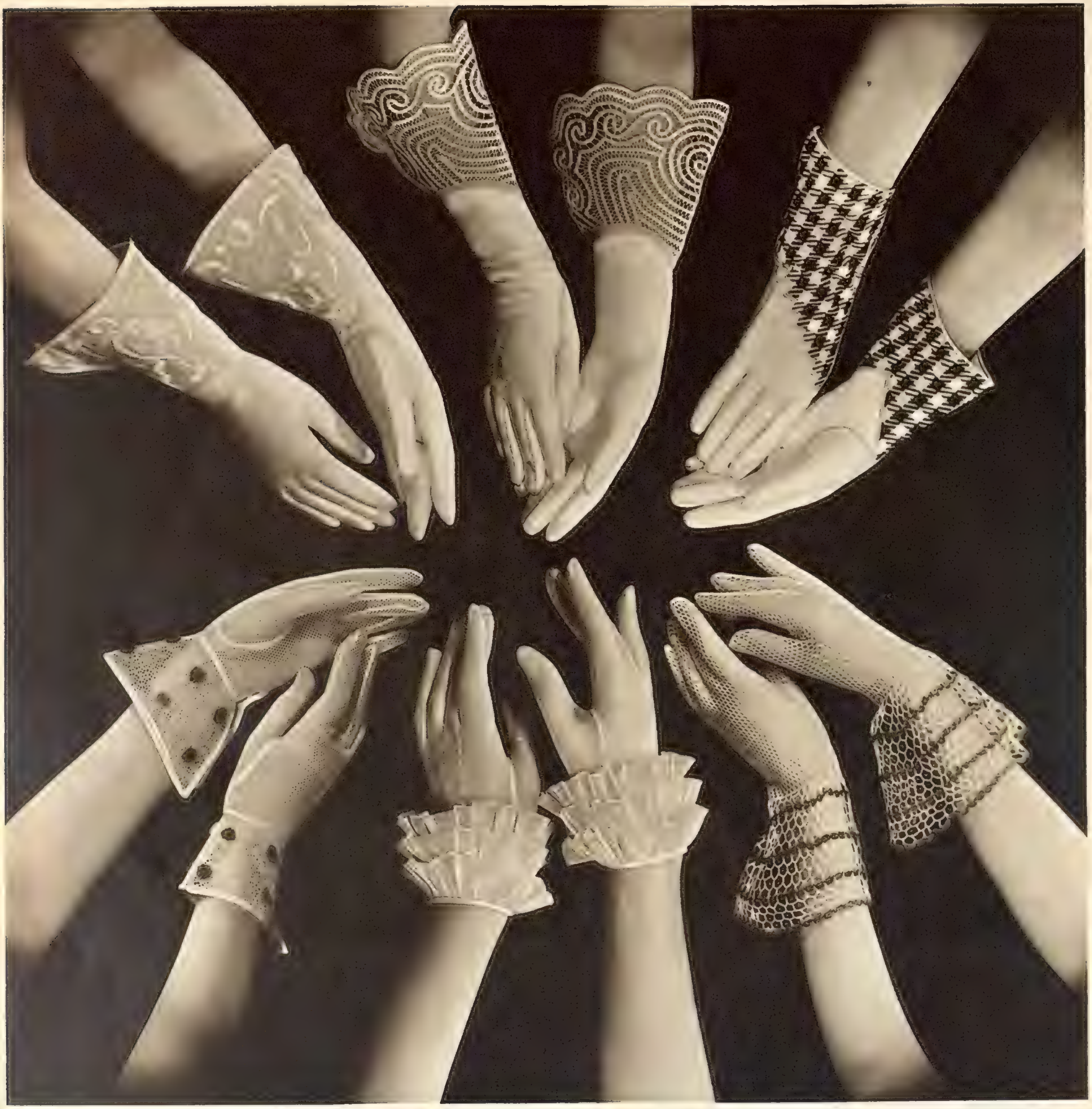
MUSHROOM-brown walls make an Epicurean frame for the dining-room. Over the mantelpiece hangs Oswald Birley's striking portrait of Lord Dickenson, statesman and father of the Hon. Mrs. Davidson. Olive-green curtains harmonise with the table and Sheraton chairs



THE boudoir's sage-green walls make a beautiful setting for Keith Henderson's jewel-like portrait of Margaret, the baby daughter of the house. The room is lit by twin sconces pendant from engraved glass panels. In the corner stands a Queen Anne desk



THE Hon. Mrs. Davidson's bedroom is overflowing with sunlight. Peculiarly attractive glazed chintz of an original Queen Anne design covers the chairs and dressing-table. The alcove on the left was converted into a toilet cupboard with a basin



Lenare

A NOTE OF THE MONTH

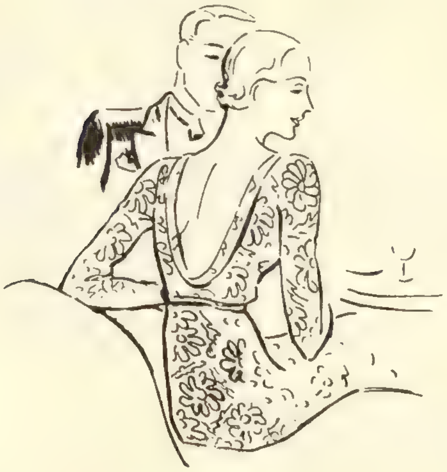
READING from left to right. Above: a white linen gauntlet glove with a silk palm, the gauntlet embroidered in white flowers, price 7/11; a fine white kid glove with a gauntlet composed of white linen bands held together with hand faggoting, price 25/9; a white kid glove with cuffs of black-and-white check silk, price 26/9. Below: a cream silk mesh glove with stiffened gauntlets embroidered in woollen spots of red, blue or yellow, price 5/6; these four pairs of gloves come from Marshall and Snelgrove. A white silk net glove with triple frills of the material around the wrist, price 12/9, and a cream-coloured hand-crocheted glove with gauntlets trimmed with rows of tan or navy, price 14/9, come from Harvey Nichols

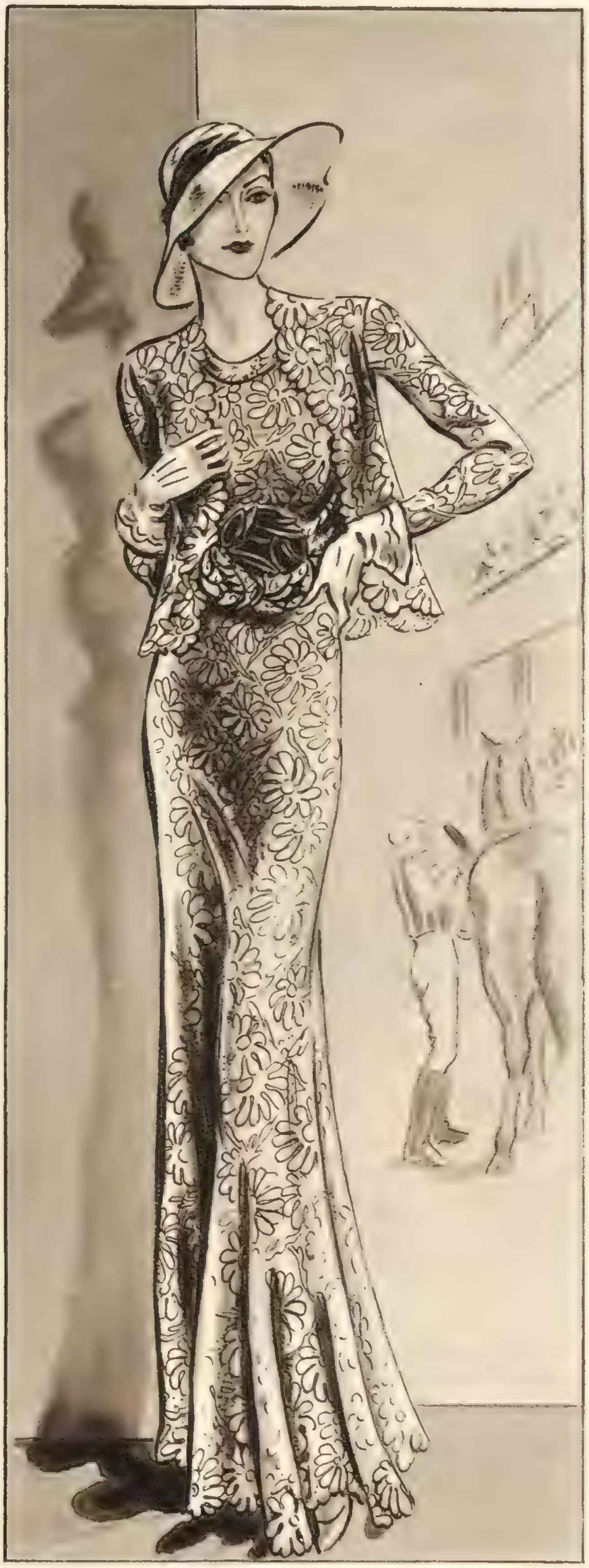
LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE SUMMER SEASON

Lace and a variety of cotton materials rival the more conventional silks and chiffons for formal day and evening wear

THE mid-season collections have brought to us a surprising number of novelties both in material and colour, though the general silhouette remains much the same. Schiaparelli has added to her already so popular eel-grey a mauvish blue and a pale lily leaf-green, navy remains the stand-by for every day and white for evening wear—although the latter has now invaded the domain of day fashions to such an extent that few wardrobes are complete without a white coat of rough silk or piqué. These may be either short or three-quarter length, the latter fitted to the figure and flaring below the hips, the former of the box-coat variety and often with raglan sleeves. On the next page will be seen a version of the popular white piqué evening coat originally launched by Mainbocher, and which is the perfect solution to the problem of what to wear on a hot summer evening—hitherto no evening wrap has been considered correct which was not of velvet, preferably trimmed with fur—a sorry combination on a still sunny evening.

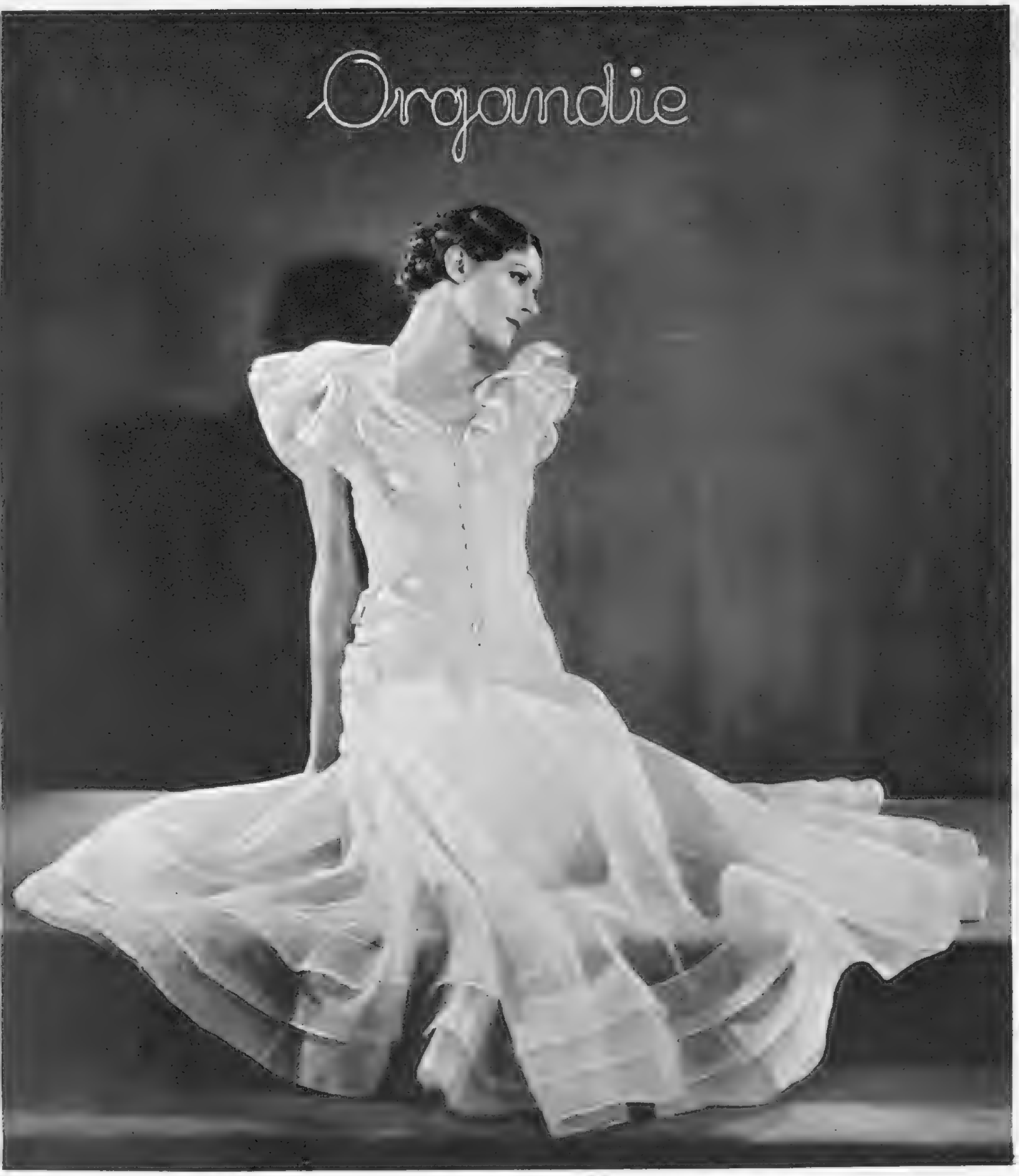
Organza will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most popular materials for race dresses, and has already become the most favoured, as indeed it is the prettiest, of fabrics in which to achieve young girls' evening gowns, and it lends itself charmingly to the full-flounced skirt and frilled sleeves which give us quite an Edwardian womanliness. Double hems of pleated taffeta have already made their appearance, and once more the soft swish-swish of silken underskirts are to be heard as a woman walks by. Another novelty is the substitution of feathers for furs; for instance, an amusing green coat and skirt has revers of smooth feathers, a "bertha" of coq's feathers decorates an evening gown, and Molyneux has launched those capes of split ostrich-feathers which Mr. Thomas has asked us to wear to their Majesties' Courts. The only fur whose star is in the ascendant is monkey fur, and this is to be found on both day and evening models, though preferably the former, and is definitely the pelt of the moment.



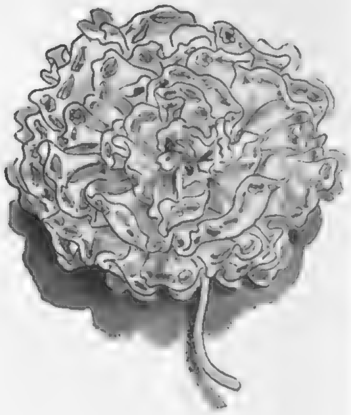


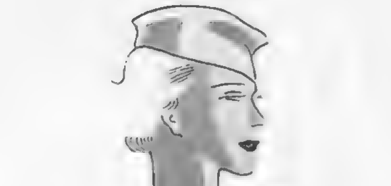
A NEW type of cotton lace on a net ground has been used for this race ensemble from Harvey Nichols. The skirt is closely fitting but full around the ankles, the bodice is cut low at the back in order that it may be suitable for informal dinner wear. The short, sleeveless coat and the hem of the skirt are edged with a cut-out pattern of the lace and three flowers, two of lace and one of blue chiffon, are tucked into the belt in front

The Two
the



Chanel Photograph

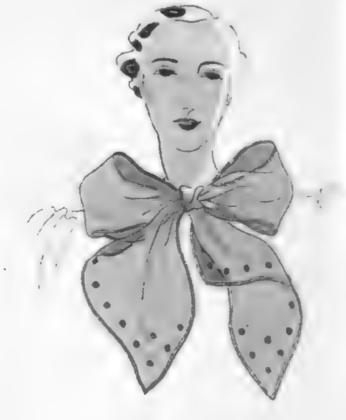




A LOVELY gown for a débutante is the Chanel model shown above, which has an immensely full skirt bordered with three flounces. More flounces give shoulder width and the tight bodice is fastened down the front with tiny buttons

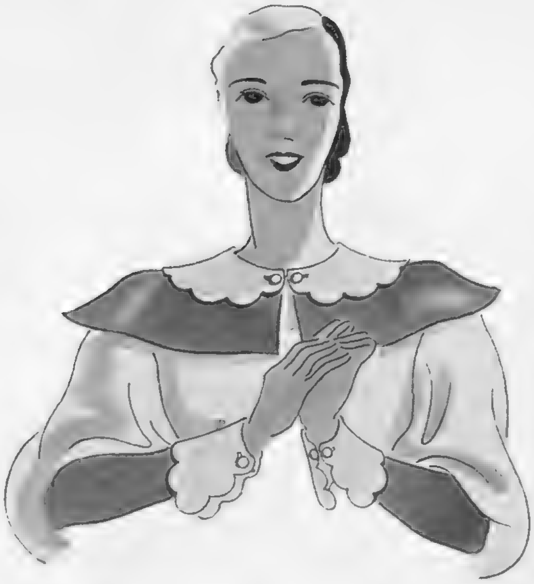
ORGANDIE flowers decorate our evening gowns and our Ascot millinery. Marshall and Snelgrove have an excellent selection of these novelties, many of which, like the one shown on the right above, are hand-painted in lovely colours

BOWS are unavoidable and are made of organdie or piqué. That on the left is of checked organdie, while the one on the right is of the same material, but has embroidered spots on its ends. Both come from Marshall and Snelgrove



Winners of Fashion Stakes

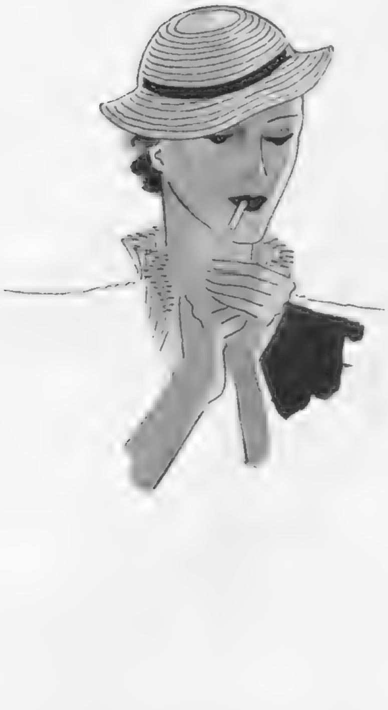
THESE two materials, crisp, freshly starched and preferably white, are the chosen mediums not only for our accessories, but for formal evening gowns, day and evening coats and smart sports hats

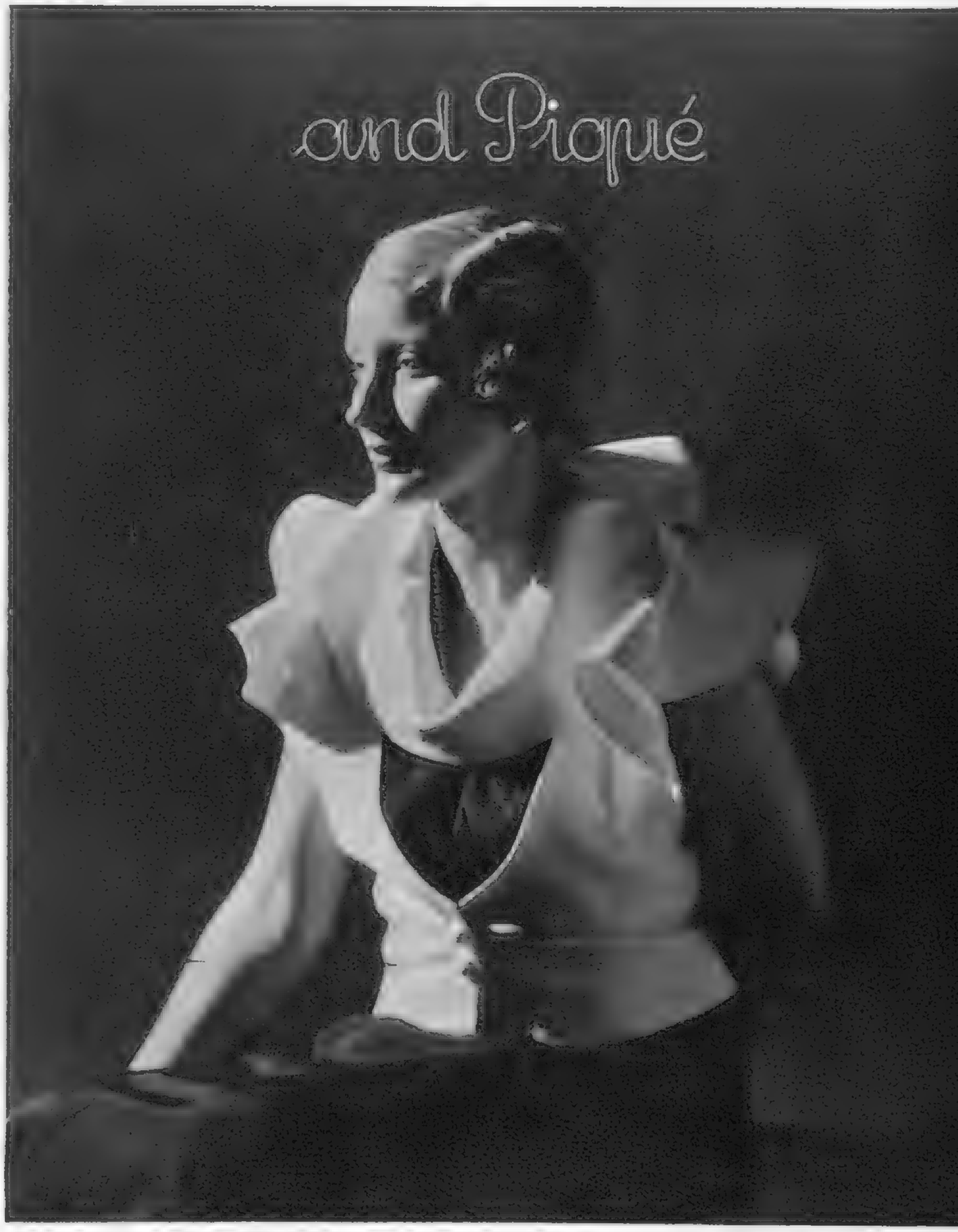


THE white piqué collar and cuffs of our schoolroom days have been promoted to the drawing-room, and nothing looks smarter than a set of these accessories, of which Harvey Nichols have a large selection

ON the right is one of the new little piqué evening coats: this one has no sleeves, but a circular shoulder cape with a stitched border replaces them. The black dress beneath has a collar of white piqué tied in a bow at the back. This ensemble comes from the Maison Ross

H. J. NICOLL are showing at their new Hat Bar sports hats made of piqué, cleverly cut and stitched in order that they shall retain their line. These can be made in any colour to match a suit or dress, and also look most attractive in checked gingham

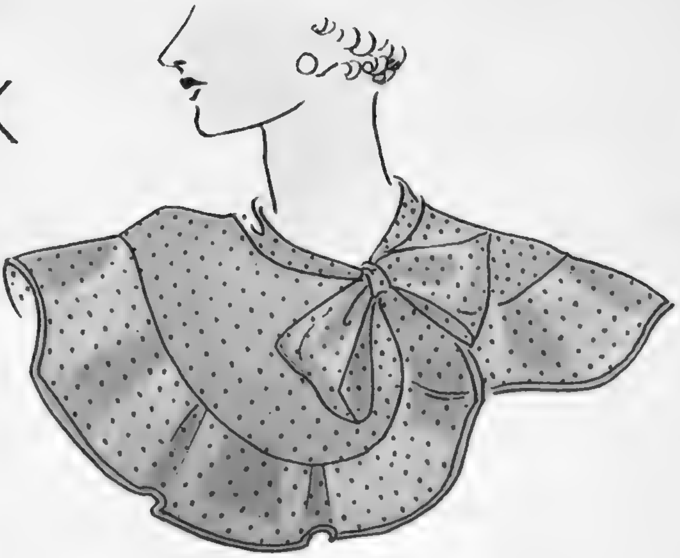




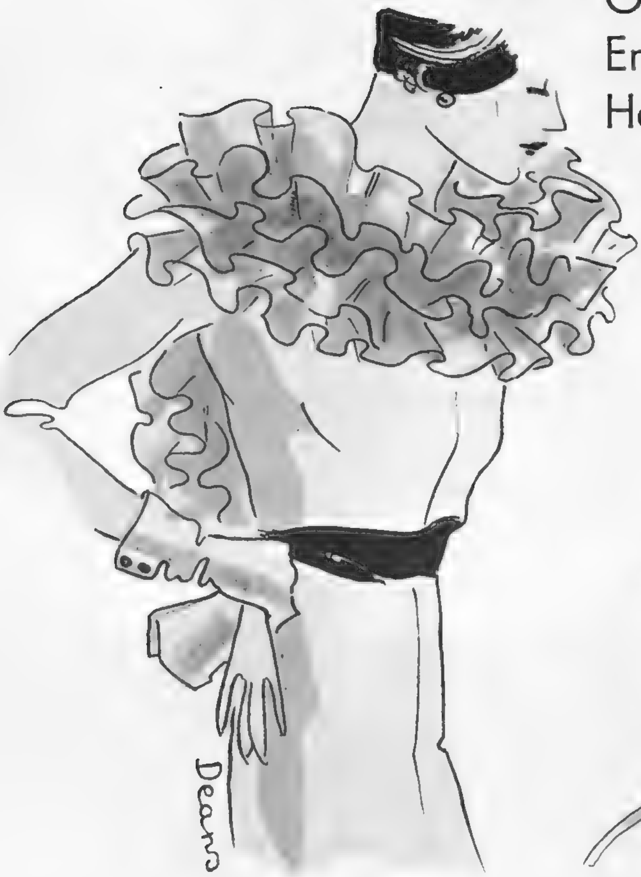
Peter Rose Pulham

ITEMS FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK

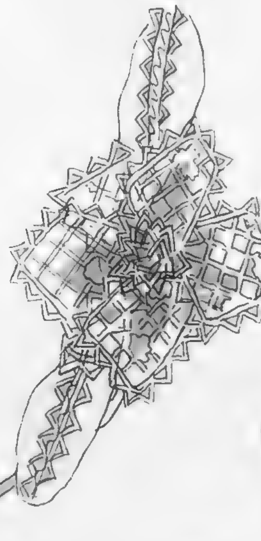
Odds and Ends from Here and There



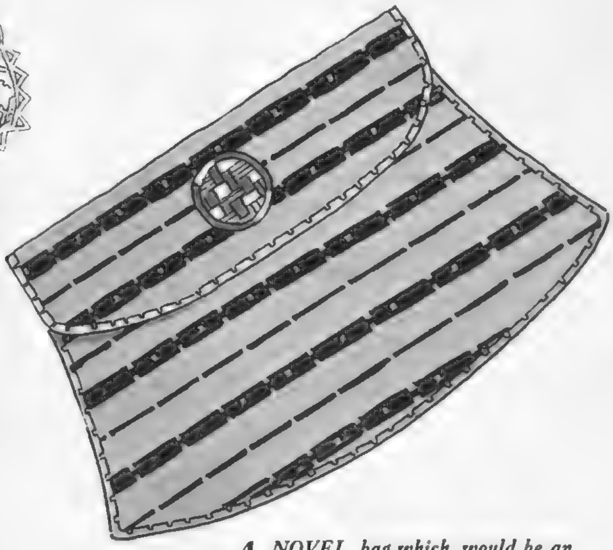
PINK spot muslin makes this adorable little cape, which ties in a bow on one side of the neck. It may also be obtained in blue and white or in all white, and comes from Harvey Nichols



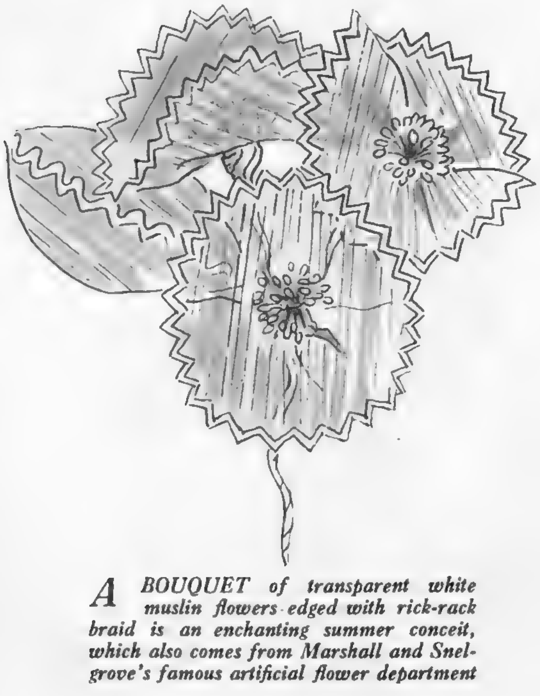
A WHITE organdie boa can be worn with afternoon or evening gowns and is a charming if rather impracticable summer accessory! It is sure to be much featured at Ascot this month, and can be obtained from Harvey Nichols



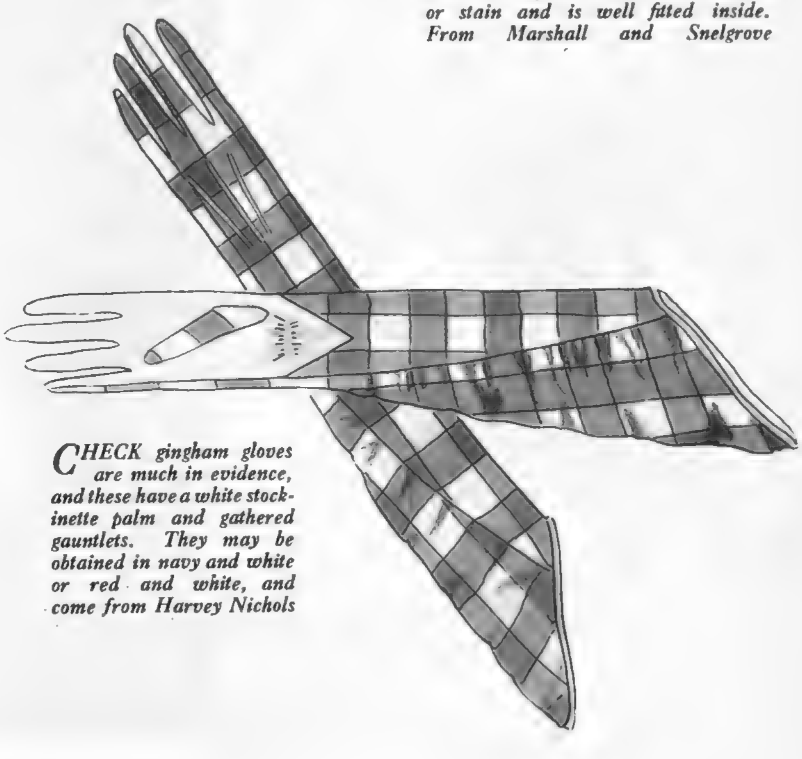
BUTTONHOLES cannot escape the craze for organdie, and this one is of white, self checked, and would look very smart on a navy-blue linen coat. Marshall and Snelgrove have a large selection of these flowers



A NOVEL bag which would be an excellent companion for summer suits is made of a new type of brown and white fibre. It will not spot or stain and is well fitted inside. From Marshall and Snelgrove



A BOUQUET of transparent white muslin flowers edged with rick-rack braid is an enchanting summer conceit, which also comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's famous artificial flower department



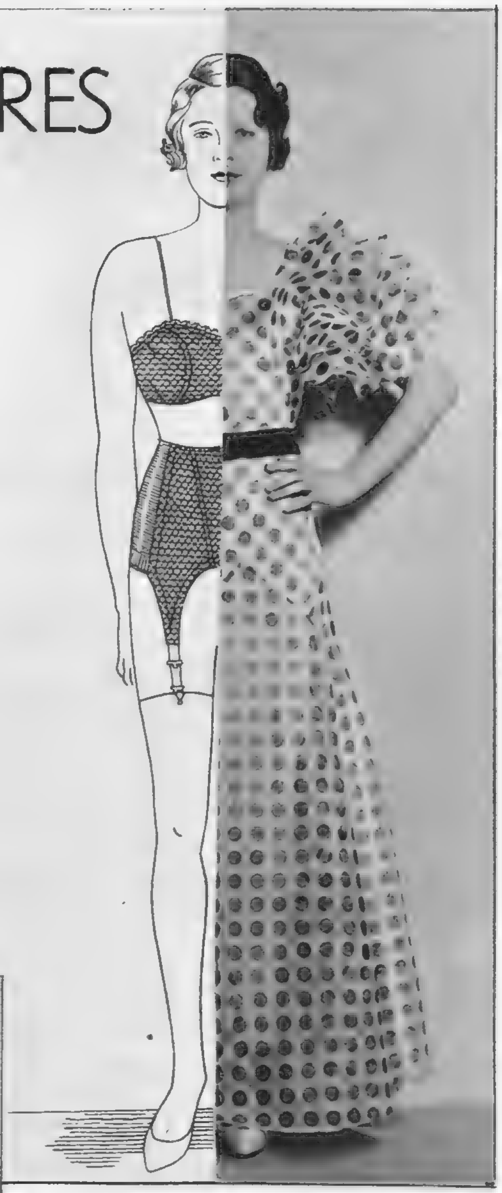
CHECK gingham gloves are much in evidence, and these have a white stockinette palm and gathered gauntlets. They may be obtained in navy and white or red and white, and come from Harvey Nichols

FACTS and FIGURES

By Madge Garland

THE comfort but complete freedom of a Kestos belt and brassière make these garments the ideal companions of a sports costume

A REALLY firm foundation with an unbroken line is extremely important when wearing one of the new coat-frocks. This Twilfit corselet model assures both requirements



THE new cellular material used by Court Royal for their summer models is ideal for the hot weather and for evening wear. It washes perfectly

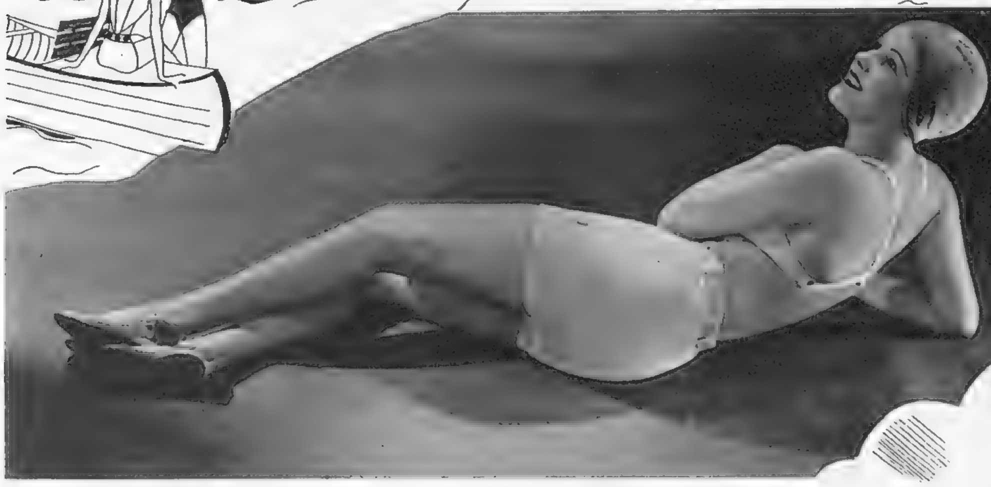
NOTHING is more remarkable when studying the history of costume than the variety of outlines achieved by the female figure. There appears to be little in common between the wasp-waisted, champagne-bottle-shouldered ladies of the last century and the straight up and down, broad-shouldered girls of to-day; still less between the long, iron-corseted torso of the mediæval woman and the high-bosomed lady of the Empire, though scarcely less remote is the firm outline and trim bust of the Edwardian period. Each variation demanded a drastic and apparently impossible change of structure—hips were eliminated or enlarged, bosoms were inflated, placed high, low, or dispensed with; nothing, it seems, is too difficult for women to achieve once they are convinced it is fashionable.

But a little careful study will convince one that beneath these changing exteriors lies not only a corset, but the law of proportion. A striking example of this has recently been observable in the broad shoulder-line which has suddenly come into favour, for now that our shoulders are padded or broadened by frills, epaulettes and all sorts of cunning devices, our hips, of necessity, appear more slender. To aid and abet every such whim of fashion is the aim of the corset-maker, whose art in the last hundred years has developed from beginnings as torturous as they were humble into one of the most interesting and advanced industries of our time.

To achieve the supple figure which is demanded to-day (instead of the rigidly outlined silhouette desired by our mothers and therefore admired by our fathers), but at the same time to give that support which is necessary to the female figure, has been the chief problem of the modern corset-maker. One of the most satisfactory solutions is the corselet, such as the Twilfit all-in-one garment shown in the centre illustration, which gives an unbroken line, so necessary with the one-piece dresses of to-day.

Another problem is the growing importance attached to hygiene, which demands that every article of apparel shall be easily laundered; and the delightful cellular material used by Court Royal, which can be dipped in Lux, wrung out, and ironed as easily as a chemise, is an excellent solution. This is shown in the picture on the right, which is an excellent illustration of a slender hip-line resulting from an exaggerated breadth of shoulder.

For the Beach



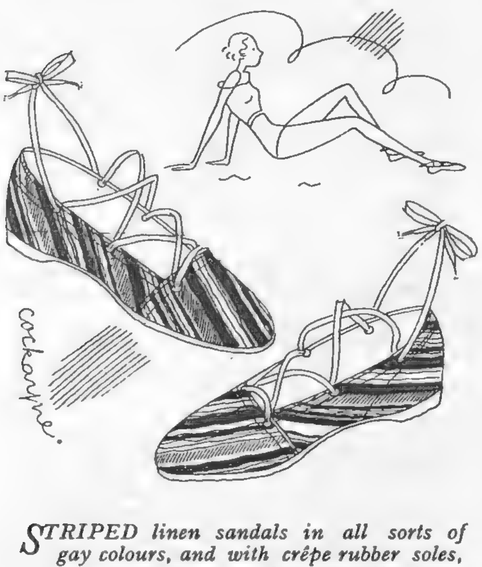
An excellent swim-suit which really does support and mould the figure, yet admits the maximum of sun-bathing, is the Jantzen model seen above. This may be obtained in white and several attractive colours

THE first unreasoning enthusiasm for sun-bathing having died down, and with it the supposed necessity for wearing pyjamas, our beach clothes are becoming somewhat more suitable to their function and although they are definitely less exotic, they are also far more varied. Swim-suits, as they are most properly called nowadays (bathing, after all, means dipping oneself in water, not necessarily taking any exercise in it), have improved out of measure, and hearty thanks are due to the firm of Jantzen for their well-designed and well-cut suits, which really do mould and support the body, but at the same time interfere as little as possible with freedom of movement. They have also invented a swimming helmet which is guaranteed to keep on and to keep the water out, but which cleverly manages to dispense with a strap under the chin. This has a silky, velvety surface and is a novelty bound to have a great success this season.

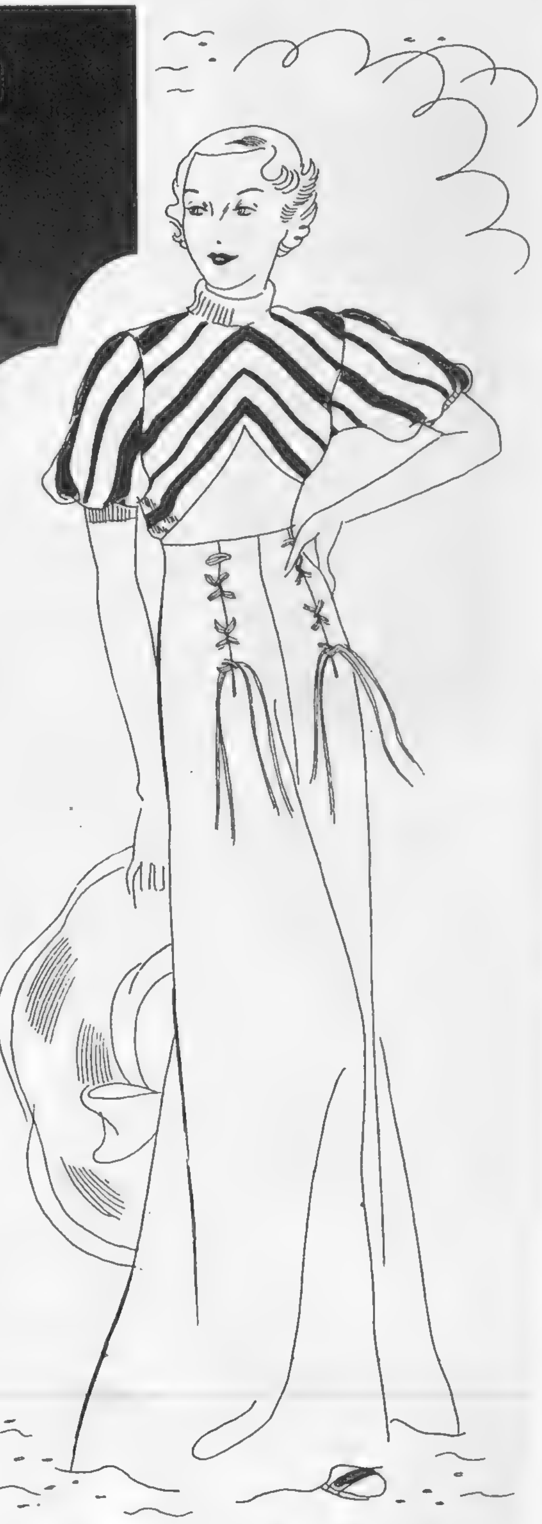
Terry cloth remains the most satisfactory medium for beach wraps, though plain flannel, well tailored, is very smart in a colour harmonising or contrasting vividly with one's suit. Bathing shoes are greatly improved; they are thinner, lighter, and available in every possible shape and colour, and the new "espadrilles," or linen sandals, are immensely popular. These may now be obtained in fancy linens with thin crêpe rubber soles and coloured tape tie-ups and form a really perfect shoe for hard beach wear.

Among the many new accessories, the parasols and sun hats of a material resembling transparent oil silk must be mentioned; boxes slung on ribbons are also made of the same fabric, and these are destined to hold damp bathing-suits — hitherto an insuperable problem to the tidy-minded.

Beach pyjamas have to a great extent been replaced by beach dresses, made either of jersey or uncrushable linen, but always of a material thick enough to permit one to dispense with lingerie—light-weight woollens or cashmeres are really the most practical, and as the majority of models are backless it is wise, if one intends to wear these garments in this country, to acquire a short coat of the same material which may be slipped on over them.



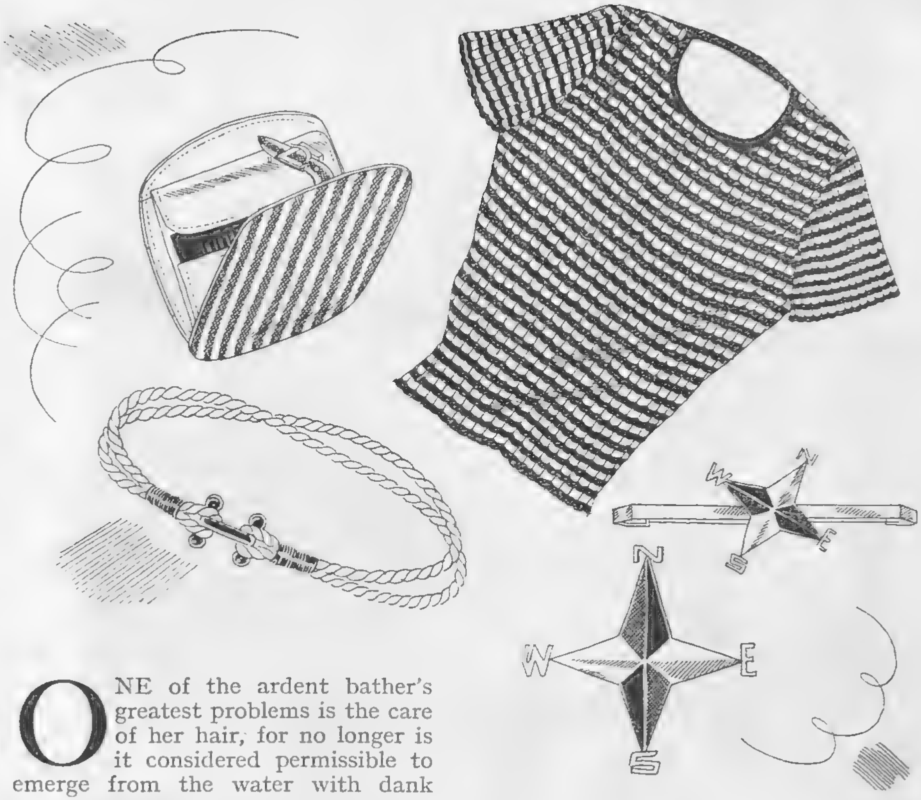
STRIPED linen sandals in all sorts of gay colours, and with crêpe rubber soles, are a novelty to be found at Finnigans



MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE have very sensibly created a beach suit for cool days. This consists of trousers of heavy natural colour crash and a green and white striped woollen jumper. The trousers have a high pointed yoke in front, and are laced with bright green cord

SOME SOLUTIONS to the PROBLEMS of the Summer Sportswoman

By MADGE GARLAND



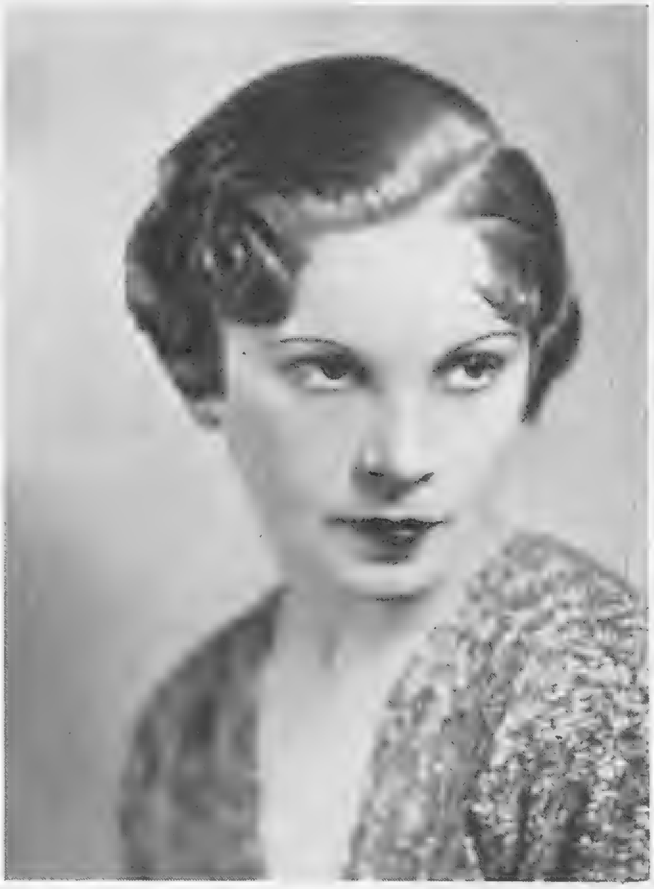
THE striped lisle thread jumper fits closely to the figure and has short flared sleeves: on the left is a striped zephyr pochette complete with mirror and comb; the belt is of rope, and the novel brooches are of chromium and red and blue enamel. The prices of these accessories and where to obtain them will be sent on application to the Woman Editor

ONE of the ardent bather's greatest problems is the care of her hair, for no longer is it considered permissible to emerge from the water with dank locks hanging around one's face, or to make the excuse that "I can't do anything with my hair because I've been bathing." Everybody nowadays indulges in a certain amount of sport, and many women prefer to go hatless during the summer months, though not many realise that salt water and undue exposure to the sun are as detrimental to the hair as they are to the skin, and that one's hair as well as one's complexion requires extra care and attention if our holidays are not going to leave us with a dry and unnourished scalp and skin. To appear well dressed and soignée too after a day on the beach is no easy matter and can be achieved only if proper care is taken. The usual meticulous brushing must not be omitted, and the hair will greatly benefit if combed and brushed carefully in the sunlight, but it is not possible for one's hair to appear well coiffured in the evening if it is not carefully set back into position after this exercise and after bathing. It is therefore essential if one wishes to be both comfortable and chic, to choose a style of extreme simplicity. The answer is a plastic coiffure such as that perfected by Vasco, which will keep the hair in perfect trim for at least three weeks.

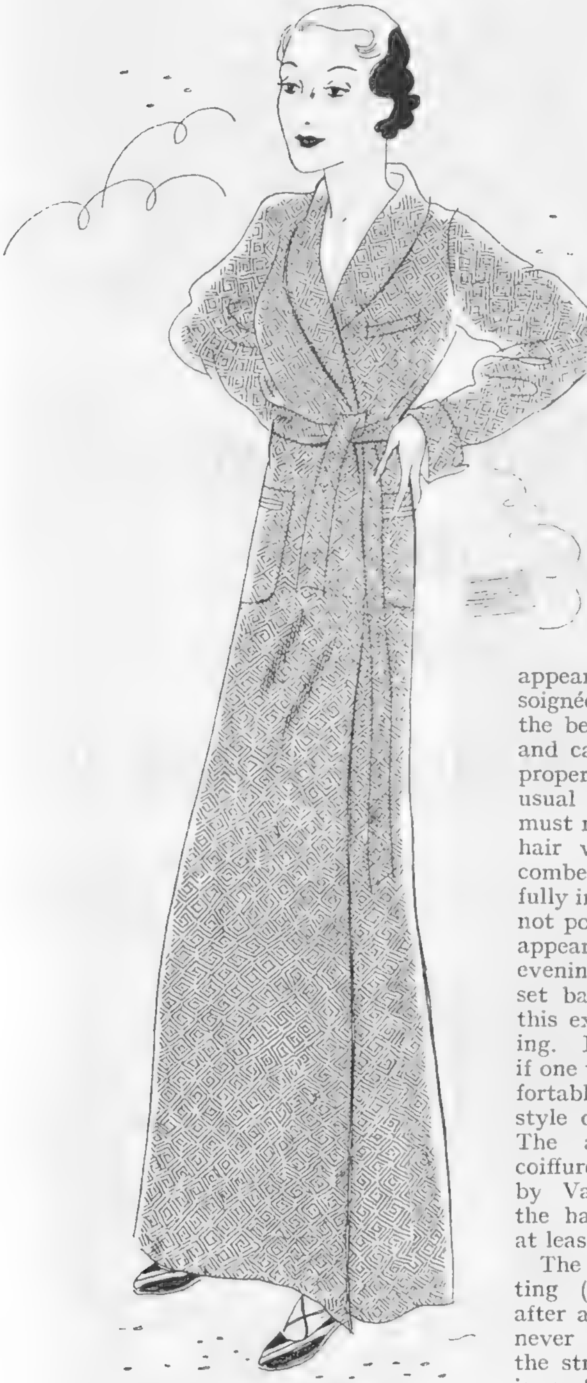
The secret lies in the cutting (the plastic finish is, after all, extraneous and will never be satisfactory unless the structure of the coiffure is carefully considered). Each head has to be studied individually, but once a really good hairdresser has found out just how your hair wants to grow, and then cut and set it into those lines which suit your head, the problem of your summer coiffure is solved.

Below:

AN excellent summer coiffure has been chosen by Mrs. Peter Quennell and executed by Vasco of Dover Street. The hair is parted diagonally and set into three large flat curls, one over each ear and one over the right eye, while on the opposite side of the forehead a light fringe is suggested



Cannons of Hollywood



A REALLY good bathing wrap is often hard to find, but one cannot go wrong with a well-tailored flannel gown cut on masculine lines. The one above comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and has an all-over design of green on a cream ground; it may also be obtained in other colours

The Roadway and

What can we do *for* Ourselves?

SINCE we do, on the opposite page, promulgate the argument that parents should be the companions and confidants of their children, let us pursue the idea to its logical conclusion, which is that, in order that this state of affairs should be successfully achieved for the mental, moral and physical welfare of the children, it is necessary for understanding and successful parents to remain young in spirit and in body. This, actually, is the best thing that can happen to them not only for their own happiness, but also for their own physical welfare.

It is little more than a superstition that children love their father and mother because they *are* their father and mother. It is "up" to parents to earn and keep the affection and admiration of their children and to take as much trouble about it as they would to gain the regard of any other individual—and the modern child is, thank goodness, an independent and critical individual!

There is no comradeship with a sounder and more enduring foundation than that born of comradeship in games and sports.

PARENTS who have taught their children how to ride, to sail, to swim, to fish, who have played with them in the open air at cricket and tennis, or golf or hockey or whatever it may be, are more sure of their affection and confidence than any others. They have interests and happy memories in common which nothing can destroy.

And think of the benefit to themselves. Think of all they can *learn* (as well as all they can teach) from the candid and fresh observation of the new generation!

It is a good rule never to give your child an order unless you can give him or her a good reason for it. This will make you think and your child obey. It is a mistake to think that we can do without discipline as soon as we have escaped from that imposed by the rules and regulations of schools and colleges, or a strict home. Self-discipline, moral and physical, is necessary throughout life if we are to get and give the best.

Many outdoor sports and pastimes are of necessity relegated to holiday times, but so essential is it to keep every muscle supple and the circulation in good order, that if some hours or a day a week cannot be given up to outdoor exercise, it is important to do some exercises for ten minutes by an open window every day. And, as a matter of fact, if the habit of physical culture is once formed, most people, no matter what their preoccupations, will sacrifice some so-called pleasure or leisure, less salutary in effect, in order to take their particular form of exercise and "keep fit." The added zest and enjoyment in life is worth almost any sacrifice or effort.

There are many wise and valuable books upon diet written for the delectation of the lay public, but after a certain age a man is his own best dietician. He knows what makes him feel well and what disagrees with him. And a sermon to a glutton on the elimination of fats, sugars and starches is as useless as a pussy-foot pamphlet to a drunkard.

The ideal of physical perfection is a magnificent one: if everyone tried to be as good an animal as possible, living sanely, breathing God's good air, exercising the limbs and muscles he was given, the world would be a better place, for a man or woman healthy in body is sane in mind. The retention of youth is but the postponement of decay, and that cannot be accounted blamable! Healthy families are happy families.

Advertisers of physical culture (and journalistic!) courses sometimes remind one of Oscar Wilde's "crack" at educationalists, to the effect that all the people incapable of learning had taken to teaching! Mercifully, post-war conditions have brought about a merging of the generations. Parents have learned to "grow up" with their children and have thereby gained as much as they have given, in association with their "youngers and betters." We live in an age when youth is more venerated than age. But youth unguided and undisciplined may come an unnecessary number of croppers, while age, respected but unexercised, becomes, mentally and physically, muscle bound. It is an interchange of ideas and participation of activities that promises a sane, balanced and profitable realization of all their potentialities to both generations.

Exercises should be founded on consideration of general rather than particular requirements. For instance, a movement rarely called for in an unathletic life is that of stretching the arms fully above the head, yet this brings into play innumerable functions, respiratory and muscular. The desideratum for a full and healthy life is moderate but complete activity of every muscle and every member. To be static mentally or physically is to grow old—to advance towards age, decay and death. Movement promotes the flow of life-giving blood, and a good circulation is as important to an individual as it is to a newspaper! One must "move with the times" and live with the young to keep one's interests and one's physique in training.

Air-way to Health

Lisa

ONCE upon a time someone asked a small boy: "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"An engine-driver. Go away!" peevishly answered the potential political economist, peering through strong-lensed glasses at the mechanism of a complicated toy in his over-heated nursery, of which all the windows were closed for fear of draughts. In his lifetime he did a great deal of good—to manufacturers of patent medicines—and left behind him a faint odour of disinfectants and, to mathematicians, several unsolved problems in impracticable finance.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" some avuncular die-hard asked of a modern child.

"Healthy!" answered the sturdy little ruffian, and rushed out into the open air with "practically nothing on."

We live in an age of flux and change and take moral, economic and social revolutions in our stride, but in no department of life has there been so great a change as in the theory and practice of "bringing up children," and the results must be as far-reaching as the invention of wireless and the development of flying, since "the child is father to the man," and we are founding a new generation with a mentality as well as a physique (the two are inextricable) which will make the history of the future.

If the super-man is ever to become a reality, he will be a creature whose activities of mind and body have never been curbed, who has realised and developed to their utmost the miraculous potentialities of every function of the human body and the human mind.

What do we do *for* our Children?

Are we giving our own children the opportunity to become one of these inheritors of the earth?

WITHIN the scope of this article we cannot examine the social conditions which still condemn children to be born and to live in adverse, damnable conditions. Thank God, civilisation is beginning to take cognisance and attempt amelioration of the problems of the very poor. For our purposes we *must* start half-way up the ladder and assume that we are dealing with normal children, born of reasonably healthy and intelligent people anxious and able to do their best for them.

Thirty years ago the greater their advantages of birth and position, the more coddled and restricted children were. No air reached their little bodies through the layers of clothing in which they were enveloped. Little girls were even made to wear thick silk-mesh veils to protect their delicate complexions and, incidentally, prevent the air from inflating their lungs.

If the weather was inclement, they did not go out of doors at all. When fine they walked genteelly beside their nurses. The minimum of air was admitted to nurseries. Parents saw little of their children: they were brought down to the drawing-room at stated hours, dressed up in ridiculous starched and be-sashed clothes, ringletted and on their best behaviour. The rest of the time they spent in the company of uneducated and often unscrupulous servants. My own Nannie, who was capable of the grossest injustice and had no idea of inculcating any practical morality, was proud of the fact that she could write: other members of her family could only "make their mark," and she had certainly never heard of anything so newfangled as a "balanced diet."

Economic necessity has had one salutary effect, since in small houses parents cannot avoid knowing how their children live and when they cry, and for the most part the well-being of their babies is their chief interest. Motherhood is in fashion.

MODERN children are sensibly fed and clothed, and given freedom and fresh air, and, most important of all, are told the truth when they ask questions.

Milk, fruit, and fresh air and exercise are essential to young growing creatures. It is natural for them to dance and run. Children who are healthy, and are allowed to move and amuse themselves in their own way and accustomed to airy rooms and out-of-door life, have good circulations and do not need "wrapping up," though warm, light clothing and sound, properly fitting shoes are indispensable.

Before school age the responsibility is the parents' and should not be deputised. People who live with their children and love them will not be blind to incipient defects—of sight or carriage, digestion or the nervous system—which can be corrected if taken in time. Children's teeth should be examined every three months, and any undue tendency to "catch cold" calls for medical examination for faulty tonsils or adenoids.

Character-training and reasonable discipline are part of a parent's duties, and cannot begin too soon, and the establishment of confidence makes these things easy. A spoiled child is a potential neurotic, social misfit and even criminal.

The early days and holidays should be important and precious to children and to their parents.

Studies in

No. 6

Her Last "Messiah"

IT was a long walk up the Exhibition Road. But she managed it. It was a strain. But many things had been a strain the last few weeks. Besides, at the end of her walk, there was the twice-yearly sacrament which had become a part of her life.

For thirty-five years she had belonged to the Royal Choral Society and twice a year, at Christmas and at Easter, she had sung in " The Messiah," just one of the vast chorus, hundreds of them.

And every time she wondered whether she would ever sing again.

Have you ever watched that great chorus in the Albert Hall? They come in gradually, in white—the women—and sit down in fan-shaped rows of seats. Behind them, the men come in.

And in the middle, and in front, the orchestra sit, tuning their instruments, fussing about. It is not so serious a thing with the orchestra. They have their other nights of ecstasy, their Beethovens. . . . To some, Handel is only one of those upstarts. But to many of the choir, he means not only the glory of singing, but the glory of Heaven. His is the simplicity of common folk, just ordinary beings like you and me.

Few things have so woven themselves into English life as the work of the German, Handel, who, coming from a native land that did not think much of him, settled in England and wrote oratorios which as the years pass become more and more a part of our country's musical life.

Whenever, in the Albert Hall, I face that choir, I know that in its total membership of 800—500 women and 300 men—there are 800 different romances, dramas and minor tragedies.

Some of them are young people. But the oldest have sung for as long as forty years.

Margaret's whole life seemed wrapped up in this. The Streatham home, from which she came, was merely a background. There she encountered, daily, the troubles of family, housekeeping, children. . . . It was here, in the Albert Hall, where she drew inspiration.

It seemed funny to her to dress up in " Hiawatha," as sometimes she and the others did. That seemed a childish idea. But obediently, as one of a thousand performers, Margaret had browned her face, and become a Red Indian, and jumped about the arena, while Coleridge Taylor's music was played, laughing a little at the fattish men who still wore glasses while pretending they were Indian braves.

That, she thought, was an idiosyncrasy.

But then, every Monday night, for six months of the year, she went along to choir practice, where " Elijah," and Verdi's " Requiem," and the " Mass of Life " of Delius, all gave new refreshment to her soul.

She endured a lot in Streatham because of that —yes, even the criticism of the neighbours, who, on Sunday night, heard her singing in the front room. They called it squawking. But then they did not know. . . .

And at Christmas time there were carols, too, in the Albert Hall. And, twice a year, the greatest of all things, " The Messiah," came round again.

Sometimes a face was missing. There were often new faces. They were a family. And yet many had their little vanities and their pride of place. And what a pride it was to scores and scores of them—emerging from the suburbs, now and then, all through the winter months, and facing all those boxes and stalls, and the vast amphitheatre, looking at the red curtains in the boxes, and the wedgwood blue decorations in front of them, and singing, with a loud full-throatedness, " Glory to God in the highest " and " Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."

Would she die before her voice became too weak? Would she, one day, have to sit in the auditorium instead, as some of the old choristers did, with their scores on their knees, singing quietly to themselves?

" Why do they want the score? " she often wondered, watching them with a friendly pity. They all knew every word of it.

Now, this was to be the last time. Something had told her. She seemed to know. . . .

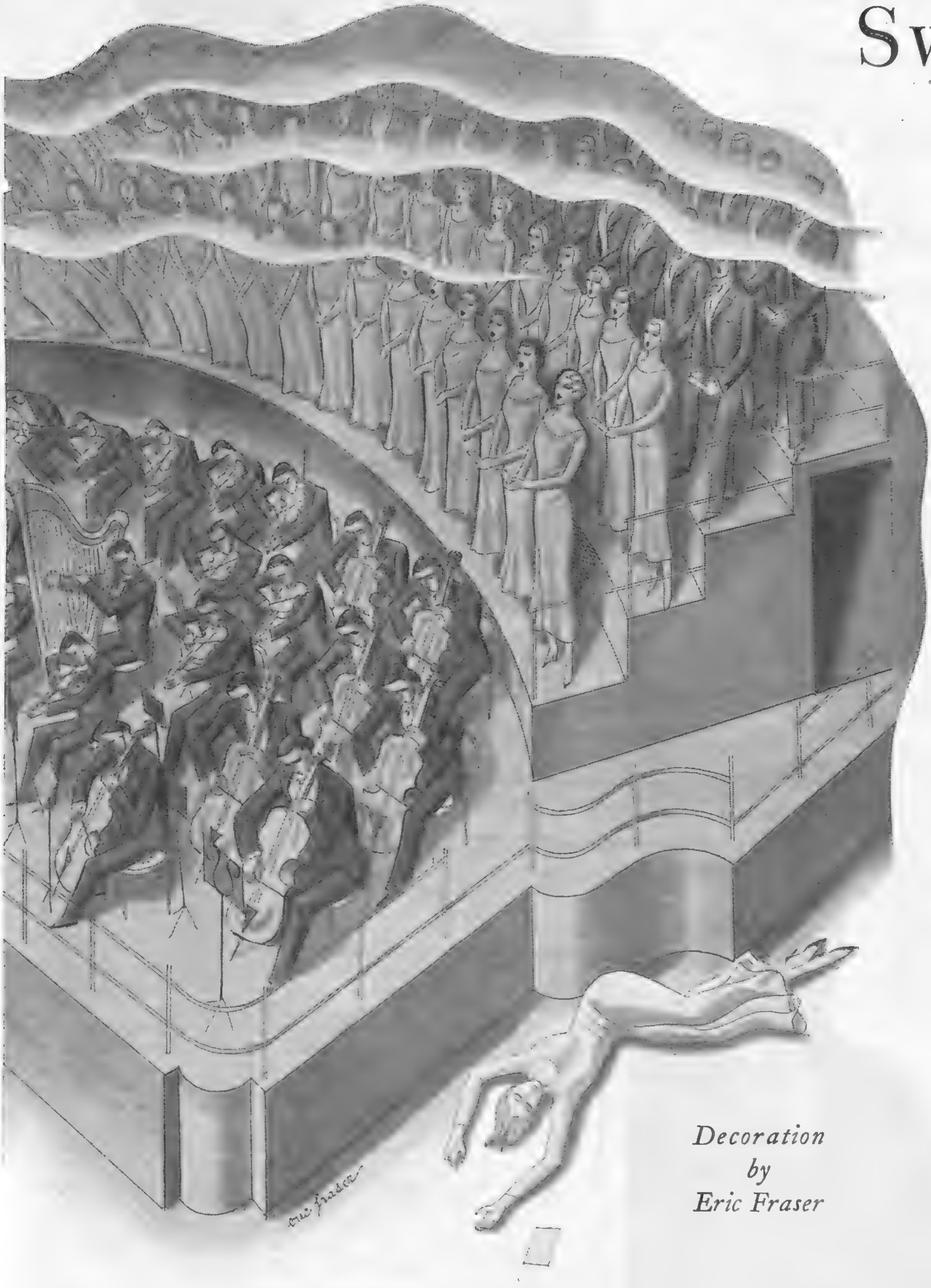
A pain came in her heart suddenly, a few weeks before. And if she got to the Albert Hall this time—well, she would never do it again.

" Don't go, Mother," her children had said. " You are not well enough."

But she had to go. . . .

" Why worry about that fool concert? " her husband had sneered, tired of all the rehearsals, and all the monthly pilgrimages to concerts, and the fuss about

Psychology: *By* Hannen Swafter



Decoration
by
Eric Fraser

the white dress which had to be cleaned so often.

She had not liked her white dress for years. They had got smarter recently, most of the rest of them. Some, too, had a silk scarf of the palest blue, and there were golden scarves that she envied.

There had been the fuss of ironing, and mending, that old dress—yes, and twice she had taken the silk to pieces, and "made it all over again," with a shorter skirt once, and then with a piece added on again, as the fashions changed.

She often wondered if other choristers noticed that the silk was getting thin. *She* knew. And God knew. But she did not imagine that God cared much. Still, the eyes of choristers penetrate and criticise. And that tallish woman from Holland Park often had a new frock. . . .

It had never been so long a walk up the Exhibition Road. Everyone in South Kensington knows how far it is, especially in the rain. You have to keep on and on, climbing.

She wondered why she had gone back indoors again, when she left.

"What do you want?" they had said.

She did not know. She looked a little yearningly, and came away again.

"I shall be home at seven," she said. And then she wondered.

"Oh, what a pity the Doctor's not conducting to-day!"

That was the first thing she heard, inside the hall where, in a cloakroom, the women discarded their coats and took their music out.

He had speeded them up, this young man, and taught them new ways of singing the old, old melodies. They all felt younger when, with his baton swaying, he blent them all into variations of light and shade in singing, new contrasts of which they had never dreamed.

They all remembered the eventful day that started all that, when the Revolutionary came along and knocked out all the Victorianism, and made them, for a little, almost laugh in their joy over the violence of the sound. That was the first time he had introduced it. What a row there had been!

They all felt rather ashamed of themselves, so new was it, although most of them had enjoyed it so. How the suburbs had whispered, for nights afterwards!

"Insult to Handel," some had said.

She had herself wondered what the German would have thought.

THIS was the sixtieth time she had sat there, waiting for Handel's overture. Sixty times.

There was the day, she remembered, when Albert had just gone overseas and, when the drum was beaten, she fancied she could hear the guns in France. God, somehow, seemed very near that afternoon, in spite of her fears for her eldest son. . . .

"Peace on earth," she had sung with the rest that afternoon, "goodwill towards men."

No, it had not seemed a mockery, even with those guns firing, hundreds of them, all louder than that drum. She felt, as she sang that afternoon, that, *one day*, the Prince of Peace would keep His glorious promise.

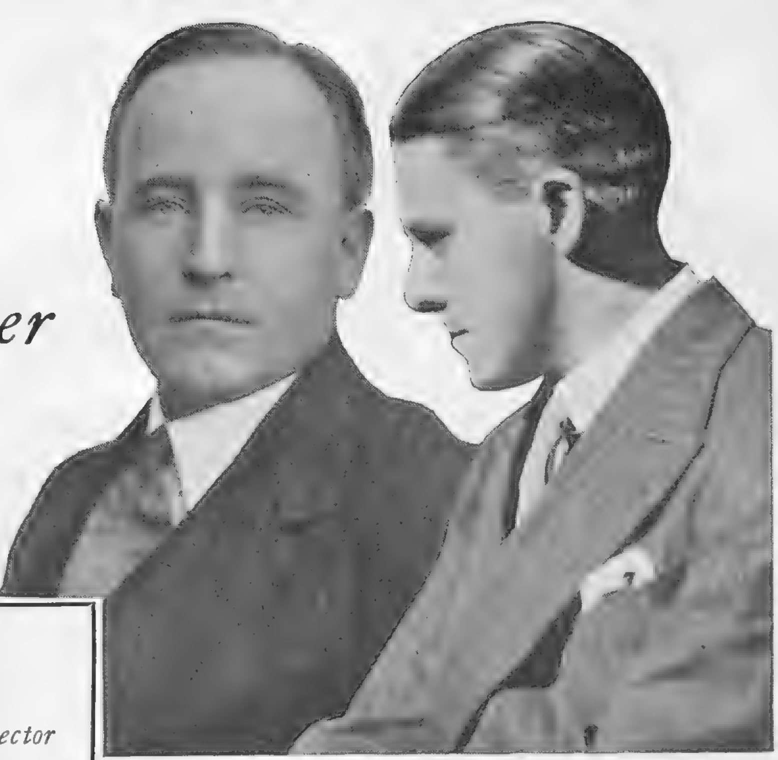
There was the year, too, when Jim had lost his job and (*Continued on page* 101)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

Some Novels, and a Parodist: Mr. Kingsmill among the Lions



HUGH KINGSMILL, whose book, "The Table of Truth," will give much enjoyment to the sophisticated reader

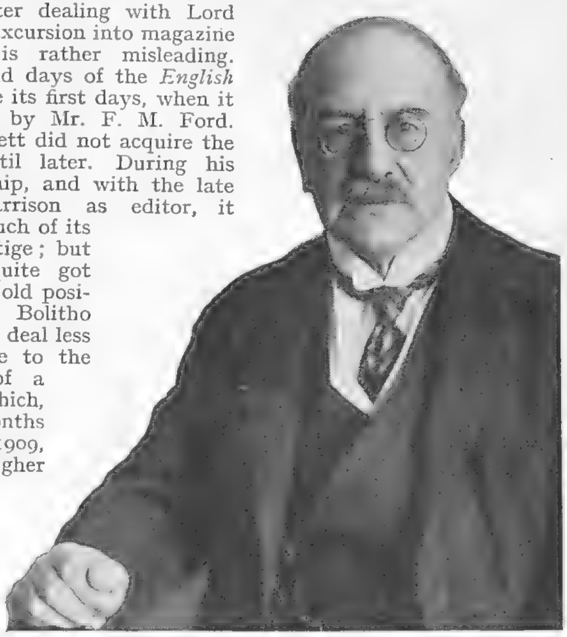
JAMES HILTON, author of "Knight Without Armour," a first-rate piece of work and a really exciting story as well

Tradition

"Alfred Mond, First Lord Melchett": *by Hector Bolitho* (Secker, 21s.)

A TRADITION of great industry, great intelligence, and intense family life bore Alfred Mond ever onwards, like a wave; and Mr. Bolitho shows a true biographer's instinct in recounting patiently and at length the history of the Mond family from the middle of the eighteenth century, nearly a hundred years before any member of it left Germany for England. All men are dependent on their ancestry, but not all are equally dependent. The great Jewish families are among the most closely knit in the world. The pattern, the very stitch, remains unchanged. Only the frame alters.

When it is remembered that Lord Melchett died less than two years ago, and that his impress is still strong upon living friends and relatives and contemporary business and politics, some of Mr. Bolitho's difficulties can be appreciated. On the whole, he has performed his task with great tact and discretion, and in no instance is this more clearly shown than in his account of the break with Mr. Lloyd George. The chapters devoted to politics are those which, after the early chapters, will be found the most interesting in the book. On the other hand, the short chapter dealing with Lord Melchett's excursion into magazine ownership is rather misleading. The splendid days of the *English Review* were its first days, when it was edited by Mr. F. M. Ford. Lord Melchett did not acquire the Review until later. During his proprietorship, and with the late Austin Harrison as editor, it regained much of its early prestige; but it never quite got back to its old position. Mr. Bolitho does a good deal less than justice to the founders of a periodical which, for a few months in 1908 and 1909, reached a higher literary level than any other English magazine of this century.



The late Lord Melchett

THE custom of issuing new novels wrapped in paper jackets ("dust covers" is the trade name for them) is a comparatively new one. I should say, speaking from memory, that it is barely twenty years old. But even in twenty years one may reasonably look for improvement. In the case of dust covers, one looks in vain. Among the novels to which I shall presently allude, there is not a single cover of the slightest æsthetic or commercial worth. One has a plain white paper cover, suggesting that the publisher despairs of finding an artist whose designs will help to sell a book. The rest are either negligible or downright repellent. Why is this? Scores and scores of highly reputable artists are on the verge of starvation. Don't publishers know this? Don't the artists ever think of approaching the publishers? Somebody ought to give a little party and introduce them. I've half a mind to do it myself. Publishers nowadays have high standards. Beneath these paper covers, which might be so gay and attractive, and are often so dreadful, I find some charming volumes, to every detail of which the greatest care has obviously been given.

Mr. Stephen McKenna was in unusually high spirits, it seems, when he wrote *Magic Quest* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). It is a happy, irresponsible story of an eminent Academician who, sick of the horde of relatives sponging on him, goes off one morning to walk as long as the weather holds, and is hunted, for a long time in vain, by angry ladies and gentlemen in closed cars. *Magic Quest* is a holiday novel. It shrinks from serious analysis and from having its plot revealed. It merely asks to be enjoyed; and I think it will be. *Young and Fair*, by Lætitia McDonald (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), also seeks only to please, but it greatly overrates the sweetness of my tooth. After puzzling for a long time over the dedication—"To Wallace, my husband, who has taught me everything I know or guess right about writing"—I gave up trying to make sense of that, and turned the page and began the novel proper. Of the first twelve words, seven are adjectives . . . And it goes on like that. I wonder why anyone thought it expedient to import this very sticky caramel all the way from America.

Following the example of Rolland and Proust, M. Roger Martin du Gard is writing a novel in ten volumes. Under the title of *Les Thibaults*, six volumes have been well received in France. Translated by Stephen Haden Guest, the first two of these are now available in one volume in English—*The Thibaults* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). In its appeal to English readers the novel is handicapped severely by the fact that its hero, young Jacques Thibault, whom we meet just before his fourteenth birthday, is as un-English a boy as can be imagined. He has a great friend, another schoolboy, who writes him long letters. Thus: "Oh! If only my heart does not dry up! I fear lest life may harden my heart and my senses. I am growing old. Already the great ideas of God, the Spirit, Love, no longer march through my bosom as once they did, and gnawing Doubt sometimes devours me. Alas! Why can we not *live* with all our Soul's might,

Joyce Wethered

Long Days Out of Doors

"Second Innings": *by Country Vicar*
(Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.)

"Golfing Memories and Methods": *by Joyce Wethered* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.)

"My Golfing Life": *by Harry Vardon*
(Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

IT is not necessary to be a cricketer to enjoy the books of "Country Vicar," though a knowledge of the game does, of course, help. He is one of those easy, spontaneous writers who, within five minutes, can make their readers their friends. Spontaneity in writing is not to be confused with artlessness. Some of the Vicar's chapters—the first, the eighth, the fourteenth—are worthy to rank with the best sporting essays in the language, and that is high praise. Thrice happy cleric! Fate, not content with making him an Englishman, allowed him to be born in Yorkshire and educated at Cambridge. His life is one long vicarious triumph.

Only golfers, on the other hand, could possibly read the volumes of the golfing champions—and not all golfers will be capable of the sustained effort which is required. Golf is as fertile a theme as any other. Mr. Bernard Darwin has proved, and goes on proving, that. But his subject is human nature as revealed on a golf course, and he is not concerned with himself save as a comic pawn in the game of life. Mr. Vardon's chronicle of successes grows inevitably rather wearisome. Miss Wethered's is less tedious because it does not last so long. She soon abandons "memories" for "methods," and on these her views are clear and of the greatest interest.

instead of reasoning? *We think too much!* I envy the vigour of youth, which hurls itself upon peril blindly, without reflection! Would I were able to sacrifice myself, with closed eyes, to a sublime Ideal . . ."

And so on. Now all this, as evidence of schoolboy friendship, tries an English reader very high. But if he will persevere, he will be rewarded by some really good writing, some moving scenes, and a story of unusual, deep attraction. He will be given insight into the closely guarded life of the French family, and he will be shown the origin of some of the wide differences which divide the French and the English. I hope that the reception of *The Thibaults* will be sufficiently encouraging for the publishers to issue the remaining volumes, for it is a distinguished book, with far more real romance in it than most French novels.

A STRONG contrast to this is provided by the novel of action translated from the German under the title *Through a Lens Darkly* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). The author, Franz Seldte, is Minister of Labour in Herr Hitler's first Cabinet, and he is Founder and President of the Steelhelmet League. His war novel is, like most war novels, largely autobiographical, and deals with the taking of photographs, for the purposes of propaganda, on various fronts. But, unlike most war novels, this is the work of a man who, if he did not actually enjoy the war, found in it an outlet for great natural energy and ability. The nature revealed is a curious mixture of competence and simplicity, self-reliance and boisterous sociability, credulity and suspicion—not an attractive nature, but common enough, perhaps, in courageous, ambitious, restless men, who are willing to sacrifice everyone, including themselves, to the Cause to which they are, at any given moment, devoted.

I suppose that the first thing to be said about *Thursby* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is that it represents Mr. Geoffrey Moss's most ambitious effort. Its great length, its careful construction, and the pains which the publishers have spent on its production, all unite in interceding for our serious attention. Not all these pleas are of equal validity. The length, for instance, is excessive. It is partly attained by constant reiteration of certain aspects of the hero's temperament, and this over-emphasis tends to make him a tedious instead of an interesting character. The climax, again, though early envisaged by the reader as a possibility, will have been discarded by him before long on the ground of strong, inherent improbability. It causes surprise, as a climax should; but not the right type of surprise. Lastly, the novelist and his characters, almost without exception, are distressingly sentimental. But the book holds the attention through its 420 packed pages, and it does possess, thanks to the author's earnestness and his knowledge of his craft, a good measure of solidity.

A Spatter of Blood

"Death by Request": *by Romilly and K. John*
(Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.)

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. John have produced a very pretty mystery, and presented it in style. They make the reader use his brains, for much of the reasoning is extremely close; but they are probably aiming at a rather high class of reader, and they are probably right. To read thrillers is now, it appears, the accepted relaxation of weary Titans. The authors' mesh is so fine that not many mistakes get through it. But wouldn't the sound of running water, heard through the open bathroom door, have deterred Mrs. Fairfax instead of reassuring her?

Robert Hichens

"Under London": *by Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell*
(Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.)

THOSE readers who recollect that amusing yarn, *The Broken Men,* will expect a neatness and deftness of touch which they will not find here. *Under London*, a tale of Limehouse and the dope traffic, is steep in conception and flat in execution. Something has gone wrong with this collaboration. The authors do better work apart.

"The Paradine Case": *by Robert Hichens* (Benn, 7s. 6d.)

MR. HICHENS'S account of the death of Colonel Paradine, V.C., is as long as three ordinary novels, and indisputably should have been sweated before entering the arena. But, unlike many long novels, this one justifies length. To support the tremendous and growing climax of its last 200 pages, a broad foundation is essential; and the reader, if he finds the first half of the book slow and wordy, can rest assured that he is not dawdling in vain. *The Paradine Case* is one of the best novels Mr. Hichens has ever written. Thanks to the solidity of its construction, it stands amid its contemporaries with the same durable air as the County Hall shows to its ramshackle neighbours in Lambeth. Its size and strength are typical of the builder. Mr. Hichens is still describing the London of 1905; he seems to be unaware that any changes have taken place, but it would perhaps be rash to assume that he is as blind as he appears to be.

Few contemporary novelists are better equipped than Mr. James Hilton. He has a wide knowledge of the world and of mankind, a real and not a theatrical sense of the dramatic, a feeling for names, an almost too insistent notion of form, and a remarkable gift of narration. *Knight Without Armour* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) is practically pure narrative. Such books are rare nowadays. Miss Willa Cather and

(*Continued on page* 103)

The Birth *of*

LET us hope that the boycott bogy is dead: it has recently been subjected to murderous attack. The infant British film industry feebly wailing that America would not show its products from spite or jealousy was pitiful and rather ridiculous. The truth is that any film renter anywhere in the world will book the film which is going to bring people into the cinema theatre and make money irrespective of its origin, and, in the past, English studios had not the equipment, the technicians or the money to turn out pictures which could compete in the world markets with the products of America's highly organised output. Let us admit that film-making in England is only now emerging from the nursery stage. This seems to me to make the present activities of the British studios the more interesting.

Among the best English films the standard is now reasonably high, and it must be remembered that the American pictures we see over here are selected from among *their* best.

In the process of building up the enormous and specialised business of film production in America the world was combed for the best available talent: directors and cameramen were imported from Germany, "stars" from every country in Europe, even including England, and it naturally followed that, as the industry gained momentum, it became more and more magnetic to the talented, beautiful and ambitious. Something of the sort is beginning to happen in England now. Lists of executives and players in the more ambitious English productions have almost as international a flavour as those of American programmes. And there can no longer be any doubt about the efficiency of equipment. The Gaumont British Studios at Shepherd's Bush include everything that could be included, and one of their sound studios is the largest in Europe. Their programme is commensurate with their mechanical potentialities. As a student of prospectuses I do not agree that "figures cannot lie," but it is of some interest to know that Gaumont British propose to spend a million pounds in 1933 on film production and they naturally expect to get their money back—and a little over!

They started well, for the first picture to emerge from the new studios was "Rome Express," which jolted the English press and public out of apathetic acceptance of home-made products in the same way that the sudden appearance of a real *sauce piquante*

THE new sound stage at Sound City, Shepperton

THE music lesson scene from "Bitter Sweet," which is being filmed at Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire. Anna Neagle as Sara Millick and Fernand Graavey as Carl Linden, the music teacher

a Nation?

Films are a Commodity, and if the English are a Nation of Shopkeepers they should produce marketable pictures

By Sydney Tremayne

EVELYN LAYE as Rosalind in "Waltz Time," a musical production on a grand scale produced at the Shepherd's Bush Studios by Gaumont British

IVOR NOVELLO in a scene from "Love and Let Love." An exceptional still with suggestive dramatic and pictorial content which gives an idea of the progress in British film technique

HAROLD HUTH and D. A. Clark Smith in a scene from "The Ghoul," in which Boris Karloff plays the chief part. The night scenes were shot at Shepperton

in a bill of fare usually confined to boiled mutton and caper sauce or "railway" fish and ketchup might affect a *bona-fide* and long-suffering traveller. "Rome Express" has also won plaudits and is making big money in America.

At the moment there are nine pictures in the process of making by the Gaumont British Corporation, among them "The Ghoul," in which the redoubtable master of, or slave to, make-up, Boris Karloff, is starred; "Waldstein," an adaptation by A. P. Herbert of Strauss's opera "Die Fledermaus," directed by Thiele, with Evelyn Laye, looking lovely and singing Hellenically, in the chief part, and Gina Malo and Fritz Shulz in the cast; and "Love and Let Love," directed by Anatol Litwak.

In "Love and Let Love" Ivor Novello exploits the profile and charm which are his, as a sleeping-car attendant in a variant of the rôle of the sailor with a sweetheart in every port, since he has a girl friend at every station, to say nothing of enamoured ladies in every carriage on the train!

Madeleine Carroll, who has a three-year contract with Gaumont British, is the lady who matters most to the fascinating car attendant, and is, possibly, going to matter quite a lot to the picture-going public. Laddie Cliff, Ray Hammond and Claud Allister, who translates a French Count into the English "silly ass" idiom, are also in this picture.

GAUMONT BRITISH seem rather addicted to railway romance. Some of the sequences in "Love and Let Love" were actually made in the Gare de l'Ouest, Paris, and others ingeniously contrived in the studio. For instance, in one shot the train on which the lover (unwillingly) rode away was actually stationary and the illusion of movement created by the heroine running on a revolving platform.

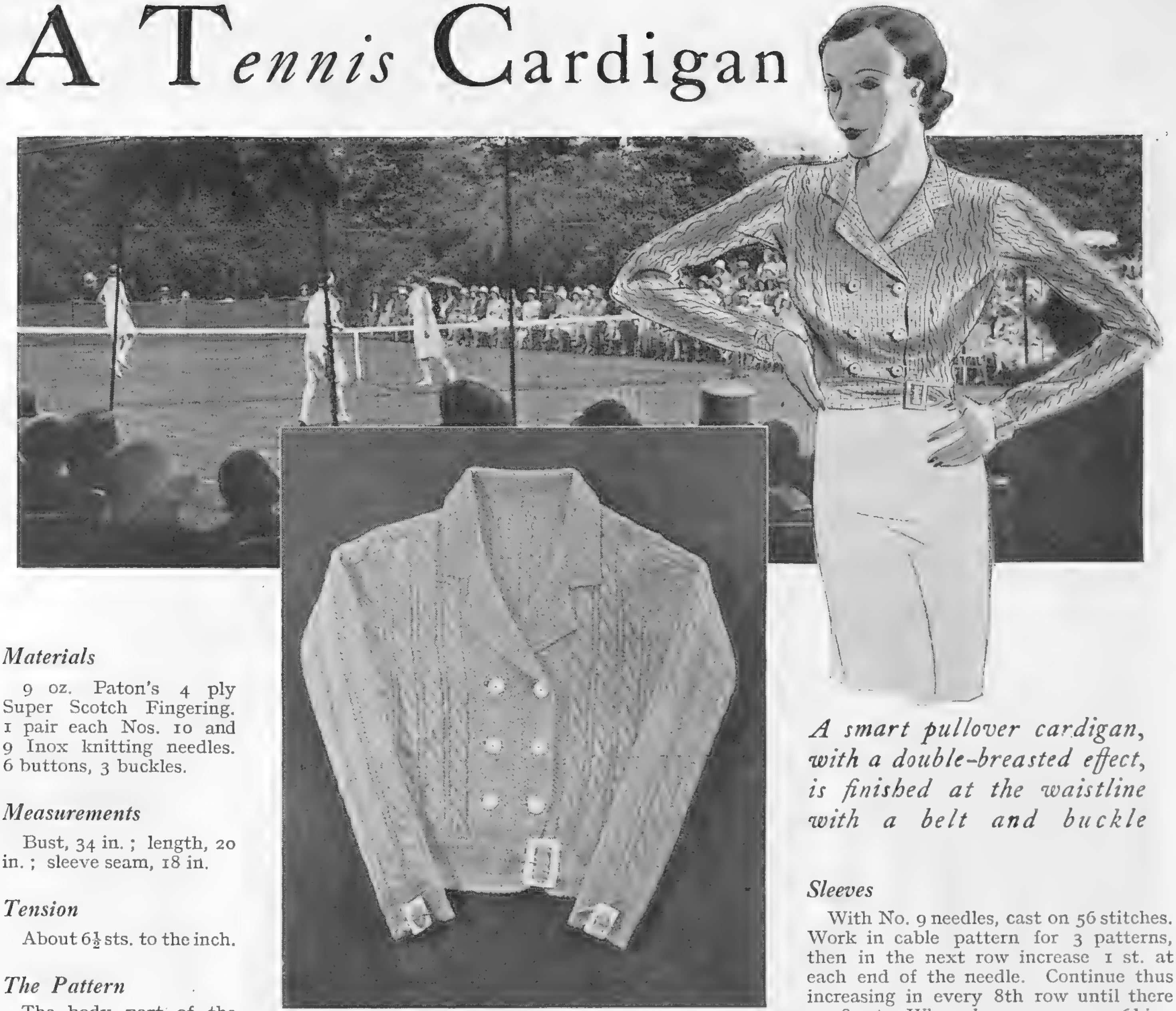
AT Elstree they are making a film of "Bitter Sweet." One gathers, from the defensive attitude of British film magnates, that the fact of "Cavalcade" having been made in America is a sore point. The explanation is that it was a vastly expensive picture: the American market was assured to a Hollywood production and problematical for an English picture. The Coward trail having been blazed, there is certainly a chance that "Bitter Sweet" will achieve an international appeal.

One of the most interesting of the smaller but most virile of English production units is Sound City at Shepperton. They are not yet on the grand scale represented by Gaumont British, British International Pictures and their auxiliary companies, but four years ago the nucleus of this company was working in a small office with a leaking glass roof in the Earl's Court Road, and to-day they are established at Lyttleton Park, have a perfectly equipped new sound studio, many acres of typically English parkland, orchards, a river and the manor house, to facilitate the taking of out-of-doors sequences without the necessity to "go on location."

What is perhaps even more important, there are people at Sound City with ideas, originality and courage. They are prepared to find and "make" new stars and new themes and their independence is already receiving recognition. They have a contract with the extremely astute Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, and some of their productions, "The Gilded Cage" and "Doss House," may have been shown

(*Continued on page* 103)

A *Tennis* Cardigan



A smart pullover cardigan, with a double-breasted effect, is finished at the waistline with a belt and buckle

Materials

9 oz. Paton's 4 ply Super Scotch Fingering. 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 9 Inox knitting needles. 6 buttons, 3 buckles.

Measurements

Bust, 34 in. ; length, 20 in. ; sleeve seam, 18 in.

Tension

About 6½ sts. to the inch.

The Pattern

The body part of the cardigan is worked in cable stitch and double moss stitch, details of which are as follows :

Cable Pattern : 1st row.—K. 1, * P. 2, K. 6, P. 2, K. 1, repeat from * to end. 2nd row.—K. 3, * P. 6, K. 5, repeat from * to last 9 sts. P. 6, K. 3.

Repeat these 2 rows twice. 7th row.—K. 1, * P. 2, slip the next 3 sts. on to a spare needle, place them in front of the work, knit the next 3 sts., place the needle containing the 3 slipped stitches to back of work, and knit these 3 sts. (these last 6 sts. form the cable) P. 2, K. 1, repeat from * to end. 8th row.—As 2nd.

These 8 rows form the cable pattern which is repeated throughout.

Double Moss Stitch : This is made by knitting 2, purling 2 alternately throughout. Every row starts K.2, as the number of stitch is not divisible by 4.

The Back

With No. 9 needles cast on 111 sts. Work in cable pattern for 10 inches. Shape for armhole by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then in the next and each alternate row, knit together the first and last 2 sts. of the row, until 89 sts. remain. Continue without further decreasing until work measures 16½ inches. Shape for shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 10 rows. Cast off the remaining 29 sts.

The Left Front

With No. 9 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work 26 sts. in double moss stitch, then 44 sts. in cable pattern, omitting the K. 1 at the beginning of the row and starting with P. 2. The second row (cable pattern) will thus end K. 2, instead of K. 3, and the moss stitch will commence with K. 2. When 10 inches have been done, cast off 6 sts. at the armhole edge, work in pattern to the end. Next row.—In pattern. Next row.—K. 2 tog., K. in pattern to end. Repeat last 2 rows 4 times more (59 sts.).

When 13 inches have been done, shape the lapel by knitting 2 together at the neck edge, at the beginning and end of every row, until the whole of the 26 moss stitch border has been decreased. In the next row, at the armhole edge, cast off 6 sts., work in pattern to last 2, K. 2 tog. Next row.—In pattern. Repeat last 2 rows twice. Cast off 6, work in pattern to end. Next row in pattern. Cast off 6.

The Right Front

This is worked exactly the same as the left front, but reversing the border edge, and of course the armhole shapings. Buttonholes are made in the 7th and 8th rows of the 2nd, 5th and 8th patterns. Work as follows—In double moss stitch, K. 4, cast off 4, K. 10, cast off 4, K. 4. In the next row, cast on 4 over the stitches cast off in the previous row.

Sleeves

With No. 9 needles, cast on 56 stitches. Work in cable pattern for 3 patterns, then in the next row increase 1 st. at each end of the needle. Continue thus increasing in every 8th row until there are 82 sts. When sleeve measures 16½ in., shape for top by casting off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

Collar

With No. 10 needles, cast on 30 sts., work in double moss stitch, casting on 4 sts. at the beginning of every row until there are 86 sts. Work on these sts. for 1½ inches. Cast off very loosely.

Cuffs

Cast on 10 sts. Work in double moss stitch for 7½ inches, shape end by knitting 2 tog. at the beginning of every row until 2 remain. Cast off.

Belt

With No. 10 needles, cast on 18 sts. Work in double moss stitch for 36 inches. Shape for end by casting off 1 st. at the beginning of each row.

To Make Up

Press lightly with damp cloth and hot iron. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams.

Sew collar on to coat. Sew buckle on to cuff band and pull pointed end through. Sew cuff bands to sleeve.

Sew belt to lower edge of coat, sewing buckle on left side. Pull extra length of belt on right side through buckle.

What I have Bought this Month

Right:

ONLY two nails are needed to secure these racks, for one is suspended from the other. Dustproof, they are made in rustless steel enamelled in colour. From 2/11 to 12/11

Below:

THIS curved handle means easier brushing. Half a crown buys the brush in any colour. The long-broomed scrubbing-brush is armed with a squeegee to suck away the dirt. 2/6

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply

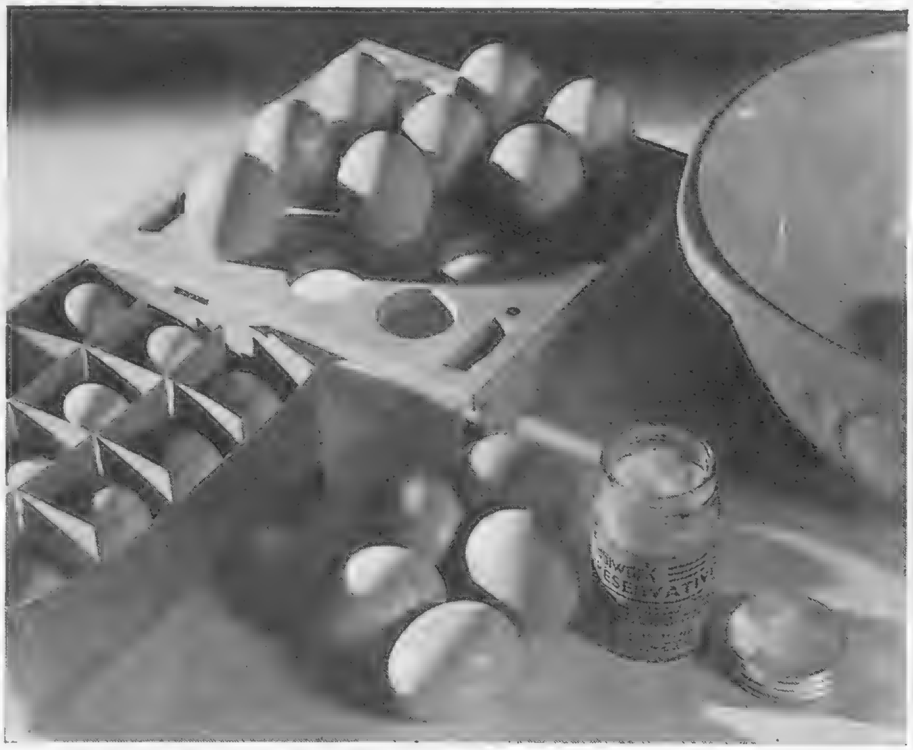
Right:

THIS gay-coloured metal rack supports by hooks the kitchen's three essential brushes; one to clean vegetables, one to scour pots, and one to clean out the sink. Price 2/6 complete

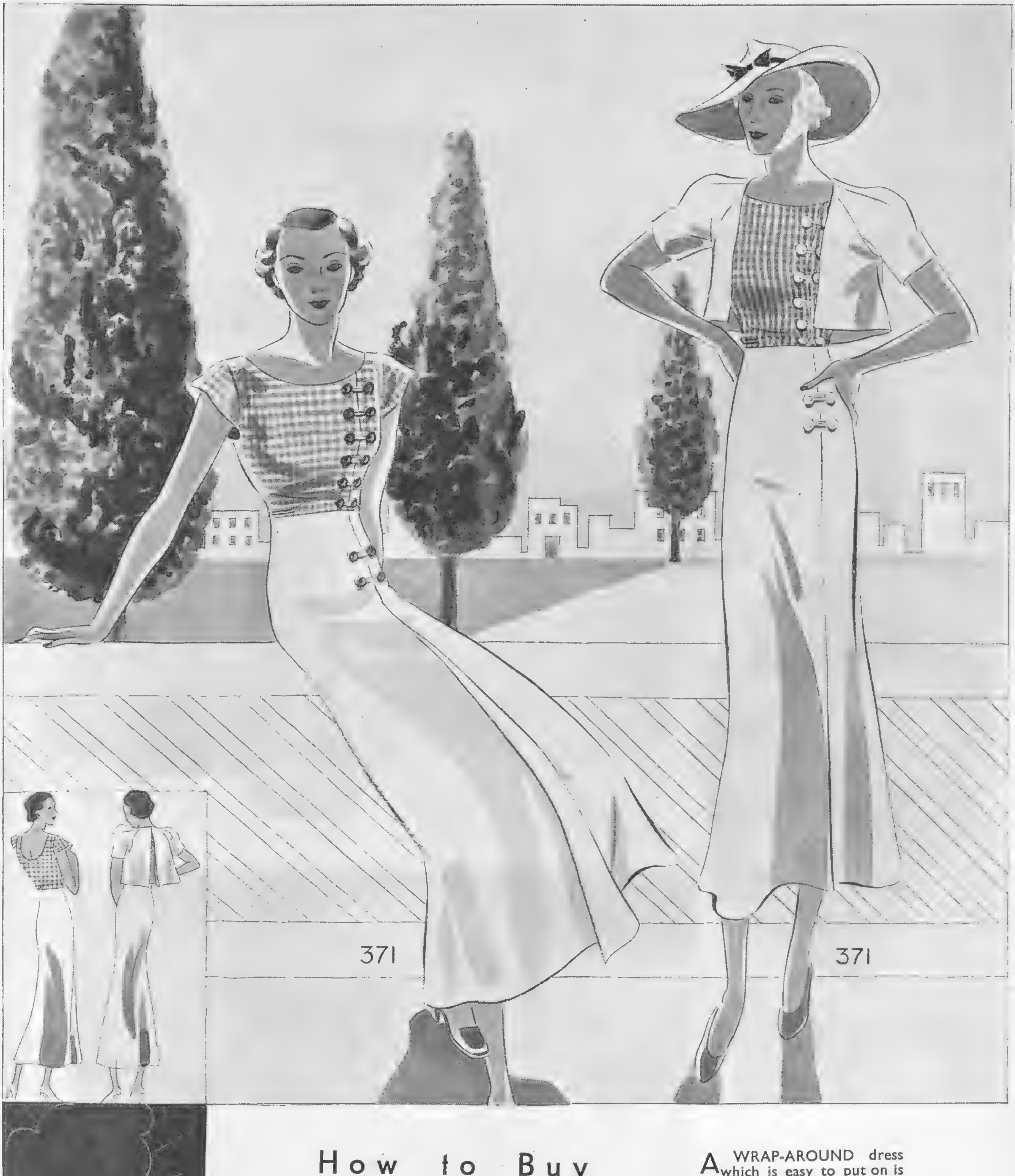
SHOE-CLEANING is a simple business with this new inclined polishing cabinet. Very light, it stands two feet high and contains shelves to hold the creams and brushes. Paintable, price 5/6

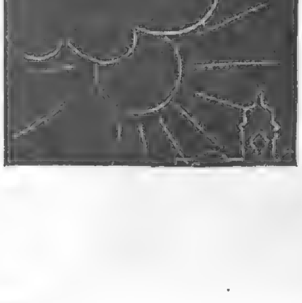
Right:

NO more steeping eggs in waterglass. The very latest egg preservative is a paste to be smeared on. Two-and-threepence buys sufficient to keep six hundred eggs new laid for a year



OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE



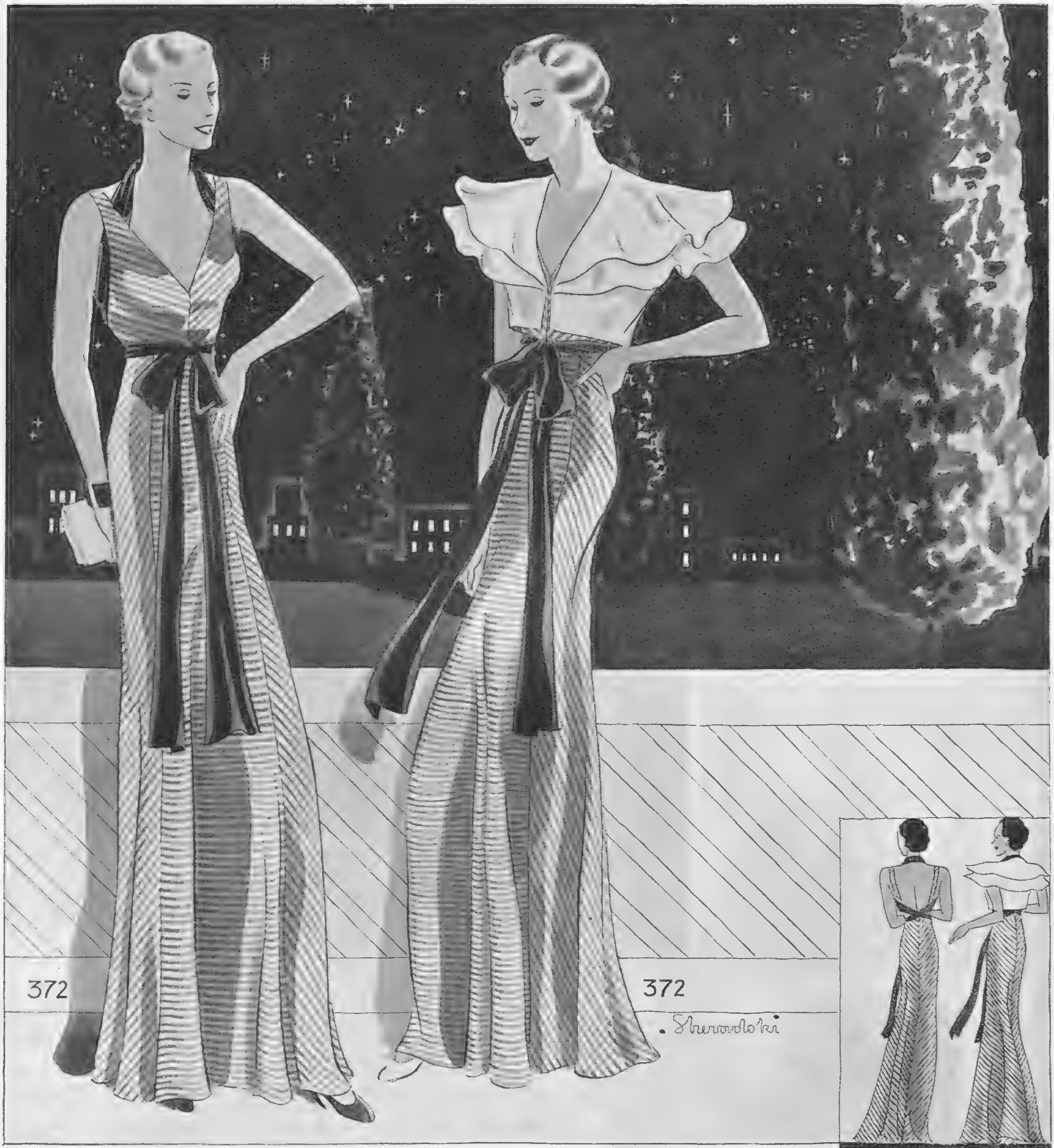


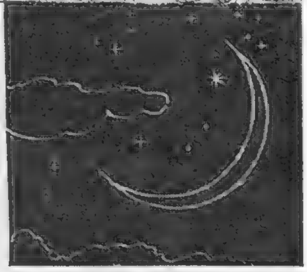
How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

A WRAP-AROUND dress which is easy to put on is essential for the bathing season. It is also very easy to iron. This one is made of plain and checked gingham and is fastened by a double row of buttons. Its jaunty little coat has raglan sleeves with darts in them and a box pleat at the back to make it swing out. 4½ yards of plain material is required and 1¼ of the checked. Price 1/6

FOR the HOME DRESSMAKER





Summer ENSEMBLES

A SUMMER evening gown and matching coat would be inexpensive but most effective if carried out in blue and white striped zephyr and white piqué. The dress is cut on slimming lines and is tied by a long dark blue sash. 4¾ yards of striped zephyr is required. The coat of white piqué has no sleeves, but a double shoulder cape cut rather full makes a charming finish. 2¼ yards of material is required. Price 1/6

Out-of-Door Cookery

Recipes for Picnics and the Camp Fire

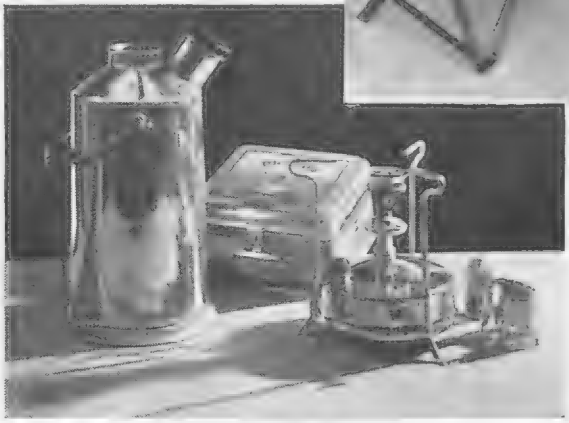
By A. H. Adair

THE names and addresses of firms from whom the picnic accessories shown on this page can be obtained will be sent on request. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

THE pleasures of life in the open, of camping and hiking with care-free picnic meals, do not come only from beautiful scenery and good companions. There are the practical details which must play their part, for the ultimate fate of our holiday depends very largely on the successful management of such everyday matters as food and drink.

It is, of course, true that impromptu catering has been greatly simplified by the great variety of tinned foods which can be bought anywhere, but there are many pleasant ways of changing our diet with freshly cooked dishes which can be prepared in a very short time over the simplest of spirit-lamps.

For people camping with a caravan or travelling with motor-car and tents, the catering question is a very simple one. They have probably enough equipment to enable them to cook more or less anything they fancy, excepting perhaps roasts, but there are endless varieties of stews which once started more or less cook themselves. But for those who travel really "light," the number of dishes which can be cooked is necessarily restricted to really simple things, the ingredients of which can be collected anywhere on the way. Eggs, haddock and kippers, chops and steaks all come under this heading, and, with an occasional vegetable dish, salads and fresh fruit will provide a pleasant, welcome change necessary both to health and enjoyment.



THE most improbable fuel, such as old newspaper or dried grass, will boil this invaluable "Volcano" kettle, price 12/6. A "Primus" stove is essential for every full-fledged picnic. Price 10/6

TO change from usual picnic fare, a delicious three-course meal can be served as crisp and hot as just-cooked food from this Thermos food-container, which costs 88/6

Scrambled Eggs with Ham

Take a few slices of cooked ham, cut them into small pieces and put them in a hot frying-pan in which you melt a small piece of butter. Cook the ham for a few seconds, only just enough to make it hot, and then drop in the eggs, two for each person. Stir the eggs vigorously with a fork so that they are well broken, add salt and pepper and cook as slowly as possible, stirring all the time until the eggs are done. If available, a few drops of tomato or some other sauce are an improvement.

Kidneys Sautés with Bacon

When you buy the kidneys, ask the butcher to remove the fine skin which surrounds them and which is not very easy to remove without a sharp, pointed knife. Take a rasher of streaky bacon and one or two (according to size) kidneys for each person. Cut the rashers into cubes and fry these with a little butter or other fat until slightly browned. Add the kidneys cut into small pieces and cook for a few minutes. Kidneys should not be cooked too much; three to five minutes is usually all that is required. Push all the meat away to the sides of the pan, and in the centre cook some tomatoes cut in halves. Season with salt and pepper and eat while very hot.

THE "Tent" chair is a most comfortable seat, and can be folded into a stout stick. It costs 18/6. The firm and good-sized table, with implements for a full meal for four, folds up into a slim suitcase, and costs 90/-

Braised Mutton Chops

Put a piece of butter or dripping in a saucepan, melt it and then add, for each person, two potatoes and half an onion cut into small pieces, adding salt and pepper. Cook this until the vegetables are browned and then clear a space in the middle of the pan in which to put, one by one, your chops. Brown them on both sides, putting each one out of the way when done until they have all been browned. Now re-arrange the contents of the pan, making a bed of the vegetables with the chops on top. Add a teacupful of cold water, put the lid on the saucepan and cook for half an hour to forty minutes with the lid on all the time, and shaking the pan occasionally.

Cornish Raw Fry

Melt some butter or dripping in a frying-pan and put in onions, potatoes and turnips peeled and cut into thin slices; add a good deal of salt and pepper and fry, stirring the vegetables until they are all gently

(*Continued on page* 96)

On Salads

How *to* prepare *and* *vary* the raw *green* stuffs *which* are *more* than *ever* necessary during *the* summer months

By A. H. Adair

SALADS should be divided into two classes: the plain green salad, and then all kinds of mixed ones which can be made with a great variety of ingredients, dressed and seasoned according to taste.

The result we aim for in a plain salad is the fresh, crisp taste of the lettuce or whatever green stuff we are using, and it is a great mistake to mix lettuce with a complicated salad, though we can line a bowl with crisp leaves before filling it with a mixture. A plain salad should be served with a roast and never with a dish which has a thick sauce, for this again would destroy the freshness of the leaves, turning them into a sodden and tasteless pulp, killing also the delicious, subtle flavour which is one of the charms of green salad.

Plain Green Salad

Remove carefully all outside and withered leaves, break the good inside part into small pieces and throw them into a bowl of cold water. Wash them well, but do not leave them in the water for longer than five minutes; when they are removed, shake well and dry in a clean cloth. Put the leaves into a large salad bowl, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and if available some finely chopped spring onions or chives. Now put a pinch of salt and some pepper into the salad-serving spoon, fill it with vinegar and dissolve the salt. Sprinkle this over the salad, then add two spoonfuls of olive oil. Turn the salad over several times with the spoon and fork so that the dressing is well mixed.

NOTE.—If you eat a lot of green salad do not throw away the outside leaves. When you have a sufficient quantity, wash them in cold water and throw them into a saucepan of boiling salted water. Cook them until they are soft, strain them and chop them coarsely. Mixed with a little butter, salt and pepper, this cooked salad makes an excellent luncheon dish with poached or fried eggs placed on top.

Egg and Tomato Salad

Have ready some hard-boiled eggs, shelled and cold, and meanwhile put some tomatoes into boiling water for a minute so that they can be easily skinned. Cut the eggs and tomatoes into neat thin rounds and place them alternately down the centre of a long, narrow dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour some Heinz salad dressing into the dish on either side of the eggs. If a round dish is being used, arrange the eggs and tomatoes neatly round the dish in rows, leaving a space in the centre for the dressing, over which in any case a little finely chopped parsley should be sprinkled.

Salade Créole

Line a flat bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, washed and dried and sprinkled with salt and pepper. Then put a row of skinned tomatoes cut into rounds, then a row of bananas cut into pieces about an eighth of an inch thick. Repeat these rows until the bowl is full, sprinkle with salt and pepper and finely chopped onion and serve Heinz salad dressing separately in a sauce boat.

Luncheon Salad

Line a large salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves prepared as for the preceding recipe. Fill the bowl with a mixed salad such as tomato, potato, spring onion, chopped anchovies, well mixed and seasoned with salad dressing, and decorate the top of the salad with a few nasturtium flowers, which are delicious to eat as well as being very decorative.

Pineapple Salad

Line a bowl with lettuce leaves in the usual way and put in a mixture of pineapple finely chopped, cubes of tomato peeled and with the pips removed, and finely chopped onion. Season with salt and pepper and cover with Heinz salad dressing.

Pineapple Salad—Another Way

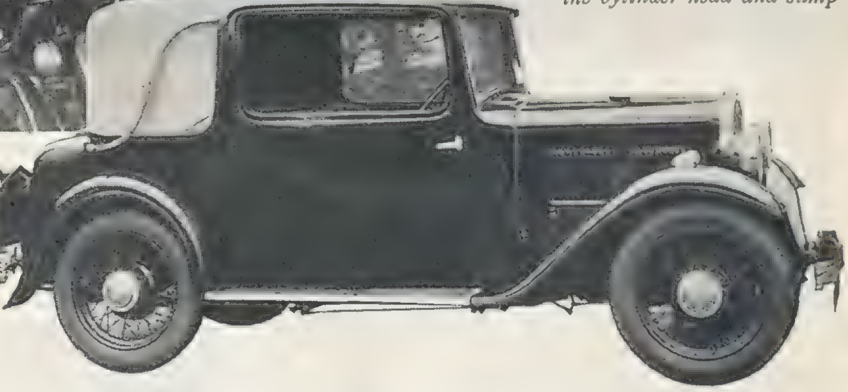
Take some cubes of pineapple, dry them well and put them in a bowl, or arrange them on individual salad plates, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and garnish with lettuce leaves. Make a dressing with a tablespoonful of cream, a squeeze of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce well mixed together. The cubes of pineapple should be covered with the dressing.

Salade Germaine

This is one of the few salads for which a mixture of lettuce and vegetables is good. Take the heart of a lettuce well washed and dried, and mix it with some cold cooked green peas (a handful of green peas and one lettuce heart for two people). Sprinkle with chopped parsley and spring onion, also a little finely chopped nuts. Season with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper as for plain green salad.

MOLTEN iron is poured in a liquid state into the moulds for casting cylinder blocks. A complete engine block is cast in one process, lacking only the cylinder head and sump

"ALLOCATED." More cars than ever Olympia held. New Austin models ready for delivery. The factory is capable of turning out as many as 350 cars per day



A NEW Austin Model. This attractive Cabriolet has just been added to the Austin Ten-Four range. The commendable features are wide doors and a commodious rear luggage compartment. Having ample accommodation for four persons, this model at £168 should appeal to a wide motoring public

The Home *of* Every *Fourth* Car

The Great *Austin* Works *at* Longbridge

By The Earl *of* Cardigan

I WONDER whether other people read their advertisements—the interesting ones—as carefully as I do? If so, they must be aware of at least some of the claims which are made for Austin cars.

One, which always intrigues my imagination, is the statement that out of every four cars running on the roads of this country one at least is an Austin. Another (which perhaps provides an explanation for the first) is that the keynote of every Austin car is its dependability. This latter contention is made with such frequency and force that it is almost difficult to quote it in a merely casual manner. "*Austins are Dependable!*"—See how the capital letters, the italics and the exclamation mark all seem to be natural and proper.

With this in mind, when I paid a recent visit to the Austin works, I did not merely ask to have a general look round. In a giant factory which contains no less than 5,500 machines for the construction of motor car parts; which employs 14,000 people, and which is capable of turning out its finished products, in 200 different models and varieties, at the rate of two cars every minute, it is a sheer waste of time to attempt to see everything at once.

Perhaps rather boldly, I commenced my investigations with the enquiry: "Is it a fact that Austins are Dependable?"

"It is a fact," they assured me gravely.

"Do you claim that they are more Dependable than other cars?"

"We do."

"Why?"

At this, I was at once hustled off for a demonstration of Dependability in the making. Before very long, my mind was reeling under a stream of facts and figures, of which I can only hope to pass on a few.

EVERY Austin car, naturally, starts its life as a lump or bar of metal. Even in this state, however, it is subjected to very careful tests, designed to make absolutely certain that the quality of the metal is up to the strict requirements of Austin engineers. Very commonly, a small punch, or fragment of diamond—the hardest known material—is driven into it under a specific pressure. The result is a slight dent or depression in the metal—and by the depth of this depression the hardness and resistance of the metal may be gauged. From the first, therefore, a definite standard of excellence can be ensured.

For the rest, reliability is built into each car through the careful and painstaking methods used in its production. Austin engines, like nearly all others nowadays, have to run at very high speeds; but exceptional care is taken to see that all moving parts receive the highest "finish" possible. An Austin aluminium piston, for example, is given an exterior surface so highly polished as to feel like satin to the touch. One almost wonders how anything so wonderfully smooth can require the aid of lubrication!

How is this achieved? By taking a diamond—yes, a real diamond—and using it in the turning process. "Of course," said my guide airily, "we use up quite a lot of diamonds in

(*Continued on page* 96)

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ICH DIEN
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DUNLOP
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MADE IN ENGLAND
DISTINGUISHED

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PALE ALE
WHITBREAD
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Here's Health!

All the world over Whitbread's Pale Ale retains its brilliancy, delicate flavour and exhilarating tone. It can be iced or served at any desired temperature. It represents British Pale Ale in its most delicate and attractive form.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

Issued by Whitbread & Co., Ltd., Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. I.P.S.

Those Bandits!

Concerning *the* Wise Motorist's *rôle* of Good *Samaritan*

By The Earl of Cardigan

TIMES must be hard nowadays for lorry-hoppers and for those walkers who rely upon getting occasional lifts in motor-cars. The average motorist is suffering from a bad attack of banditphobia, and shows a marked reluctance to pull up, even for the most innocent and obviously guileless of pedestrians.

Some precaution is, no doubt, very necessary; for it must be recognised that during recent years there have been several instances of motorists being attacked and robbed. It is desirable, none the less, to preserve some sense of proportion, and it is manifestly absurd, on a clear open road, to whizz past the solitary aged man whose one desire is to be spared the five-mile tramp into the nearest town. This kind of thing is constantly being done—presumably from some vague notion that the ancient may be a desperado cunningly disguised.

At heart, I imagine that most motorists feel, as I do, that it is both wasteful and unsociable to drive alone in a four-seater car while there are decent-looking citizens less fortunately placed, pining to occupy a few feet of vacant space. It is very little trouble to pull up for a few seconds; and such people, in my experience, are invariably grateful, even when it is only possible to take them a bare mile or two on their way.

Apart from those of manifestly dubious cleanliness, there is only one type of pedestrian for whom I can never bring myself to stop. This is the man who waits on a long, straight stretch of road with perhaps a slight downhill slope. He sees me coming at a good 50 m.p.h., but he makes no move until I am exactly level with him. Then he "flags" me, and I am expected either to pull up with great violence, or else to draw up quietly and wait for several minutes while he trots after me. He means well, I suppose, but his procedure is so stupid and annoying that I lose all patience with him.

It goes very much against the grain, however, to refuse a lift to others, and one is inclined to ask whether, after all, the activities of the road "bandit" have not been very much exaggerated. In many cases, I have no doubt at all, attacks have been ascribed to a mythical hooligan which, in fact, have been capable of much simpler and less spectacular explanation.

I REMEMBER, for instance, great excitement being caused in a certain district by a brick being flung at the driver of a motor-coach. All the passengers were convinced that an attempt had been made to intimidate and rob them, and the driver himself was not disposed to undeceive them. The truth? If my information is correct—and I believe it is—the so-called "bandit" was merely an outraged husband. The driver was a philanderer, harmless or otherwise, and the brick was intended as a protest against his activities.

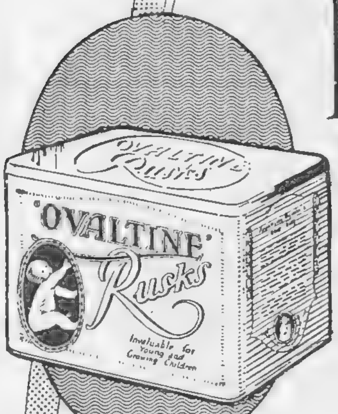
In another case an attack was made by a motor-cyclist upon the owner of a garage. I forget now the rights and wrongs of this case, but a terrific fight resulted, and again *cherchez la femme* was the clue to the whole affair. The general public naturally did not know this at the time, and for weeks and months afterwards the district rang with the supposed doings of the local "bandit." Every incident on the neighbouring roads, for which no better explanation could be found, was laid automatically to his account.

One cannot, of course, deny that, every now and then, a genuine attack on motorists is made. Such incidents are relatively rare; but, while they occur at all, some wariness on the part of drivers is both natural and inevitable. The point which arises is—how to distinguish between the respectable pedestrian and the occasional "wolf in sheep's clothing"?

It is a good rule, in the first place, to be very chary of stopping after dark. The great majority of ordinary pedestrians cease their wanderings at sunset, and the night walker, therefore, incurs some *prima facie* suspicion. Even cases of road "accidents" are not always what they seem, and should be treated as dubious in the absence of clear evidence as to their reality. The "faked" accident can be best exposed by driving straight on to the nearest village and returning with the local constable. To adopt this course is obviously better than to ignore completely an appeal for aid which may conceivably be genuine.

During the day there should seldom be any doubt as to the intentions of a person asking for a lift. While pulling up one has the opportunity to study the looks, manner and general appearance of the individual concerned, and also to assure oneself that he or she has no surreptitious companion. It must be remembered that

(*Continued on p.* 102)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THE first little tooth has come peeping through. Other precious baby teeth will follow, and all must be kept strong and healthy to ensure a perfect set of sound, permanent teeth later on.

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APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R.85.

In the Dark *of the* Moon

(*Continued from page* 61)

of young man as ever should inherit a rich man's farms. I'll speak for your innocence an' purity—not being able to see as any right-minded woman would ever help you lose 'em—but you aren't going to be a horse-theft-preventing hero at no expense of mine! So put that in your pipe an' smoke it!"

"Order!" roared his Honour. Dutch sat down. The Overseer continued his testimony.

"I was riding home along the river when I happened to see a horse . . ."

"Sherlock Holmes hisself," cried Dutch. "The horses was in the lane so thick he couldn't get past 'em without bumping 'em!"

"The prisoner will later answer a charge of contempt of court," said the Judge.

"Next minute I saw a number of horses concealed in the foliage and recognised them as Mr. Falkner's thoroughbreds. The tramp and his dog had been driving them away . . ."

"Oh, strike me pink!" shrieked Dutch.

He finally reached the stand himself, filled with the righteous ire of self-defence.

"It seems there's no place in this world for the old," he said. "No rest for old bones. . . . Here was me dog and me minding our own business——"

"Will you please tell the Court what your business is in this valley?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

DUTCH opened his lips, and as he did so his bleared and reddened eye swept the room. Eloquence died in the tangled recesses of his tobacco-stained beard. He gave a feeble, gurgling sound and was still: even his fertile brain proving unequal to telling, at such short notice, a single story likely to be satisfying to the unpleasant number of charitable ladies assembled in the courtroom. "That's a most embarrassing kind of a question now. I would rather not answer that," he said uncomfortably. "Me business was of a terrible *private* nature."

The prosecutor whirled to the Judge.

"I depose, your Honour, that this man is an impostor and a liar. That he has been trading upon the tenderness and compassion of the innocent wives and mothers of this fair valley." He swished denunciatively back to face Dutch. "Have you not been living for the past three months upon the kindly charity of the local women?"

Dutch smiled with an attempt at unconcerned sentiment. "Many of the fair ladies of this valley have helped an old man's feet a little way along the road . . ." he admitted.

"It is a pity," said the prosecutor, "that they didn't help your feet right out of the district—but what we want to know is what you *told* these trusting and compassionate women? Is it not true that you represented yourself variously as an aged man driven from home, a bereaved husband seeking the grave of his faithless wife, an erring son trying to earn the money to return to his aged mother in England, and a sinner seeking to make his peace with God by pilgrimage?"

Dutch pressed one foot with the other, displaying the somewhat appealing condition of his boots. He had the grace to blush. From the courtroom seven pairs of recently sympathetic feminine eyes regarded him with growing astonishment and dawning doubt.

"Aren't even a man's private griefs sacred?" he asked bitterly.

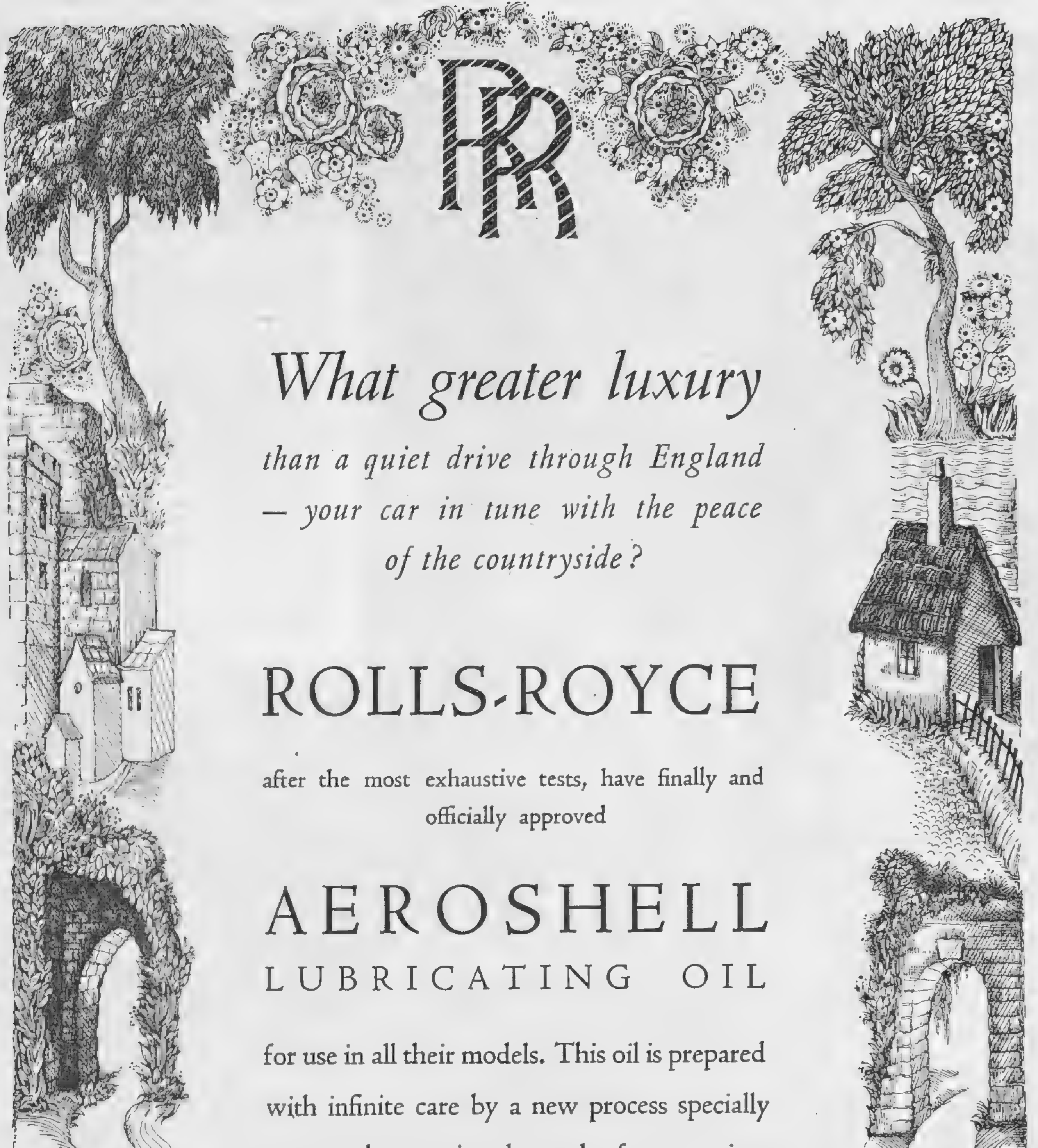
"Shall we call upon the ladies to repeat the stories?" asked the prosecutor.

Dutch had little shame in his make-up, but wide blue eyes and tender brown and motherly grey and romantic black were all upon him. He stood up hastily.

"No. No. We won't do that," he said. "I didn't have no business in your blanky valley, and I wish I'd never seen it!"

"You see?" said the prosecutor. "I think we have had a demonstration of the reliability of this man's testimony. Now, Mr. Falkner's overseer clearly states that he saw the defendant driving away Mr. Falkner's priceless horses . . ."

(*Continued on page* 94)



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Lucky Jill—invited everywhere; she has seen the crisp dawn from a plane's cockpit, felt the sting of spray flung by a heeling yacht, dances late and early. Men are charmed by her vital personality, fresh with the glow which only true cleansing — the safe, scientific Wright's way, can give her. According to a recent canvass by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, Wright's Coal Tar Soap heads all brands used by doctors. It has always been a favourite for baby's delicate skin, too.

BATHE WITH A *safe* SOAP: That great authority, the Encyclopædia Britannica says, "the skin is liable to be attacked by more forms of irritation, parasitic or other, than any organ of the body," and of Coal Tar, "The pharmaceutical use of Coal Tar products takes its place in the front rank, not . . . so much because of the amount . . . of material used, which is comparatively small, but on account of its importance in the prevention and suppression of disease."

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

FOR FRESHNESS AND RADIANT HEALTH

AN hour later Dutch was in the county jail, facing a thirty-day sentence with hard labour—and a major operation.

"No," he yelled. "No! You can't cut me blanky hair! I won't be blanky well shaved! Me constitution won't stand a bath! Saps a man's strength, they do . . . Oooch! Oh, Mother of Mary!" For with merciless glee four young police troopers, with little to do, fell upon him with shears and brushes and lather. They soaped him to break down the first resistance, then they soaked him in hot water and strong suds, then, under their threats that he should never leave the unfamiliar element until he obeyed, they forced him to scrub his aged hide to an innocent pink glow. Then he went, swearing vilely, under a cold shower to be "braced." When he was dried down and dressed in a prison suit they cut his hair along smart lines and removed his beard. Then they stood him before an open window to do deep-breathing exercises. Glowing, scented, broken in spirit, they turned him loose at last, with murder in his heart. Even his finger-nails were repellently manicured, even his toenails cut.

As a final blow they put him to work at the woodheap. His woe was such that when he asked that Tug, who was howling loudly without, be admitted to the galvanised iron walled compound, the men softened their hearts. As the gates opened, the noble animal charged in with curvetings and leaps of delight, his tongue slavering welcome. He hurled himself for Dutch's chest, and, in mid-air, grew rigid with horror. For the next five minutes his actions repaid the troopers for any little trouble they had taken.

He would approach Dutch nervously at a command of the divine voice: sniff questioningly; retreat rumbling and abashed—Dutch had never smelled like this before. *It could not be Dutch!*

In one of his reconnoitres he chanced upon the flowing curls and beard, the beautiful, familiar rags, where they waited for the garbage man. He was instantly delighted and prepared to guard them with his life—until the blushing Dutch dashed at him with a faggot and drove him away.

"You'm a uncommon stupid dog!" shrieked the exasperated Dutch. "The uncommonest stupid dog I ever see!" But hours passed before Tug could believe that Dutch was really Dutch.

Only the thought of vengeance carried the aged prisoner through the thirty days of his sentence—for the young troopers insisted that he have that morning shave "that makes a man attractive to women," they made him keep his clothes laundered, because clothes mark the man, and they worked him at the woodpile until he wailed in anguish.

"What do you think I am?" cried Dutch. "A blanky circular saw?" His Halcyon Summer was ruined beyond mending.

Tug was a social success at the jail, for, while he never had much time for anyone but Dutch, he was regally open to approach in the matter of edibles, and would graciously condescend to shake hands with the donors.

The Police Force at last bade farewell to them with a squirt of heliotrope perfume over Dutch's new suit and a fine mutton bone for Tug.

Dutch moved clubfootedly away from the place of vile cleanliness. At what he considered a safe distance he stopped and began to inform the New South Wales Police Force of just what he thought of their mothers. But a young sergeant ran after him with an atomizer of lavender water and a flower for his buttonhole, and Dutch fled hobblingly round the turn of the road. Tears of rage were in his eyes.

"Like a flaming flower bed I smells!" he muttered. "Like a lady's boodoor!" Then he pointed across the green and bee-filled fields towards the Falkner Farms. "An' I got you to thank for it, Mr. Overseer!" said Dutch, shaking a clenched old fist. "For it, an' for kicking me pots in! An' you'll regret 'em both, Mr. Overseer, if it takes me blanky life!"

Tug growled in sympathy.

In the Dark *of the* Moon

THE moon had set and the long buildings of the Falkner Farms lay dark against the stars as, a few nights later, Dutch and Tug moved stealthily towards them. Scents of drying hay stole down the night. Faint noises of munching came from the barns and byres. A horse tossed its head.

Tug trembled with excitement at the venture he still did not understand, and growled almost soundlessly, deep down in his throat; he seemed a great wolf-creature of primitive night—a thing made for vengeance.

They rounded the barns. Crept along past the back of the stacks. A sudden fury of dogs greeted them from the collie pens, but a man shouted to the dogs to be still and another man said it must be a fox.

Tug and Dutch lay motionless for a while in the verdance of lucerne, then crept on, with alternate movement and pause to listen, towards the pen where the prize collie was kept.

At last they were at the wires. In the little enclosure they could dimly see the animal standing, a plumed grey shape in the starlight, a thing of regal beauty.

Dutch swore evilly and shook his fist at the abode of the distant Overseer. Then, drawing a pair of pliers from his pocket, he began to unlace the corner wiring and wrench back the netting. He worked swiftly and at last he had a hole sufficient for the passage of Tug's great body.

Reaching behind him, he grasped Tug's ruff, and dragged him forward; with a further oath he thrust the huge, savage dog into the pen of the priceless collie.

Before dawn he came back and took Tug away with him.

SOME months later they pitched camp upon the edge of a dried swamp in the far west of New South Wales. A drover's plant had clattered up and paused awhile at sundown, and now Dutch undid the newspapers he had begged from the drover's men. In one of them, "The Northern Rivers Express Post Intelligencer: Voice of Our Great Dairying District," he found what he sought.

"Ewin G. Falkner Tried for Assault upon Well-known Overseer!" he read aloud to the respectful Tug. "Overseer suffers many abrasions and expresses himself as 'outraged and astounded' . . . The cause of the rift between Mr. Falkner and his ex-employee was a somewhat unusual one. It appears that Mr. Falkner had a prize collie bitch of whose progeny he expected great things. When the heirs-apparent arrived early last week each and every one was spotted in tan and white—which, dear readers, is not a classical marking for pure-bred Scotch Collies. It seems that Mr. Falkner blamed the Overseer. All we can say is that it was pretty expensive carelessness for said well-known Overseer, as we understand that Mr. Falkner has changed his will, leaving his hundred-thousand-pound estates to the Aberdonian Society, with a special bequest for the raising of Scotch Collies. You will be incidentally pleased to hear that the spotted puppies have been adopted by neighbours, having been brought into Court as Exhibit A and appealed to various feminine hearts."

With a bit of charcoal Dutch marked the passage, then slowly folded it and put it into an envelope, which he laboriously addressed to the Overseer.

On the back he wrote: "Very respectful with the compliments of Dutch and Tug."

Putting the envelope in his pocket for mailing, Dutch looked down at Tug, sitting immense and grave in the firelight.

"You'm a uncommon stupid dog," he said. "But there's no denying as you did well for once." When he began to grill the steak—in a pan salvaged from the river mud—he put on a double allowance. "Uncommon well for once," he said approvingly. The smile of men who are vindicated passed between them.

END

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A DRESS length made from 'Celanese' is lastingly lovely because the yarn from which it is made is fine and soft and supple to an inimitable degree. . . . Fabrics made from 'Celanese' drape perfectly, wear well, and keep their matt surface or rich sheen as long as thread holds to thread. . . . Economy, too is served by 'Celanese.' No other fabrics of comparable beauty can approach those made from 'Celanese' in their welcome modesty of price.

Photo by Howard and Joan Coster.

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarn and Fabrics and Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celanese':
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by
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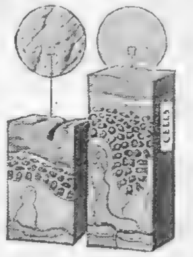
REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry-scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.
Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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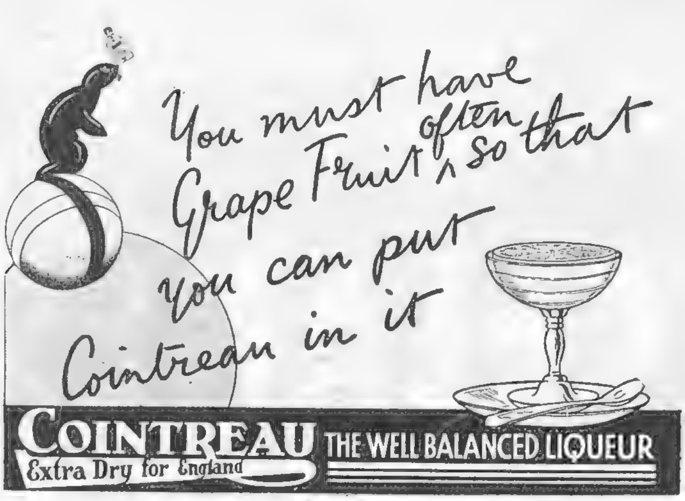
WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

From John Bell & Croyden, 50, Wigmore St., Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond St., Squire & Sons, Ltd., 413, Oxford St.; also at all branches of BOOTS, Lewis & Burrows, Heppells, and from Harrods, Army & Navy, Barker's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), and from all first-class Chemists, or direct from **GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 162k, Oxford Street, London, W.1.**


You must have Grape Fruit often so that you can put Cointreau in it
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

The Home *of* Every Fourth Car

(*Continued from page* 88)

this factory." "But," I ventured, recalling the price of such gems in the jeweller's window, "doesn't that come rather expensive?" Apparently it does—although, of course, the diamonds used are not necessarily those of the finest water. The point is that a degree of perfection is attained which, in such work, must be unsurpassed.

Austin engineers, moreover, are not content merely to turn out a product which, at the moment of delivery, is in perfect condition. They consider the future, and do their best to see that smooth-running qualities will be retained over a long period. A good example of this is seen in the use made of zinc for a number of purposes.

It is a property of zinc that, when employed as a liner for, let us say, a brake rod bearing, or as the inter-leaving between sections of a road spring, it both excludes rust and tends also to retain its own original supply of lubricant. It is therefore invaluable in any part of the car which the private owner is likely to neglect. It is of no use, nowadays, building a spring, for instance, which requires constant lubrication. The job is a messy one; and one may as well face up to the fact that, by nine owners out of ten, it will be "deferred" from one year's end to another. The Austin engineers appreciate this human weakness, and provide accordingly.

When a complete car is turned out—for all coachwork is likewise Austin-built—the work of securing reliable performance still continues. Apart from bench tests and road tests, there is at Longbridge a very useful testing track—a heritage from days when German prisoners were put to work there.

A test hill is included, the un-banked corners provide a real trial of road-holding, and the surface is variable, being in parts purposely left very rough. The result is that, since all cars vary slightly, the eccentricities of each machine can be demonstrated and observed, and the appropriate adjustments made. At Longbridge, mass production does not imply any lack of attention to individual problems.

Finally, each car is inspected, finishing touches are given to the coachwork as required, and the dazzling polish proper to a brand-new product is provided. For this latter work girls are employed; and the industry with which they set about their task is a standing reproach to any mere man! In all there are about 1,000 women concerned in the production of Austin cars.

The abiding impression which I took away with me was this. The Dependable Austin owes its reputation to no mere chance, and to no mere campaign of "boosting." Its good qualities are built into it just as surely, and just as deliberately as the nuts and bolts and rivets.

Out-of-Door Cookery

(*Continued from page* 86)

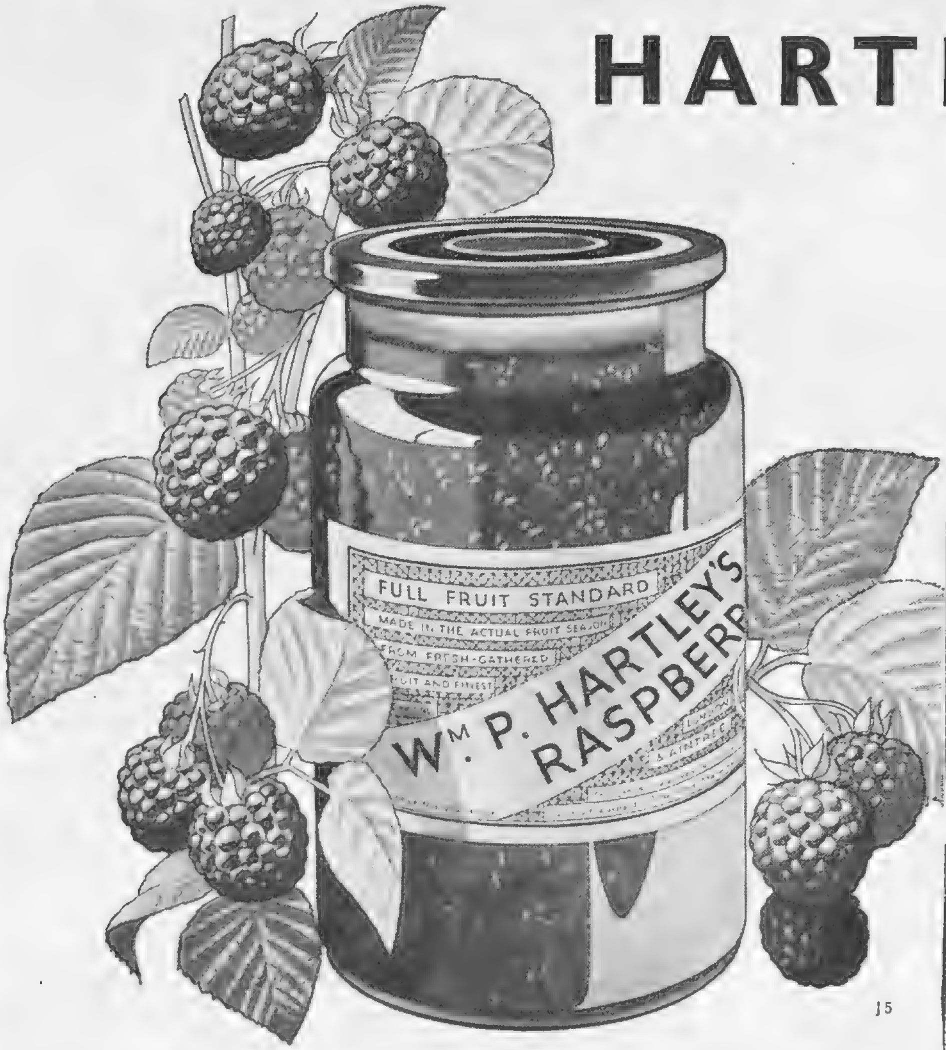
browned. Add a teacupful of cold water, cover the pan with a lid or a large plate and cook for twenty minutes or so until the vegetables are quite soft. This simple dish made of very ordinary vegetables may sound very dull, but it is in fact extremely good. It can be improved by placing a few rashers of streaky bacon on top of the vegetables before the water is added.

Marmalade of Apples

Peel, core and cut into quarters some eating apples (two for each person), put them in a saucepan not quite covered with water, and add for every two apples a pudding-spoonful of sugar. Cook until the apples are soft, then squash them with a fork and add a tablespoonful of whatever jam you have with you, and a small piece of butter. Mix well together and see that the dish is sweet enough before serving.

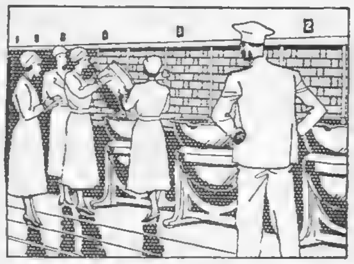
End

Why should you insist on HARTLEY'S?


FULL FRUIT STANDARD
MADE IN THE ACTUAL FRUIT SEASON FROM FRESH-GATHERED FRUIT AND FINEST
Wm. P. HARTLEY'S RASPBERR
J5

BECAUSE Hartleys make all their preserves in the good old English way, *adding nothing to the fresh season's fruit but pure sugar.* No pulp for Hartleys, no preservatives, no artificial colourings! An entire year's supply of each kind is made during that short time when the fruit is at its best. Then it goes on improving in the jar until the day it's opened. REMEMBER THIS next time you're buying jam, whatever sort it may be, and automatically you'll insist on having Hartley's.

Gathering the ripe raspberries for Hartleys



Only the fresh-gathered fruit and pure sugar go into Hartley's Jams

The Hartley's Jam you buy now has been improving in the jar every month

HARTLEY'S

JAMS—Made only when the fruit is fresh

A Gallery of Women

(*Continued from page* 51)

WE leave the small room and walk out into the long, wide hall. It is brightly lighted on this spring evening. The stairway runs straight up the side of the right-hand wall to the floor above, and this wall, too, like most of the walls of this house, is covered with framed pictures. There are several beautiful life-size pictures in needlework done by Lady Cory herself when she had more leisure than she enjoys now. Some of these are in floral design, but the most effective are the copies of Burne-Jones and other famous artists' pictures. The work required an extraordinary amount of care and application. Each eye in the figures in the pictures has eight different shades of wool, and each picture took over a year to complete.

"The great difficulty, of course," says Lady Cory, at my side, "is to get movement and expression in such a medium."

We move slowly about the lofty hall. It is full of Victorian and Georgian pictures. There are pictures in cross-stitch, pictures in long-stitch, pictures in felt and silk and turkey-work. There are rag pictures, and hair pictures, and pictures made with sand. Many of the processes that have gone to make this amazing collection are not now worked; a few of them are secret methods that we know nothing of to-day.

"But where," I ask again, as I have asked before, "did you pick them all up?"

"Oh, I potter about a great deal," she replies casually, drawing my attention to several baskets of wax fruit under glass cases.

There cannot be another collection like this in the whole of London. It is doubtful if there is such another complete collection anywhere. There certainly is not such another woman. If you expect her conversation, in this shrine to Victoria, to be only of Victoria, you do not know Lady Cory.

On this day when I have called on her, for instance, and after we have gone over the lovely drawing-room upstairs, in which all the chairs and divans are covered with needlework, and where the general impression is one of gold-framed pictures, lovely mirrors, and old-world magnificence, we sit and have tea in another picture-filled room on the ground floor, and Lady Cory talks finance. She discusses the world situation with more shrewdness than my own broker does, touches on Wall Street, and as she goes swiftly over market possibilities my mind is running over the many interests that go to make up this woman sitting in the opposite chair.

ALL around me are paintings and prints of that other age that is much nearer to Lady Cory than is yesterday evening. Her heart stays in the nineteenth century even if her mind is busy with the problems of to-day. I remember her devotion to music. I think of the people I know who are fond of music. They seem naturally to fall into a little set who have few other interests. But music and money! Kreisler and Kreuger! The woman for whom Kreisler plays in this house can discuss finance with intelligence and understanding. It is nothing to her to mention in one sentence *Caprice Viennois* and in the other Swedish matches. And sometimes, because of the other great interest in her life—the consuming interest, really—she is called a crank. She does not mind that.

"I know they call me a crank," she says now, because the drift of our conversation has veered round inevitably to humanitarianism, and to cruelty to animals. "But what does that matter? I don't care what people say about me or think about me. I don't think so much of other people, you know."

I do know. She elaborates now.

"I've got quite a contempt for human nature. It is very crude and base and savage when you get down to it. Progress has not done so much for people. It does not matter what class of people you think of—the people who hunt stags to torture and destroy them, or the people who peer through cages and mock the animals inside, or the crowd that cheers the circus animal which probably has been cruelly ill-treated in its training. It's terrible!"

The blue eyes are gleaming. The high cheeks have a spot of angry colour in them. Lady Cory throws back her head in disgust. The Victorian spirit is roused.

"I don't know why people are like that. There is something so savage and un-Christian in life. You can see it so clearly in the mobs of people who go to murder trials, or visit the spot where someone has been killed, or read the endless columns of horrors about a tragedy which the newspapers publish. I despair almost of human nature. It seems always to be planning wars and butcheries. People have a morbid interest in killing, and education has done little or nothing to remove it. It's horrible, horrible."

She pauses for a moment.

"People are so wilfully cruel," she says sadly.

LADY CORY does not only talk. She spends the great part of her life in trying to stop cruelties, in endeavouring to bring some relief to people and animals subjected to cruelty. She has not hesitated on occasion to take action when a horse has been ill-treated in her sight in the street. She has willingly come forward as a police witness at such times.

At her feet as she talks to me is a little ailing dog. He is carefully shielded from the window side of the room by a screen, and the warmth of the fire stirs him comfortingly as he huddles on his bed. Lady Cory bends down to stroke him. She strokes him absently, affectionately.

"Did you listen to the wireless debate the other evening?" I ask her. "There was a discussion on blood sports."

"I haven't a wireless set."

My mind registers: Of course she hasn't a wireless set. Such a thing would be out of place in this house. And then I remember that she has a telephone in almost every room in the house, and I wonder again at her queer mixture of modernism and Victorianism. She goes on: "But I heard about it. And I am so glad that the man speaking against blood sports scored so many points against the other person."

I mention the "blooding" of young children at hunt meets—the touching of their young faces with the killed fox. Lady Cory throws up her hands in disgust.

"Can you imagine anything more barbaric?" she demands. "Can you tell me what kind of people these are who let their children be 'blooded' in this terrible way? It is simply appalling!"

THE Victorian background of this house is beginning to fade in the urgency of our present-day conversation. The talk turns to war, and just for a moment I remember that when all these pictures on the wall were painted war was a vastly different affair from what it is to-day. It was actually a weapon of Victorian imperialism. That puberty country stirring into manhood had its quota of wars—punitive wars, Jingo wars, mutiny wars, wars fought more or less gaily to the jingles of Mr. Kipling. They were almost all necessary to its growth and to its greatness. They were fought in the reign of that good Queen whose Coronation shoes lie wrapped in tissue paper in this house. As gallant a show of little wars as one can imagine for one monarch. It took a big war, involving a normally civilian population, to bring home to that same civilian population the cruelty and wickedness of slaughter.

"All this talk of war," deplores Lady Cory, and breaks off to ask whether I think there will be another war.

I say yes, of course I do.

"How terrible!" And then, with calm acceptance: "I suppose it is the case that London or any large city can be wiped out by aeroplanes?" And before I can answer: "No wonder I have a contempt for human nature! Imagine in this year of 1933, with all we know, and with all the resources of civilisation at our command, talking about even the possibility of another big war! Poor human nature! How can we expect it to be kind to animals when it cannot be kind to itself?"

I OFFER to send her a chapter from the book, "What Would be the Character of a New War?" describing the bacteriological side of the next conflict, in which combatants and non-combatants alike will have diseases pumped into them. Lady Cory waves my offer away, saying she does not want to read of horrors. She is not one of the morbidly minded people who feast on the macabre. But she is anxious to hear about war from me. She knows that I happened to be at the front when I was eighteen, and she is fearful of its effects on me.

"The war must have left terrible marks on boys of that age," she believes. "They will never recover from it."

I assure her that in my own case—admittedly a very lucky one—the very opposite happened. I tell her that actually my youth saved me from war's effects, and that the bad side of it practically passed over my head.

"I'd be much more affected by a war to-day," I tell her, "than I was then. To-day my matured imagination would play hell with me. Then my callow youthfulness was my greatest protection—mentally."

And, of course, that is so. But it is a peg for this discussion on the brutality of humanity, and we tackle it in this quiet room, with the ailing dog on the floor paying not the slightest attention to us. I watch her as she talks. There is something faintly Irish in the high cheekbones, in the healthy colour of the face, in the blue eyes. Her mouth is fine and expressive. Her face is the face of a very fair lady. Against the purple of her dress, and in this room of memories and reminders, her face has an aristocratic sensitiveness that is the very expression of herself.

THIS woman stands for something. It may be, in this hurrying democracy, something that many people consider worthless. It may be something for which the world has no longer any use. That does not matter. It is here in Lady Cory, and it is here in this house of hers that has always belonged to one family. She says that with pride. There is the Victorian. Proud, loyal, respecter of property and tradition. Determined to stick to her beliefs. Aware, in a crumbling world, of her own integrity. It is something.

To-night, after I leave her to catch my train, she is dining alone in this house. She is dining, not in the great cool dining-room, with its lofty mirrors that have reflected so much grandeur in the past, but in the tiny room at the end of the hall. The tiny room with its nineteen chairs and its twelve pictures by Nash of Victoria at Windsor, with its empty birdcage rising from a stand on the floor, and its hundred-year-old piano with the yellow keys.

A white cloth has been laid on the lovely table, and the knives and forks and spoons are in position now as I take my leave of her in the hall. Lady Cory is dining alone to-night. Well, not quite alone. The grandfather clock will be speaking to her during dinner in this room that shelters the shoes Victoria wore on her Coronation day.

END

Why be vague?
ask for
'Haig'
NO FINER WHISKY
GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE
Good old matured whisky is the best and safest beverage at all times

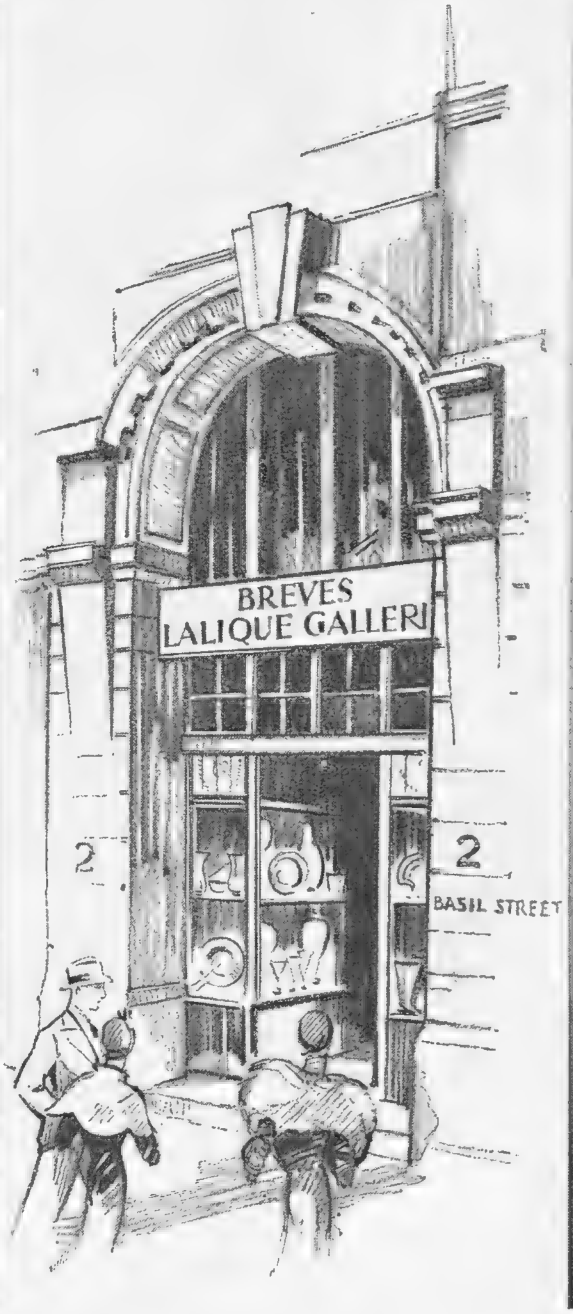
BREVES

People are going to Basil Street to look for chic and unusual wedding presents at Breves Galleries, where Rene Lalique's new designs are being shown. There are treasures in table glass, delicate-stemmed wineglasses, cocktail sets in the austere modern manner, enchanting goblets and jugs for water. Then there is a quite new idea in lamps. The latest system of Controlled Lighting (invented to give better, more flattering light on less current) allied to Lalique designs in bracket, pendant and standard lamps. Different from anything you have seen before.

At Breves there are also some very modern and attractive gifts—some of them deliciously amusing, like the Tropical Aquaria so original and intriguing that everyone will wish to secure one.

A surprising thing is that the prices are so moderate. Of course you can give guineas and guineas. But equally, you can buy something of worth and beauty for the whimsical price of five shillings. Or you just drift round the Breves Galleries for the sheer pleasure of looking at all the enchanting things.

Dahlia Wall Light with Circular Glass Discs No. B. 346A. £4 15 0. Also a large selection of similar designs with various shaped backgrounds. (Patent applied for).



Set of Lalique Table Glass "Bourgueil." Decanter 39/6. Water Glasses 8/6 each; Champagne Glasses 8/6 each; White Wine Glasses 7/6 each; Port Glasses 5/- each; Liqueur Glasses 5/- each; Dessert Plates 14/- each; Finger Bowls 9/- each.

Breves Lalique Galleries

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The Bad Boys' Public School

(Continued from page 17)

At Rochester I tasted the food, and found it good. I was actually shown a machine that warmed the plates before the food was put on them—a consideration that was undreamed of at my own school. Everything, it seemed, was done to make the boys as contented as possible. Everything was worked on the system of appealing to their better natures.

Nor need it be thought that the boys are forced to observe any rules of silence. They can, and do, talk to their heart's content. They are not isolated from the outside world, for newspapers are allowed them, and school teams come to play them at football and cricket. Their rooms are comfortable enough, and these they can decorate as they please. On many of the walls I noticed family portraits, and in two instances Greta Garbo's eternal features lightened the atmosphere.

Why, you may wonder, with all these comforts, do the boys ever try to escape? For that they do try is obvious from the newspaper accounts of such escapades. Well, it is the spirit of adventure, nothing more than that, which causes some of the boys to run away. And really it is a pretty poor sort of adventure, because, as the governor said to me: "To escape is very easy indeed. Very little is done to prevent it!" Which is absolutely true. What could be easier than to leave the Institution during one of the cross-country runs which are frequently organised? Again, the grounds of the Institution are not surrounded by any high walls, and all the gates remain open. This looks like asking for trouble, until one realises that it is all part of the plan, which is to instil a sense of honour into each boy.

Here, too, just as in any public school, you will find prefects; they are called "leaders," and to them falls the responsibility of keeping order. These "leaders" have their own club-rooms, to which they invite only those boys whose conduct has earned them the privilege. It is all very well thought out.

What amazed me most of all was the fact that each boy, if he wants it, is found a job on leaving Borstal. And if he doesn't keep that job, they do their best to find him another. It sounds almost farcical, but on more than one occasion a boy has left one of the jobs found for him because his employers have not treated him properly.

"Our boys are treated so well here," an official said to me, "that they are unused to being roughly ordered about by foremen outside. After being treated decently, they resent being shouted at."

From the picture I have drawn of the Borstal Institution I visited, you will have seen that everything that is humanly possible is being done by the authorities to reform young criminals and make them into decent citizens. However, the question remains: How far have these enlightened methods been proved successful? One cannot close one's eyes to the fact that, when an established criminal is convicted, and his previous history in crime is read out in court, it very often starts with a term at Borstal. This can only mean that the Borstal system is a failure, and that those who declare that the Government are wasting their time in treating young offenders so lightly are right. I asked the governor point-blank what he had to say to this view.

His answer was that the Borstal system had been given too much publicity: that it had been too well advertised.

And I think he is right.

So much has been said and printed about the advantage of Borstal that the magistrates send more boys there each year: with the result that every Institution in the country is overcrowded. And an Institution which is overcrowded simply defeats its own ends.

For example, at Rochester there are four houses, in each of which adequate provision is made for the observation and treatment of sixty boys. To that number the staff is able to give *individual attention*, which is the whole object of the system. But at present each house contains something like ninety boys; in which case individual treatment becomes extremely difficult, if not impossible.

And that is the whole trouble. Until more money is forthcoming to build fresh Institutions, it seems that the Bad Boys' Public School must be rendered partially ineffectual.

It is a problem which demands very serious attention.

END

Her Last "Messiah"

(Continued from page 77)

all seemed desolate, and her fare to South Kensington seemed so much, few though its pennies were.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people," the tenor had begun. And she found solace in the clear notes—yes, and a blessing in the words.

Her mind shot back many years, that day—to years of trial and stress, yes, and to times of hope and of happiness. She surveyed the long avenue of Experience which she had travelled since, as a frail young thing, she first had sat, watching the tuning-up, looking on as, one by one, the other choristers had come in.

And she thanked God for the mercy He had shown and for the goodness there was, and the balm she had found.

THERE was a new soprano this year. Once, she had dreamed that, by a miracle, some day she might sit there in the front, with the tenor on her right and the conductor on her left, and with the contralto and the bass on the other side of him. But that joy was only for the great ones.

No, it was not a joy as hers was. They drew a fee and, for all she knew, took it all professionally. Hers was the gladness of a faith. Only the amateurs knew those joys—the privilege of Service.

How many sopranos had she known who had sat in front of her singing, after the Pastoral Symphony, that haunting sweetness? "There were shepherds abiding in the field," it began.

Always, at that part, she had shut her eyes and seen, as only you can when you shut out earth vision, the starlit heavens over Bethlehem, and the small group of peasants guarding their sheep, and the biggest Star of all shining high above.

"And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them," it went on, "and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

How often she had imagined that glory—yes, and felt it radiantly bathing her soul! How often had she gone home a new woman, not "called to repentance," as she had heard the revivalists say, but stimulated, freshened!

Only a great Truth could have inspired music like that, she felt. That German had seen far, suffered deeply—and, because of his suffering, the Truth had come to him.

"I WAS nearly late to-day," she heard, somewhere at the back. "No, Teddy's better," came from a woman on her right.

They were filling up, and chatting, in their accustomed way.

"The hall's not so full this year." "No, lots of people are away and it's such a fine afternoon."

"No, as I said to her. . . ."

And so on, with the trivialities of small-talk.

HER pain seemed a little more trying. . . . Well, they wouldn't be long. Then she could sing. . . .

The arena was filling up . . . ah, there was the leader. They always gave him subdued hand-claps—and the violinists always tapped their bows upon their instruments.

Now, in came the quartette of soloists—the tenor leading the soprano and the bass holding the contralto's hand. Then they were all bowing.

Then—the conductor. Not much applause for him, this time. He was one of those old ones, deputising. Audiences were more particular, nowadays. Where was the Doctor? Oh, still ill, of course. So it was going to be dull.

The overture began and, soon, the overture was over. And then there was to come the tenor with his recitative and then the air, with the long up-and-down bit about how "Every valley shall be exalted." The tenor ran up and down, trilling. . . .

THE pain was getting worse. It was dull, but like a numbed toothache in her side. "The rough places plain." It was still the tenor. . . .

Ah, now. They all rose. Hundreds of them all stood up. No one beckoned. They all knew, of old, just the right second when, as one person, they were all due to stand up to sing. A sign from the conductor. . . .

And then she was singing. "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," she sang. Yes, there were others joining in, singing too. But it seemed like her first solo.

The glory of the Lord revealed itself in every note, she felt. And the pain had gone. She had forgotten it. The glory of the music engulfed her and made her whole. She was lost in the majesty of it all. Vast worlds of beauty opened themselves. Endless vistas of blueness spread out in front of her.

"And all flesh shall see it together. . . . For the mouth of the Lord had spoken it. . . ."

With the assurance that she felt, men have braved death in battle. With the reality of the knowledge that filled her mind, men have conquered continents.

It was not Streatham she lived in now, she felt, but Paradise. She was no mere obscure suburban woman, but a flame of beauty, a spear of righteousness.

She knew now what the angels knew—the glory of revelation. She was a poetess and an artist and a prophet. Silver and blue and gold surrounded her. The glory of the Lord was not a revelation that was to come in some far-off distant age. It overwhelmed her, possessed her being.

"Hath spoken it." The echoes of the last chords died away. And, with all the rest of them, she sat down.

"WHERE am I?" she asked. A woman was leaning over, in white. She recognised one of the choir she had known dimly, but not by name, for years. A St. John Ambulance woman was standing near by. And that man seemed to be a doctor.

It looked like the artists' room. She had peeped in several times, when she had got there early. Only the famous people used it. What was she doing there?

"You fainted," they said. "You will be all right soon."

She did not seem to think that was true.

"How far have they got?" she asked. "Open the door."

When they obeyed, she heard the chorus singing.

"All we like sheep," they chanted in a mighty unison.

So she had missed "He shall feed His flock." How she had longed, once again, to hear the contralto singing what, to her, was the purest of all melodies, the most beautiful of all words! "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom . . . and gently lead those that are with young."

"Leave me alone," she said. "I want to close my eyes."

(Continued on page 102)

She did not hear much then, except when the chorus sang. Then the sound came through the door.

Would she ever sing with that mighty choir again ? Was this really the last time ?

Well, worries seemed very far away . . . This, tired though she felt, was a day of days.

Ah, they were starting again ! She could see them, in her mind, standing up to sing " The Hallelujah Chorus "—and she could see, too, the audience standing up for that, as they always did, because, many years ago, a King had stood when first he heard it.

She rose and got upon her feet and struggled to the door. Now, they were starting.

" Lift up your heads, O ye gates," they began. She crept along the passage-way leading to where the orchestra played . . . "And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

Hundreds of them were singing. Hundreds were losing themselves in worship and adoration. She leaned against a partition and, soon too, lost herself with them.

" Who is the King of Glory ? " they asked to a majesty of sound, full-throated and magical. All Creation seemed to be asking. And she, too, asked with the others.

" Who is the King of Glory ? " she sang. Her face was white. But there came into her eyes a gleam. And there came to her voice a fervour.

She looked up. And, as the triumphant answer came, " The Lord strong and mighty," she saw another choir. It seemed far off and yet it seemed it was a part of the great sound she heard.

There were myriads of faces, all glad in the Triumph. Their faces were bright. Their eyes shone. There were young. There were old. And yet all were young.

The air was full of them and yet they stretched into an infinity. Rows and rows were arrayed in an endlessness beyond her powers of thought.

And she and the choir of which she was a part and the other great choir, sweeter, larger, louder than the one near her, blent in an act of worship.

The music rose and fell. The chorus burst out into mighty crescendos. Sound towered up. It became great waves, seas of sound, oceans of harmony. It became continents, worlds, a universe.

And she, too, seemed to be rising. . . .

It was Earth and it was Heaven. It was the sun and the moon and the magic of Morning and the height of Noon—yes, and the wonder of Night.

" Who is the King of Glory ? " The earth choir sang it and she with them. And the chorus of Heaven, unseen to all but she, sang with the choir on earth.

" The Lord of Hosts," they sang, " He is the King of Glory."

Never was there such sound as this ! What was pain ? There was none ! What was trouble ? Never was such a thing !

Still louder grew the anthem. Mightier were the chords. " He is the King of Glory . . . He is the King of Glory."

The suburbs and the spheres met in the majesty of it all.

" He is the King of Glory."

She was looking down now, still singing. Beneath her was the great Albert Hall, the people all standing up, the circular walls vibrant with harmony. Around her were the faces of people she once knew in that choir, lost to her memory for years, still singing as they had sung years before, but more joyously and with a greater sweetness . . .

And, behind the orchestra, just in the passage-way, she could see herself. She was just a limp, huddled-up body, lying on the ground.

No, that was not she. She was still singing . . . singing . . . singing. And she knew, now, that it was not the last time that, in " The Messiah," she would sing.

Life was an endless Hallelujah. . . .

END

Those Bandits ! (*Continued from page* 91)

until his car stops and a door is opened, the motorist remains always master of the situation.

If, in suspicious circumstances, one is induced to stop, a further good precaution is to refrain from either setting the gear lever in neutral or applying the hand-brake. As the car comes to a standstill, the gear-lever may instead be snicked into first gear and the clutch held out. The driver then is ready for an instant move at any moment.

It is not often, in England, that such tactics are required, but abroad it occasionally pays to be on the *qui vive.* I once made a stop in Bulgaria to enquire the way from a shepherd in a remote part of that country. For some reason he appeared to take as a personal insult the few words which I addressed to him—or perhaps he had some grievance against motoring and motorists in general. At any rate, armed with a heavy cudgel, he at once adopted a most threatening attitude. Fortunately I had kept the car in first gear—and I need hardly say that no time at all was wasted in letting in the clutch. There are occasions when seconds are valuable, and this, unquestionably, was a case in point.

Automatic Signalling Developments

I imagine that many motorists will receive with mixed feelings the news that Morris Motors, Ltd., have abandoned the flashing signal device, until recently a feature of all Morris cars. There was much to be said for this form of indicator, and it certainly worked very well from the driver's point of view.

The change has been made in favour of a moving arm or semaphore type of signal, with a view to securing greater uniformity among cars in general. The object is, no doubt, a good one, and generous provision has been made for Morris owners who wish to have the alteration carried out on their own cars. Free of all charge, they have merely to take their Morris back to the dealer from whom it was bought, and, in about an hour, signals of the new variety can be installed.

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" RANEE " has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the indentity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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Books

(*Continued from page* 79)

Mr. Maurice Baring occasionally practise the art of detached narrative, of the bird's-eye view, but I can think of hardly anybody else who does so. Perhaps Mr. Hilton has just overdone it. Not till near the end of the novel did I feel that the hero really took human form and became a living man. But I do not want to pick holes in this novel. I wish to praise it enthusiastically, and to recommend it. It is a first-rate piece of work, and a really exciting story as well.

More sophisticated and perhaps more satisfying enjoyment will be found by some readers in Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's little collection of parodies, *The Table of Truth* (Jarrolds, 3s. 6d.), than in any of the full-dress novels (except Mr. Hilton's) mentioned here. No better prose parodies have appeared since Max Beerbohm's *Christmas Garland*. Of the authors, a dozen or more, to whom Mr. Kingsmill pays homage, Mr. H. G. Wells is perhaps the most subtly flattered. Thus: "Man, the master mammal, may not without unbearable shame cut himself altogether loose of his humble kinsmen. In this splendid upward soaring of his he must leave the Black Man behind, for a model and a stimulus. That, as I see it, will be for ages yet to come the Black Man's function and opportunity. To beckon the ape and the orang across a not too hopelessly impassable gulf of difference. To quicken the nerve of progress in the baboon. To touch the night of the gorilla with the first faint promise of the Dawn . . ." That seems to me not only a perfect parody of Mr. Wells's prose and mentality, but really good fun as well. It is very tempting to go on quoting from Mr. Kingsmill, for his book is full of passages which will give joy to every experienced reader.

Films

(*Continued from page* 81)

at the Empire before this article appears in print.

"The Gilded Cage" was adapted from a story by Lady Troubridge which was published in BRITANNIA AND EVE. Its background is an hotel, its hero an attractive reception clerk. The plot is concerned with the presence in the hotel of an ex-sweetheart, who has married for money, and the "girl at the desk," who really loves him. It is a well-photographed and well-recorded picture, not unduly ambitious, but it achieves what it set out to do. Anthony Kimmins, an ex-naval officer and playwright who now joins the queue for stardom, plays the part of the reception clerk, with Anne Grey as the lady whose venality robbed her, not once but again and again, of love. Gillian Sand makes an interesting appearance as Jane, the girl reception clerk. The part is conceived and played in a minor key, and the whole characterisation is achieved by implication and expression, and is so entirely different from her impersonation of the tragic girl who was murdered by an epileptic sensualist in "To What Red Hell," that it makes this impersonation a notable revelation of this young actress's potentialities.

"Doss House" is an example of the Sound City unit's determination to take their own line and use material ready to hand, but neglected by English producers. A sufficiently exciting story about the recapture of a convict escaped from Dartmoor, where he was serving a life-sentence for murder, provides an excuse for authentic depiction of life and character in a London doss house. The manager of one of these centres of the real life drama has assisted in this interesting production: actual types as well as experienced actors have been used in the making of the film. There is no "love interest." It will be interesting to learn whether the picture-going public will respond to this type of "interest" film or whether they prefer slapstick and sentimentality, because on their reaction the future of "supporting" features and quota pictures may depend.

END

WEATHER: Clear and Fair
SKIN: Cloudy and Unsettled

Is that YOUR June Report?

One's skin has a way of not rhyming with the weather at this time of year. That is because the ravages caused by February's cold, March's inconsistency, April's showers show so plainly in the clear light of May and June.

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THEN YOUR SKIN MUST BE PROTECTED. Once you have achieved a clear unblemished skin, it is wise to safeguard it against sun, wind and the inclemency of the weather. The means of protection depends upon whether your skin is average, oily or dry. For a normal skin, Miss Arden recommends Amoretta Cream. For a dry skin, Ultra-Amoretta. For an oily skin, Lille Lotion. For sports or evening there is Protecta Cream. These protective preparations serve as perfect powder foundations and give a satiny finish to the skin.

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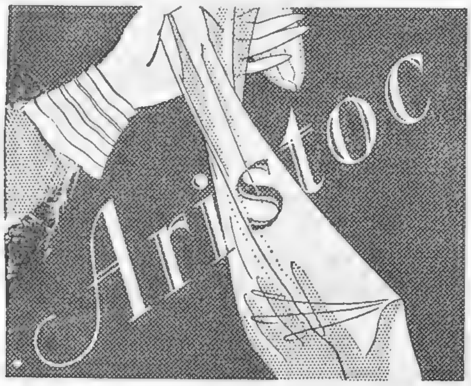

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Queer Cures of To-day

(*Continued from page 27*)

is claimed to possess, the theory being that the wearing of the pipe "increases the quantity of oxygen in the body" and thus renders it capable of throwing off any diseases it may possess or contract!

Another joyous fraud emanating from the U.S.A. issues from a gentleman who declares to prospective customers that he has visited Heaven (in the astral body, of course), and has there been presented with the "Key of Knowledge" and the receipts for two patent specifics guaranteed to heal practically all ills to which our sinful flesh may be heir: namely, the "Sun and Moon Sacred Ointment" and the "Sun and Moon Sacred Oil"—both, needless to say, made by him, and sold at a handsome profit, since they consist mainly of lubricating grease with an admixture of oil of wintergreen, sassafras, olive-oil, suet and water. The vendor had the temerity to claim that this innocuous mixture contained "vibrations of life from the radio-activity of electricity and magnetism." O electricity, O magnetism, what crimes are committed in thy name!

A recent despatch from Trenton, New Jersey, states that to-day, even among well-bred and educated white women, there is a craze for "Voodoo" doctoring. These doctors—mostly degenerate members of the coloured race—charge large sums for "banishing" the "evil spirits" that they persuade their infatuated patients are obsessing them; their husband or children or even their houses; and in some cases their influence becomes so strong as seriously to interfere with the normal lives and occupations of their patients. One member of the cult, practising, as many of them do, under the title of "Member of God's Own Priesthood," is to be charged before the American courts with exercising so strong an influence over one woman patient that she drove her car with herself and three children in it into the river!

The absurdity of their "cures" is proved by such cases as that of a patient who, suffering from bronchitis, was merely shaken heartily and told to go home and plaster his chest with a cheese poultice; an ointment prescribed by them has been found to contain only lard, vinegar and molasses; and another popular Voodoo treatment consists in rubbing the body with a metal rod previously dipped in ammonia mixed with milk and the blood of a white cock! It seems incredible that sane white people should not only countenance such methods, but employ and believe in them—but the New Jersey authorities say not only that they do, but that they are having the greatest difficulty in stamping out the practices.

Another interesting "quack" cure appeared first on the English market as "Asa-plene"; a vaunted remedy for that too-prevalent disease of the gums, pyorrhœa. It was, of course, no cure at all, and the company that was floating it soon went into liquidation; but the preparation reappeared in Malaya some little time later as "a cure for malaria," to the great amusement of those who knew its career in England! Needless to say, it proved as useless for malaria as it had done for pyorrhœa. In Greece to-day children suffering from whooping cough are sent to play in the neighbourhood of a gas-works.

THE lengths to which these quacks and semi-quacks will go to push their wares is quite astonishing, and argues not only endless patience, but a considerable supply of cash to spend on postage. A friend of mine who, out of sheer curiosity, wrote to enquire about one of the thousand and one "electric belts" that are on the market received a letter from an imposing sounding "Institute of Electro-therapeutics" at an excellent London address. The latter assured her that if she came to them for treatment she would be advised by "our leading expert"; she wrote asking whether the "leading expert" was a fully qualified medical practitioner

(*Continued on page 106*)

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—and received a cleverly evasive reply, from which she deduced the fact that the expert was *not* so qualified. Needless to say, she did not, in consequence, take the matter up, but for at least a year afterwards she received letters at the rate of about two a month, offering her the belt in question, first at several guineas, but finally—coming down by slow degrees—at twelve and sixpence! The barefaced effrontery of these people in charging the public untold sums for utterly useless cures is well illustrated by the following story.

The maid of a friend of mine, having a deaf mother, wrote to one of these pseudo-doctors, asking information about his much-advertised cure for deafness. He answered stating that the price was twenty-five guineas. The girl wrote back saying that was utterly beyond her means, upon which he gradually descended pound by pound in price until a final letter offered her the cure for two guineas—whereupon, being a hard-headed Lancashire lass, she wrote and informed him that if he could sell a twenty-five guinea cure for two at last, it couldn't be worth much, and she was consequently not buying at all!

Queer Cures of To-day

The vendors of these cures all possess a most fluent and convincing line of pseudo-medical talk that is most impressive to the lay mind ignorant of medical terms and matters, so impressive that they frequently hoodwink not only the poor and simple, but people well educated and experienced.

POOR simple human nature, catching at such feeble straws! And yet, sometimes a straw may float when a more seasoned and trusted piece of timber sinks—and since, as I pointed out at the commencement of my article, the cures that are scorned and laughed at in one generation not infrequently become those honoured and sought after in the next, perhaps it behoves us to be careful how we laugh. For there is one thing of which we can all be quite certain. A hundred years hence our grandchildren will be holding their sides with laughter at the queer cures in which, these days, we place so much faith.

END

White Boy, Black Boy

(*Continued from page 25*)

some cord of tension, resistance, began to twang through him, keying him up mentally and physically as he had been in France.

A young, lithe girl, nude but for a few aggry beads, was preparing a meal. Her name seemed to be Tutu, and Martyn addressed her with familiar insolence. Martyn had gone native all right!

Blakely refused the proffered whisky, but Martyn drank ceaselessly until it was time for bed. Tutu and three other girls rigged up a couple of shake-downs for them. Outside the tom-tom continued to beat in prognostic monotony.

"You bedder fall in," Martyn said thickly. "If you go away to-morrow you must be ub early. I haf gang of boys oudt there for you five o'clock."

But he wasn't around the following morning, and Tutu said that he had taken a score of blacks and was burying something in the forest. She was too afraid to say more. Martyn reappeared around noon, however, in a surly, savage mood, and for some reason kept a strict distance from Blakely.

It was late in the afternoon when the latter got hold of a whisper that electrified him! Here at last was the probable explanation of Martyn's strange behaviour, the reason he was driving the blacks in an effort to get Blakely away.

Somewhere in the village there was a white girl!

It was Fenners who first heard of it. His long stay in Takwa had enabled him to pick up a few words of the Chi dialect. He reported the news to Blakely, and Blakely went straight up to Martyn.

"Is there a white woman around here?" he asked.

In the silence that followed Martyn's eyes slowly narrowed as he reached for his gun.

"If you are wise man, Blakely, you bedder attend to own affairs. Ya?"

"I asked you a question."

"Und I gif you answer. Ya?"

Blakely measured him. The blacks had ceased working and were now watching them. Blakely couldn't tell which side they'd be on if it came to a fight.

"I'll ask you again," he said. "Maybe you didn't hear me. Is there a white woman around here?"

Keeping his own eyes steadily on him, Blakely noted a slight surrender in Martyn's.

"There vas," the man finally admitted. "But she disappear now."

"Disappear?"

"Ya."

Blakely squared his jaw. "Come on," he said. "Let's have it. Where is she?"

Again Martyn delayed his answer. "Vell," he said, "if you want truth—she go native."

For a moment Blakely was stunned by the news. He then said: 'Who is she—and where did she come from?"

The man shuffled. "I don't find oudt yet. Two days ago she gome here from nowhere. I gif her protection, but she run to the niggers, und now chief priest say she is sent to them from Wassaw."

Blakely stared at him. "It all sounds kind of funny to me," he declared.

"Ya. But we nodding can do about it, eh?"

"We'll see," said Blakely. "Where is she? I'd like to have a word with her."

"You bedder not try it, Blakely." Martyn's tone held a note of grim warning. "You like to get head chopped off, ya?"

Blakely's dislike of him suddenly burst into flame. "I'd like to tell you what I think of you, Martyn," he said. "To begin with, I think you're a liar, and I'm going to do a little investigating around here."

There was a sudden tensity in Martyn's arm, the bull-whip responding in an ominous little ripple.

"Ach!" he said, spitting tobacco juice. 'I haf warn you—ya?" He turned and walked away.

IT was getting late. Under the oppressive heat Blakely doubled his efforts to help speed the work. About his head swarmed hundreds of flies and mosquitoes and nothing but streaming sweat interfered with their feeding. A space about seventy to eighty feet had been partially cleared. It looked woefully small for a take-off.

But Blakely was going to attempt it by means of a daring manœuvre successfully employed by an aviator in the Australian bush. Simply it consisted of leashing the plane to the trunk of a tree, giving her the gun and getting somebody to slash the leash with one clean blow of an axe. Blakely felt that with luck he might just clear the trees.

A perceptible gloom suddenly descended on everything, and with it came a stiffening of the blacks. Martyn came back, a lampoon of a grin intensifying the savagery of his face.

"Vell, Blakely," he said, "I do all I can for you, eh? You got five minutes now," he grinned.

Blakely was desperate. A thick strand of fibre was already fastened to his undercarriage, the other end tied, low down, to a tree.

"S'long," grinned Martyn. "I go now to my hut. You got five—no, three minutes."

He had miscalculated. The blacks, to a man, ceased working and disappeared like so many wraiths.

"Good Lord!" shouted Blakely, "there's nobody to cut that

(*Continued on page 108*)

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rope for us. Hey there!" he yelled into the forest, "come back, one of you!"

"I only 'ope they don't boil me in oil," said Fenners. "I've always 'ad an 'orror of being boiled in oil."

"Hello!" cried Blakely, "here's one of 'em anyhow."

He wasn't one of the working party. He was the young black whom Blakely had first met in the forest. He came through the bush, glancing apprehensively behind him, and then handed Blakely a paper. On it was scrawled:

"Come at once!"

Blakely looked at the black. "Who gave you this?"

"Memsahib."

"White woman?"

"Aha, Bwana."

Turning to Fenners, Blakely said: "Keep an eye peeled, and squeeze your thumb on the machine-gun button if things begin to get rough." He then nodded to the black. "Lead on, Macduff," he said.

The boy, with a nervous glance to right and left, led the way through the forest. Blakely had difficulty in following him. At length they came out into a small grove of mango. In the centre of it was a large hut made of mud and ornamented by idols. The black put his fingers to his lips and went forward on all fours, Blakely still following him. Suddenly the boy stopped.

"Wait here, Bwana," he whispered.

Crawling forward, he squirmed up to the back of the hut and vanished. A moment later he reappeared and signalled Blakely to come on. There in the shadow of the hut was a young white girl, golden hair in a wave over her shoulders. Her frightened eyes surveyed Blakely uncertainly.

"Hell!" he swore. "In the name of God, what's a girl like you doing around here?"

"I reached here with my father," she said, the words seeming to choke her. "My name is Mary Kenhart——"

Kenhart! Kenhart! Where had he heard that name before? It came to him in a flash. The delirious aviator in Takwa! The lost expedition!

"After reaching Lake Chad," she said, "all but one of our boys deserted us." Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Father and I—with Kwami—had to struggle back alone. We followed the Niger and branched off in the Upper Volga. For days we had no water. Father grew weaker. We had to carry him. Two nights ago we drifted in here." She spoke as though the words choked her.

"Where is your father now?" he asked bluntly.

For a while she couldn't bring herself to answer. "Dead," she sobbed quietly. "That white man—Martyn——"

"What!" gasped Blakely.

"I couldn't tell you everything that happened—almost the moment we reached here—it's all too horrible!" She shuddered. "He—he forced me into his hut—and when father came—struggled with him—Martyn brutally killed him. . . ."

The thing staggered Blakely! He felt the blood rush to his head. That, then, explained that early morning burial party in the forest! That was the reason why Martyn wanted him out of the way!

"I managed to escape," she said, "and in the dark ran in here. It happened to be one of their temples, and because it was the eve of one of their religious festivals they accepted me as a sign from their god. Martyn didn't dare interfere."

Blakely yanked out his revolver. "Come," he said.

She hung back. "I'm afraid. You don't know how crazy my presence here has made them. I'm sure they'll kill you."

She glanced back at the mud hut and listened. "For the time being I'm safe. They won't harm me. I wanted to warn you—to tell you about Martyn." Her voice was trembling. "Go down to the coast," she begged. "Kwami will guide you."

Blakely looked round for him, but the black boy had vanished.

"Make for Axim—or Takwa. Tell them about my father and ask them to come for me. I'm sure I'll be safe here—for two weeks at least. There's no other way," she faltered.

"You're coming with me—right now."

"But—but I'm afraid for you."

"Come on," he said firmly. "I'm anxious to see Martyn."

He chose the easiest way for the girl, straight through the grove and on through the village. There they had a close-hand view of the Fanti hysteria. The din and clatter of their drums and gourds, their unintelligible shouts, screams and ravings, nauseated Blakely.

He walked on, the girl just ahead of him. A witch-doctor with a terrifying visage, the incisor teeth very large like the tusks of a baboon, came out from a hut. Advancing with a curious running shuffle, a broad-bladed spear in one hand, a long wand in the other, thrusting and feinting with his weapons, his be-painted face writhing with horrible grimaces, he came on until his nose was within an inch of Blakely's, fell back in simulated panic, then repeated the whole silly performance all over again, varying it by leaps and shakings. Another savage, tall and muscular, joined in the preamble. He brandished an axe.

Despite all these threats, they reached Martyn's hut unmolested. To Blakely's disgust, the man wasn't there, the hut deserted. All at once the orgy in the village died down, stopped altogether. An ominous hush fell over everything.

Blakely went to the door. From grove and bonfire, from temple, idol and hut, in twos and threes, in bands of fifty, the Akim and Fanti were advancing to meet him like a silent black wave gathering momentum.

Indicating the general direction of the plane, Blakely told the girl to walk on ahead of him.

"Don't run," he cautioned her. "Walk."

Twice he fired over the heads of them, twice cleared a passage. They were out of the village and in the comparative shelter of the forest when a thrown spear grazed Blakely's arm above the elbow. Blood began trickling from his fingers.

The girl was plucky. "You go ahead," she said. "Give me the revolver."

He shook his head. "Keep going. Bear to your left a little."

Spears and arrows were now flying past them and their danger was rapidly increasing when Blakely turned and fired again. This time he meant business, and one of the blacks toppled over.

Through the brush they could now sight the plane, and when the girl broke into the clearing Blakely told her to run for it. Something in the brush made her recoil and she screamed. Close behind her Blakely almost stumbled over a body. It was Martyn. Cleft in the back of his head was an axe.

"Make for the plane," he shouted to her, "and get down in the cockpit."

Fenners was not to be seen. The machine-gun was flung on its side. Blakely was righting it, setting it up in position, when a groan from the bushes made him look up. It was Fenners, blood streaming down the side of his face.

"Martyn," he said, when Blakely lifted him to his feet.

"He won't do any damage again," said Blakely. "Somebody around here made his punishment fit the crime." A spear whizzed near him, and he ducked. "Look out!" he warned Fenners. "Crawl over to the plane—if you can. Get up inside it—along with that girl."

In the waning light he could see that the blacks were slowly encircling them. He set the machine-gun in a commanding position and swung the barrel as he pressed on the button. A stream of lead ripped into them at the knee-line, and the Fanti and Akim, with wild shrieks and clamourings, began to give ground.

Fenners had disobeyed orders. He had a spear in his hand and was standing by the tree to which was fastened the strand of fibre attached to the plane. "'Ere," he called feebly to Blakely, "up you get, now!—and no blooming arguments. Climb into that plane. I'll cut the rope for you—if I 'ave to bite it in 'alf!"

It was the girl who attracted their attention to Kwami. From somewhere the black boy had materialised, and, pouncing on him, Blakely tried to explain things, pointing to the rope. "Savvy?" he asked.

With a broad grin, Kwami showed his white teeth.

"Aha," he said.

"You got axe?"

"Aha." He grinned again. "You want me get axe?"

"Aha," said Blakely.

"Aha, Bwana. Me get axe for you."

He was back in an instant, axe in hand, and the blood on its blade cleared up a certain mystery. Suddenly, and for the first time, Blakely was apprehensive about the boy.

"You'll be all right, I suppose, after we're gone?"

"Aha, Bwana. Me all right."

The girl evidently didn't share that opinion. "Kwami," she cried. "I'll never, never forget all you've done for me."

The black looked at her. "Go'bye," he said.

Desperately pressed for time, Blakely still questioned the boy. "Sure you'll be all right?" he asked again.

"Aha, Bwana." The boy kept up his grin. "Chief priest my brother—medicine man my brother—witch-doctor my brother."

Blakely knew he was lying, but there was no further time to be lost and arrows were now piercing the fuselage. He gave Kwami his revolver.

"Here, take this."

Another broad grin. "Aha, Bwana. Everything all right now."

Fenners was aboard. Blakely advanced the spark and swung the propeller. It kicked back obstinately, then burst into a spin. He sprang into the seat and silenced the engine down.

"When I wave my hand," he yelled back to Kwami, "like this"—he illustrated the signal—"when you see me do this—cut! One stroke. Put all you've got into it—like you did over there." He nodded towards the bushes, and Martyn.

Again the boy grinned. "Aha, Bwana. Me do it good. You see."

He opened the throttle, gradually advanced it. The roar was deafening. Moving forward a few feet, the plane began straining on something that was holding her back. The strain grew intense, and she began to wobble up and down, one wheel then the other off the ground.

She was at the top of her prop speed when Blakely gave the arranged signal. There was a second's pause, then the plane shot forward as though from a catapult. He shoved the stick forward and kept it there until he was about half-way across the clearing. Then he savagely jerked it back. The plane seemed to toss up her nose in a challenge and zoomed straight between two giant bombax.

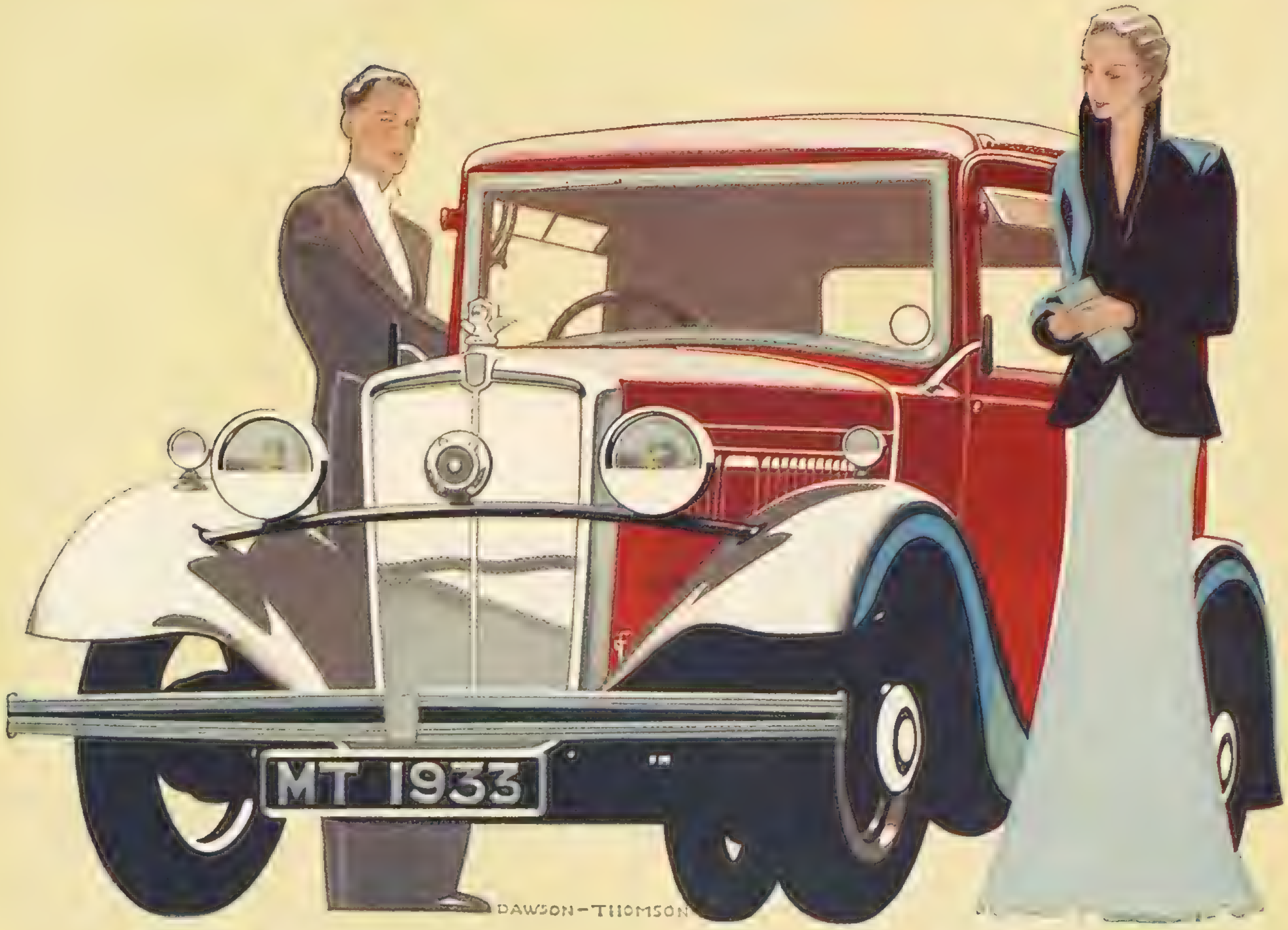
There was a flash of dark foliage, the horrible brushing of something against the undercarriage; then Blakely levelled off, lost altitude again for a dangerous moment, and gradually lifted her clear. It was all over! She was free, a strand of fibre trailing behind her like the string of a kite.

Behind them they left a small clearing in a West African forest. In the centre of it a black boy was waving good-bye. Banking, Blakely came round and dipped over him by way of acknowledgment and thanks.

What he saw made him shudder. It was the slow deliberation of the thing that sickened, and with a kick of his foot he swung away from the scene so that Miss Kenhart might be none the wiser.

For Kwami was waiting—possibly with that grin still on his face—waiting to be savaged to death by hundreds of spears.

END



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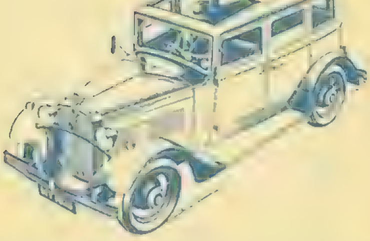

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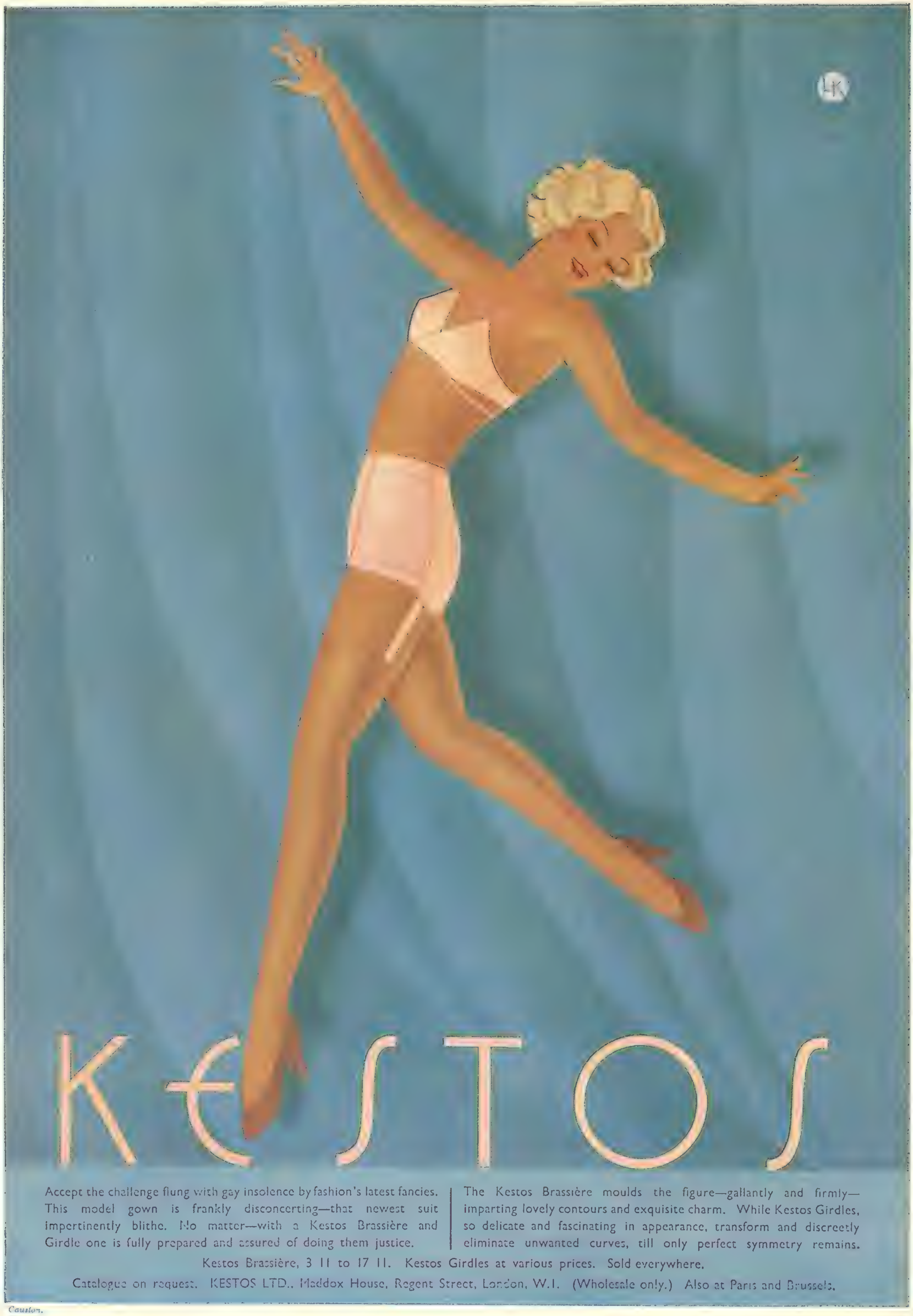

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Causton.

Wife to Barry

(*Continued from page* 33)

"Because under all your sweetness and goodness, in your heart of hearts you're glad this has happened to me; that I'm in your power for good and all. That's the secret of your wifely devotion."

Wanda opened her lips to deny this infamous thing, but she shut them again. Some deep, ineradicable truth in herself showed her the grain of reality in this hideous accusation.

"You see," a bitter smile curved Barry's lips. "You can't deny it. You remember in London, the day it . . . it happened, that quarrel we had. I felt you struggling to keep me all to yourself. Well, you've got your wish. No other woman would want me now . . ."

How could Wanda realise it was the pain speaking, not Barry.

"Stop," she said, "I can't bear any more."

Turning swiftly she fled from him, back to the villa. Barry called something after her; she didn't listen. Her one thought was to get away from that accusing voice, that tragic face. She caught up a hat and gloves from the hall, and started to run down the hill. She would pick up a taxi at the bottom, and go somewhere . . . anywhere.

The chauffeur held open the door.

"To the Casino, Madame?"

Wanda nodded. That would do as well as anywhere else. She would go there and play. People said you forgot everything in the excitement of gambling. That was what she wanted . . . to forget.

"MRS. BARRY."

It was Otto's voice at her side. He had been watching her for some time, the sullen troubled face, the piteous eyes.

"Since you appear to be losing," he suggested imperturbably, "why not come and talk to me instead, and have a drink with me."

Wanda pushed back her chair with relief. The sight of Otto's lean, saturnine face brought back the old life. She followed him into the bar, and they sat at a table and had cocktails.

"And Barry?" he asked briefly.

Wanda lit a cigarette with a trembling hand.

"Otto, it's terrible. He's well, and they patched him up so that he doesn't look too bad, but he knows he can't take his old place, and that's so, isn't it, Otto?"

"Absolutely, Wanda."

Leaning forward, looking into those hard clever eyes, Wanda told him more.

"He hates me, Otto, hates the sight of me. He told me so just now; he thinks I am glad of his trouble, glad of the accident. I couldn't stay with him; I came up here. Oh, Otto, I'm so pleased you found me."

A light glimmered behind those heavy lids.

"Forget it," he said succinctly. "Barry is right. He is better without you. A man in that state is not to be helped. You have wasted your talents, perhaps you have wasted your love. Listen, Wanda, I can give you a career, and a future. I have had it in my pocket for you all these years, but you were sleepwalking in your dream of love for Barry. Now, I think, you are awake. I shall be in London next week. If you are wise, you will come. Be wise, little Wanda. You do not need me to tell you the chance I am giving you. I shall not ask you again."

No, Wanda did not need him to tell her. She knew how he was besieged and implored for such a chance.

"I'll come, Otto," she said, "if you think I can be any use, and I'm ever, ever so grateful."

He smiled. One day she would be more than grateful; and he could wait for that day.

"I am starring Anna in my new film," Otto told her. "She went over big in 'Love's Disciple.' She's blonde, you know, and I want a dark girl to support her. It's a magnificent little part; a child of nature, a vivandière who goes along with the troops, their mascot, sometimes their inspiration. If you respond to my direction, it'll make you. There's a young cavalry officer . . . poor Barry could have played that . . ."

Wanda trembled with eagerness. Otto could do this wonder for her, his words carried power. The prospect was dazzling.

"I won't fail you, Otto. If there's anything in me, I know you'll bring it out."

Then she stood up, uncertainly.

"I'd better go back to the Villa now and tell Barry."

Otto guessed she dreaded that interview.

"No hurry, dine with me first at my hotel; we won't change, then I'll send you home in my car."

In the big hall of the Miraflors he left her, to send a cable. Wanda sat relaxed for a few minutes in a deep armchair. Quite suddenly, life had changed for her. It was she who was to have a career, she would step into that glittering world Barry had left. Left for ever. Otto's attitude showed how completely he had done with Barry, never even asking to see him, speaking of him as if he were dead. But with Wanda he had only just begun. There was no knowing what he might make of her. Otto had made stars of less promising material. Wanda drew a deep breath. It was too wonderful, she daren't dwell on it. She must keep calm until Barry had been told, though nothing, nothing should shake her resolve.

Yet almost immediately something did. Life is like that. Snatching up the paper to distract her mind, she turned it over, reading the scattered items of news. A gala dinner at the Casino, a new tenor at the Opera House, the visitors' lists, the arrival of the great plastic surgeon Rudolph Kuntz.

About him there was a paragraph which leapt at her from the printed page. "Doctor Kuntz, who has succeeded in restoring to men and women the facial beauty they have lost when every other doctor has failed, is now so overwhelmed with work that he has had to refuse innumerable applications and leave Vienna for a brief holiday on our delightful coast. He is staying at the Hotel Miraflors."

The paper dropped from Wanda's hand. The Hotel Miraflors. She was in it at this very moment, close to the magician who could perform a miracle on Barry. She knew it, without any doubt; and chance had brought him here, and Fate would take him away, unless she acted quickly. Quietly she walked to the desk.

"I have an appointment with Doctor Kuntz," she told them.

The dark young man at the desk consulted a book, and shook his head.

"Impossible, Mademoiselle. Our orders are precise. The doctor is here for a rest. He sees no one. No one at all."

Wanda smiled, that gay smile in which Otto had seen such possibilities.

"But I am his sister," she said, "his only sister. I can show you his letter if you like."

The men whispered together.

"You are Mademoiselle Kuntz?"

"Yes," said Wanda firmly.

"In that case, Mademoiselle,since you are not a patient, I will take the responsibility."

He called a page.

"Take Mademoiselle Kuntz to the doctor's rooms."

In the lift Wanda had a moment's amazement at herself. What was the force that was driving her on, to kick into the chasm the slender bridge by which she would walk to fame and fortune, to lie shamelessly, so as to see this Doctor Kuntz and drag him to Barry, to Barry, who hated her. Whatever it was, it lay at the very centre of her being, and would not be denied.

"You can leave me here," she commanded the page at the door. "I'll go in alone."

And before he could answer she opened the door and closed it behind her.

Doctor Kuntz was short and red-faced, and wore great horn-rimmed spectacles. An unimpressive man, but to Wanda he seemed a god.

Standing in front of him she put her hands together behind her back like a child.

"I got in here by a dreadful trick," she said, "I pretended to be your sister."

"I have no sister," he said shortly. "She died twelve years ago. May I ask the reason of this intrusion?" and he picked up the telephone.

"Put it down." Wanda stretched out her hand. "In five minutes you shall telephone and turn me out. Five little minutes. Spare these from your holiday for the sake of human kindness."

He replaced the receiver, and laid his watch on the table. "Proceed, young lady, I will give you five minutes, but not a second more."

"I'm married," said Wanda, "my husband was the great film star, Barry Dunallan. They worshipped him over here and in America. You may even have heard of him in Europe. Six months ago he was smashed up in a motor car."

Breathlessly she described his injuries. "They operated on him in England, but they couldn't restore his beauty, couldn't make him fit for the camera. If you want to see an utterly wretched man you will come with me and see him. We are rich, but you don't want money. It's your time I want, the time you ought to give to your health and pleasure. The five minutes are up," she finished, "and I've failed. I can see it in your face."

"Calm yourself, Madame."

He touched the bell and the inner door opened to admit a manservant. "My hat and stick."

He clapped the hat on his head and took the stick.

"Conduct me to your husband, Madame."

Wanda did not even stop to leave a message for Otto. She would telephone later. Close as a shadow she followed Doctor Kuntz into his car. On the way he talked to her.

"There are no miracles, Madame Dunallan, but some of us have pushed scientific research a little further than others, have discovered secrets of manipulation which seem like magic to the unenlightened. With your husband's consent I will examine his injuries, and if my verdict is favourable you may have the utmost confidence that I will tell you the truth."

"WHEN will the doctor come, Brownie?"

"Any time now."

"And you're sure he'll take off the bandages?"

"Yes. He told me he would."

Barry seized her hand and squeezed it painfully, and she returned a faint but reassuring pressure. He was the old Barry to her now, counting on her help, her sympathy. Doctor Kuntz had spoken plainly.

"But for your wife," he had said, "I should never have come."

Barry had not thanked her, because in this agony of suspense he had thought of no one but himself. Wanda was just there, like the sunlight flooding the quiet room. He took her for granted. Now he lay, trembling with eagerness, waiting for the doctor's step.

With her first look at Doctor Kuntz all doubt left Wanda. But even she gasped when the bandages were removed.

She saw a miracle.

Barry looked younger, more beautiful than before the accident.

Doctor Kuntz smiled at Wanda.

"Give him the mirror."

Wanda put a large glass in Barry's hand, as he sat propped up by pillows and saw incredulous wonder and joy sweep across his face.

"Good, isn't it, Brownie?"

"Barry, it's just perfect!"

He turned to the doctor, and held out his hand.

"How can I thank you."

"You are lucky,

(*Continued on page* 112)

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Mr. Dunallan," said Kuntz gravely. "I have been able to do my best work on you, and I defy the camera to find a flaw."

When he had gone, Barry talked joyfully of his future. He would summon Otto who, he heard, was still here, the photographers, the publicity men. Lay all the plans for a triumphant come-back. Then they would return to London.

"I shan't be there, Barry." Wanda spoke slowly, averting her eyes from his face. "I couldn't tell you before, but I've made up my mind. You don't want a wife; you showed me that plainly when you were in trouble. I've seen Otto, he'll give me a small part. We'll be quietly separated, and I'll go my own way. I can't stand it all over again, not counting in your life."

Barry's hand was seeking hers. The exaltation was suddenly wiped out of his face. He looked bewildered—lost.

"But I can't do without you, Brownie!"

"Oh, yes you can." Her voice was cheerful. "You've got your public, Barry, the women whose hearts you can touch, who go home and dream about you . . . your social life . . . your friends."

"But I want you, too."

"No, Barry. You've hurt me too much."

Then Barry understood.

"Brownie, I've been a devil to you, but I've been through hell. There was nothing in me to help me face a knock like that. I wasn't that sort of man. But I've learnt something, Brownie, I swear I have."

It was very quiet in the sunny room. Barry had turned his head away, his eyes were hidden. Then rather breathlessly he said:

"Don't leave me, Brownie."

"But *my* life, *my* career," she asked passionately.

"I know. But I want you. Come close to me, Brownie."

Wanda moved slowly towards him; stood by his side, yielded to the claim of his arms. Let him kiss her mouth. Let her career join the might-have-beens of life. Took up the burden of being Barry's wife.

JUNE was splashing the world with radiance and colour when Barry Dunallan came back to his kingdom.

The publicity men had done their work well, Filmland had thrilled to the story of the marvellous restoration of her favourite. The hour of his return had been repeatedly told the public, he was to broadcast that night. And the public, their curiosity whetted, their sympathy stirred, came in their hundreds to welcome him back, straining forward to catch a glimpse of that famous smile. Otto Steinbach, the celebrated producer, who was to direct him in a new super film, was there too, on the platform with several other black-coated film magnates, and one or two privileged reporters.

As Barry, graceful and debonair, stepped out, followed by his wife, a little brown thing, nothing much to look at, but evidently very pleased to share in her husband's triumph, a wild cheer broke from the waiting women.

"Welcome back, Barry! Give us a speech!"

Otto touched Wanda's hand.

"Steinbach proposes, and Wanda disposes," he said cynically. "Happy in the shadow of the great star, Mrs. Barry?"

"Quite happy, Otto."

"Then it is well."

Barry was speaking.

"It makes me very happy to see that you've not forgotten me. I am most touched." Here the star paused, apparently overcome with genuine emotion. "I thank you from my heart; and now, I want you to give my wife a special welcome."

He turned, and pulled Wanda forward. The crowd, quick to respond to his evident desire, gave her a cheer.

"Go on, Wanda, say something," he encouraged. But she shook her head over the great bouquet of red roses, and her thanks were inaudible.

Then they surged round Barry again, and Wanda saw Clarissa Farr, looking up into his face from under the brim of a huge drooping hat. Saw, too, Barry, after the briefest word, turn deliberately away. A reporter touched her on the arm.

"Oh, please," she said. "I've really nothing to say, except how delighted I am at my husband's complete recovery from his accident of last year."

"There has been a suggestion, Mrs. Dunallan," he smiled, "that you were thinking of appearing on the screen yourself. Is there any truth in this rumour?"

Her fresh lips parted in what he noticed was a particularly sweet smile.

"None whatever. I have no ambition for a separate career."

"I see. Your career is to be the wife of your celebrated husband. Is that it, Mrs. Dunallan?"

Just then Barry turned, seeking her. "I want you," said Barry's eyes. They said that always now.

"That's it," said Mrs. Barry Dunallan gently.

END

Screenland's Winning Age

(Continued from page 21)

he was a lad of sixteen, in some way or other. He ran away from home, at an early age, joined a circus, learned to be a clown, a wire-walker, a bare-back rider, an elephant trainer. From the circus he drifted to the music hall stage, where he danced and impersonated a Swedish nursemaid. From there the next step was screenwards, and all of a sudden he became a villain. He was a successful villain, for a time, then switched right over, and became a clever comedian.

But it is only to-day, when he is between forty and fifty, that he has reached the peak of his success, with the performances he has been allowed to give in "Hell Divers," "Min and Bill," and "The Champ."

Ruth Chatterton came to Hollywood for a rest. She has been a believer in "realism" all her life, and the idea of making her face into a mask in order to qualify for work in front of the camera did not appeal to her. Emil Jannings talked her into a film job, in a film with him, though she protested that her "impossible nose" was hopeless from a camera point of view. After endless arguments she said she would play in "Sins of the Fathers," with Jannings to guide and advise her, if she was not forced to put a lot of messy greasepaint on her face. "The lines of my face represent knowledge, experience, common sense, suffering; I'm proud of them, and I refuse to camouflage them," said Ruth Chatterton. So she had her own way, and it has led to a starring contract which brings her in more money than any other actress has ever earned, with the exception of Constance Bennett.

Where film acting is discussed seriously, they will tell you that Walter Huston is the finest actor on the screen, bar none. Yet I happened to be on the set where he was working at the Astoria Studios on Long Island, when his first talking film, "Gentleman of the Press," was in the throes of difficult, agonising birth. It had been a dreadful afternoon, the kind of afternoon that people who know the studios, as opposed to the theatre, treat as part of the day's work. Everything had gone wrong: sound, cameras, make-up, everything.

But still the actors were expected to ACT. This was something new to Walter Huston. With despair written on his ugly, expressive face he sat at the side of the set waiting until it might be possible for him to continue the difficult scene that had been interrupted a dozen times by some technical hitch. "Well," he said slowly, looking grey under his make-up, "this is my first shot at talkies; and, if I am lucky, it will be my last! Never again, for this lad!"

(Continued on page 114)

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Screenland's Winning Age

Nobody could have blamed him for feeling as he did; but fortunately he was persuaded later on that the screen really needed actors of quality—and so Walter Huston consented to have another shot. He is a rugged-faced man, with a grown-up son; no longer young, never good-looking. But he is one of the box-office draws in talking pictures to-day.

Then there is Maurice Chevalier, of the straw hat, the fascinating accent, the protruding under lip. How that man fought against film work! He made one test, which was awful. He said "No, *No*, NO!" whenever a film contract came his way. When at last he consented to take the fatal plunge, he gave himself two years, in his own mind, in which to sink or swim. Those two years expired some time ago, and he is still on the crest of the wave. To-day his contract entitles him to make four films a year, two in Hollywood, two in France possibly directed by René (le Million) Clair. So Maurice can spend six months in California and six in Europe, to the happiness of everyone concerned. His age, incidentally, is anything from twenty-five to forty-five; he is one of those fortunate individuals who appear to be entirely ageless.

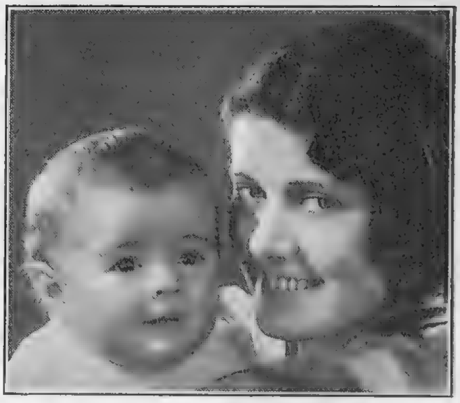
As for Mae West, of the whisky-saturated voice and deadly wise-cracks, she is likely to be one of the biggest box-office attractions in the entire entertainment world before 1933 fades out. She is a "bad, bad woman" and glories in it. She has been in the show game all her life, from the time she first started to have definite opinions of her own, and to get her own way or know why, at the early age of six. Starting in a small vaudeville act, she soon found her way into the chorus, and then into the real dramatic world.

Mae West has been celebrated on the American stage for several years; celebrated for her amazing collection of diamonds, for her authorship and production of two remarkable plays, "Sex" and "Diamond Lil," and for the fact that having written and produced these works of skill, she played the leading part in each of them, all of which knocked the blasé theatregoers of Broadway cold.

A brilliant Englishwoman called Alison Skipworth, who has worked for many years on the New York stage and is now in Hollywood making successful films, is looked upon as a second Marie Dressler by the film industry. I was in Hollywood when "Skippy" arrived from New York to make her first appearance on the screen in "Raffles" with Ronald Colman. She did not find films very appealing, after her stage roles, and said quite firmly that she did not imagine she would ever grimace in front of the camera again! "Grimace" was her own word, though it does not apply to her performances in any sense. But it happened that films liked "Skippy" better than she liked them; and now, after her work in "The Sporting Widow" and "He Learned about Women" and that excellent George Raft film "Night after Night," it seems that Alison Skipworth cannot hope to escape from the clutches of the camera.

As for the Barrymores, what can be said of them except that they add distinction to every part they play? Having arrived in Hollywood with their tongues metaphorically in their cheeks, they seem perfectly content to go on giving the best they can to a branch of their profession they once regarded with a certain amount of scorn. They are to be seen together this year for the first time—that impressive trio, Lionel, Ethel and John—in "Rasputin and the Empress." Lionel, the eldest Barrymore, is a painter of genuine ability and has been a director of films as well as an actor.

Lewis Stone is one of the pillars of the screen; he should have been starred long ago, for his face brings a round of applause from any audience, and he has never been known to give a bad performance. His age? Well, like John Barrymore and other celluloid favourites, he has a grown-up daughter, so he belongs definitely to the group of distinguished players who represent the Winning Age on the screen to-day.



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Bijou Salad

*TRY THESE THREE DELICIOUS SALADS—
EACH A COURSE IN ITSELF.*

Bijou Salad.

INGREDIENTS—Hearts of lettuce, cherry tomatoes, oranges, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Crisp the hearts of lettuce in cold water, shake them well and remove some of the centre leaves. Wash and dry the cherry tomatoes, divide the oranges into sections and remove the pips. Mix equal quantities of orange sections and cherry tomatoes with a little Heinz Salad Cream. Fill the hearts of lettuce with the mixture, pour salad cream over the oranges and tomatoes and serve on individual plates. A radish cut like a rose and allowed to get crisp in icy cold water adds a good note of decoration.

Fruit and Cabbage Salad.

INGREDIENTS—White cabbage heart, slices of pineapple (tinned ones will do very well), oranges, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Wash the cabbage, remove the outer leaves, put the heart in a saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to the boil, drain thoroughly and shred very finely. Cut the pineapple into dice. Cut the oranges in half and scoop out the pulp. Mix the cabbage, pineapple and orange with Heinz Salad Cream, pile on a dish, pour a little more salad cream over and decorate with cherries, flowers or leaves.

Grapefruit, Lettuce and Walnut Salad.

INGREDIENTS—Grapefruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel the grapefruit like an orange. Remove the pips and divide the fruit into its natural sections. Wash and dry the lettuce and arrange on small plates. Arrange the grapefruit on the lettuce like the petals of a daisy. Put a small pile of shelled walnuts in the centre to emphasize the flower idea, and serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

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The Romance of Monaco

(*Continued from page 35*)

rendered to France against Spain. The father of the young Prince Louis was Prince Albert I, then the sovereign. He was a benevolent ruler; he was both student and philanthropist. The International Institute of Peace was founded by him before the League of Nations was thought of; and to house the scientific spoils of his deep-sea explorations and researches he set up the Institut Océanographique. Various other monuments to his princely activities remain, some of them since removed to Paris.

Between father and son there was some incompatibility of character and of taste. It was natural that the irregularity of Constantine should be displeasing to Prince Albert, for the situation in which the reigning family was placed was delicate. There was a possibility that the son might renounce the succession, that he might not marry, that he might not have issue which would maintain the rulership in the straight line. In fact, Prince Louis never married, and it was only by a special act that Princess Charlotte, and afterwards her children, were placed in the line of descent.

Despite his predilections for France, Prince Albert did not discourage the German branch of the family. It was represented by the Duke of Urach, Count of Wurtemberg, a general in the German army, who was later in command at Verdun. The son, now nearly 40 years of age, was given a French education. Would the Monaco succession eventually go to the German cousin?

The French Government was moved. It felt that it could not permit the Prince of Monaco to be other than a Frenchman or a Monégasque. In 1918 a treaty was drawn up which gives France a right of regard in the succession. The Duke of Urach in 1924 decided definitely to forgo his claims; and thus this difficulty was removed.

In the meantime the little girl of Constantine had been brought to the Palace. Since Prince Louis showed no disposition to marriage, the sovereign, Prince Albert, admitted the recognition. On her the Grimaldi title was conferred, and she was regarded as the Princesse Héréditaire, and to legalise fully her position there was a ceremony of adoption in 1919. The date, as will subsequently be seen, is of importance.

THERE are few families which have such an extraordinary record as the Grimaldi family. Far back in the twelfth century the Emperor, Henry VI, gave Monaco (whether it was his to give need not trouble us here!) to Genoa, on condition that a fortress should be built there. Monaco was a mere rock, a lonely arid place, difficult of access; but it was already known to history as the port where Augustus Cæsar embarked for Genoa on his return to Rome. On the barren heights a stronghold was constructed, and it became the scene of perpetual fighting.

The great exploit of Carlo, who finally won the rock for the Grimaldis, is commemorated in the coat of arms—a monk with a sword. Between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines the famous feud was waged. The Ghibellines, of Genoa, were represented by the Spinolas; the Guelphs by the Grimaldis. They besieged each other; they drove each other out of the Citadel; but on the whole the Spinolas were victorious, and seemed likely to hold the fort. Then on the fateful Christmas Eve of 1306 a little party, headed by a monk, climbed up the hills. They separated at the foot of the rock; the monk waited by the sea, and he fingered a long knife until the church bell announced the Midnight Mass. Then he walked slowly, with bowed head, attracting no attention, to the ramparts. He whistled. Out of the shadows sprung armed men. They butchered the guard; they rushed to the palace, which they took by storm; they found the Master sprawling in his easy chair. "Who are you?" "I am Francis Grimaldi," replied the monk. . . . Since then the Grimaldis have kept their hold on Monaco.

There was Carlo the Seaman, violent and daring, who made the Monégasque fleet feared in the Mediterranean, and who was willing to enter any fight on any side.

There was the little Claudine, into whose childish hands was yielded the sceptre; there was Lucien, treacherously murdered by his nephew; there were the Rainiers, both bonny fighters against Flemish or English; there was Honorius, who, finding himself "protected" by the Spanish against the French, made friends with the French to get rid of the Spaniards, and thus consolidated his independence; there were many others who played a valiant rôle in the vicissitudes of the centuries, mounting high, falling low, but flying, in good and in evil fortune, their red and white flag over the tower and town. There were adventurers, courtiers, soldiers, sailors, wise and foolish rulers, and even a proper sprinkling of blackguards; but on the whole the Grimaldis were the equal of any French or Italian family.

Such was the wonderful world into which stepped the little girl from Constantine. The portraits of the Grimaldis, men and women, painted by the most renowned artists, looked down on her from the walls of the great galleries; destiny smiled on her; she was lovely, rich, honoured, the joy of the palace and the adored of the people, living in a little land which had been transformed, since those grim days of the Genoese, from a bare rock to a smiling garden, a splendid panorama before her eyes, a marvellous prospect of future sovereignty, when she should succeed the ageing Prince Albert and the bachelor Prince Louis, reigning over a contented people, admired by a court which had preserved something of the ceremony of the *ancien régime*, the leading lady among the throngs of the Riviera resorts. . . .

It was true that the old-time magnificence of the Court was diminished. When Charles III, who was the real founder of the present-day Monte Carlo in 1861—or who rather permitted the Société des Bains de Mer to found it, and build the Casino, and attract to the gaming tables a luxurious and cosmopolitan clientèle, who bought villas, and for whom were erected hotels de luxe, and whose yachts filled with their white sails the harbour where once had ridden the feared galleys of Carlo the Seaman—saw wealth pouring in on him, he restored the old customs, and chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting, and a princely guard in blue tunics with white facings, and a flashing fleet on the sunlit sea, added richer colour to the colourful Principality. Some of these appanages and symbols of monarchy had disappeared, but there was still an army in quaint uniforms, and there were diplomatic representatives accredited to various Great Powers, and there were cannon in the square which, though three hundred years old and playthings for little boys, served to remind her of the glorious annals of the old Grimaldis . . .

She was married, this Princesse Charmante, this adopted daughter of the gods, soon after she had attained her majority, in 1920. The Count Pierre de Polignac, who too bore a name known to history, was her husband. He was naturalised Monégasque, and created Prince and took the Grimaldi arms. Prince Albert died, and Louis, who had served in the French army, reigned in his stead. She was, in the eyes of all, now the Princesse Héréditaire. There were two children, Antoinette and Rainier. And then . . .

And then there happened what may happen in plebeian and princely families alike. There was a separation. Prince Pierre and Princess Charlotte could not continue together the path which would lead them to a throne. Raymond Poincaré, ex-President of the French Republic, a great lawyer as well as politician, was asked to act as arbitrator. The conditions of the separation were drawn up, and they were registered by the Monaco Court in 1930.

There were, however,

(*Contd. on page* 118)

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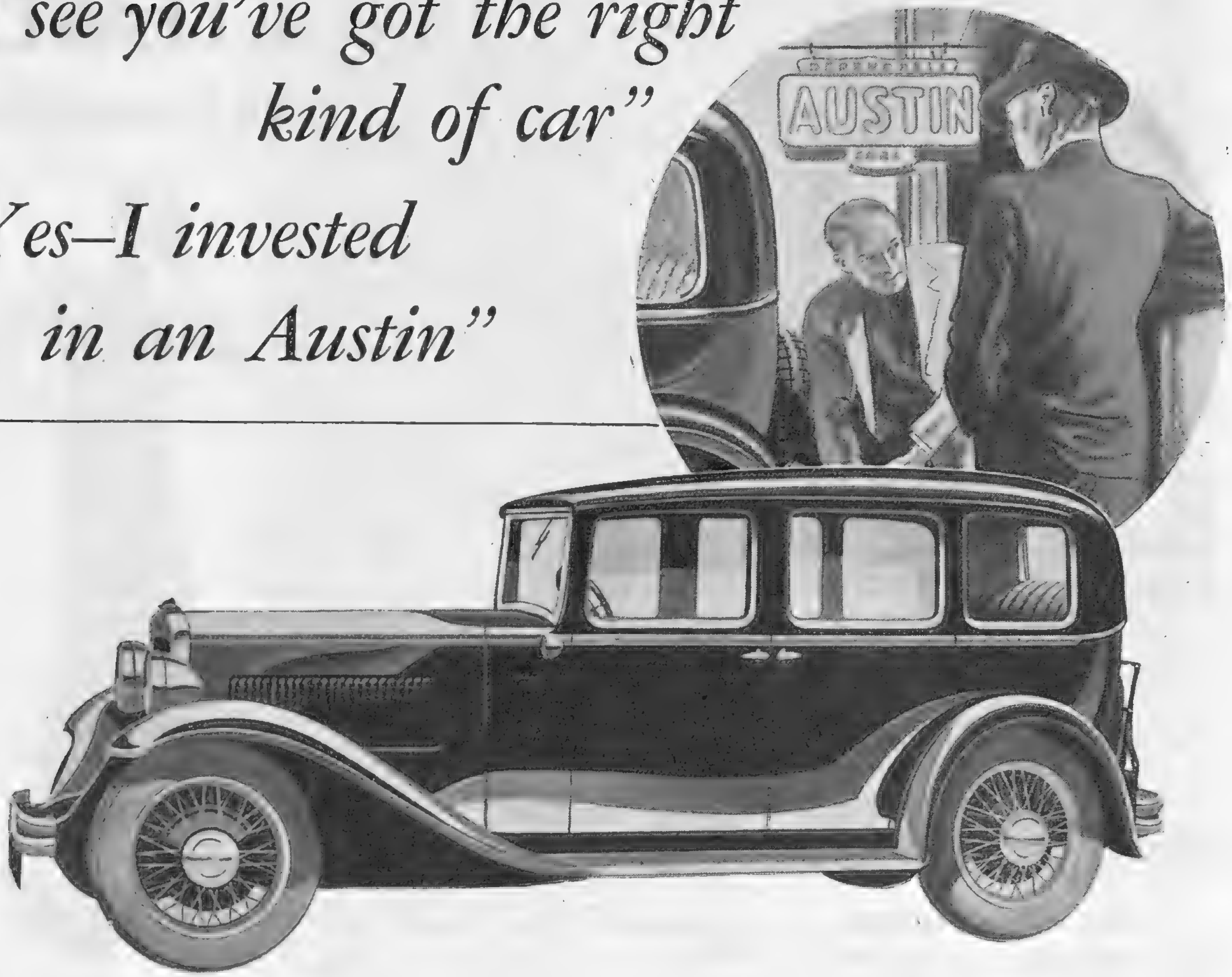
"Yes–I invested in an Austin"



"If everybody came here with an Austin, I'd have precious little to do in the repair-line."

"Hardly the right sort of car for *your* business, then?"

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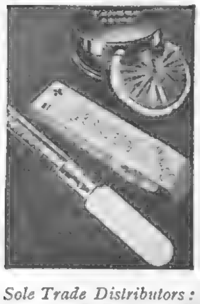

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still doubts as to the position of the husband if the Princesse Héréditaire were to reign. What would be his rights? Might there not be unsuspected difficulties? At any rate, there were plenty of foreseeable difficulties. At last the Gordian knot was cut by the surprising letter of abdication of the Princess, which necessarily disposes of the pretensions Prince Pierre might conceivably have in Monaco.

But the grave question arises whether the Princesse Héréditaire herself really possessed the rights she has abdicated, and therefore whether they can be transmitted to her children. The argument, virulently put forward by a local journal, is that Princess Charlotte had no rights by birth, but only by adoption. Now it is suggested that in the adoption there were irregularities. It was completed in 1919 by Prince Louis, after his father Prince Albert had promulgated, in October of the preceding year, two ordinances modifying the statutes of the princely family. But, first, Prince Albert was, at that time, no longer an Absolute Sovereign. Since his country had a Constitution, the constitutional laws applied, and could not be overridden. The Monaco Code says that the adopting person must be 50 years of age, and that the adopted person must be 21 years of age. In point of fact, so runs the argument, Prince Louis was only 49, and the young Princess had not attained her majority. Besides, there existed other members of the family capable of taking up the succession. It is superfluous to insist on the deductions that can be drawn—and are drawn—from these circumstances.

The Duke of Urach, Count of Wurtemberg, is no longer in the picture. But there is a French claimant, the Comte Aynard Fortuné de Chabrillan, who married Mlle. de Lévis-Mirepoix, and who descends from Honoré III of Monaco, the ancestor of Prince Louis.

He wrote some years ago a letter, now recalled, to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, pegging out his claims, and pointing out that, apart from Prince Louis, he and his children are the only legitimate French representatives of the House of Grimaldi of Monaco. His genealogical tree is not, I believe, in dispute.

It is piquant to learn that M. Paul-Boncour, French Foreign Minister, recently Prime Minister, went, in his professional capacity of lawyer, into the matter, and expressed a carefully considered favourable opinion.

As for the French Government, it may have the last word, for under its treaty with Monaco measures concerning directly or indirectly the exercise of a regency or the succession of the crown are always subject to a preliminary accord between the Principality and France.

So we have here all the elements of one of those romantic stories of which the annals of Monaco are filled. Down on the plateau the lights of Monte Carlo shine, multitudinous and more scintillating than the stars above the southern sea, and the green-tabled games are played, and there is a sound of dance music; while on the reddish rock these dynastic problems have entered the old castle of many memories.

END

Eve *and the* Serpent

(*Continued from page* 39)

and of obstinacy in him; the clash of wills; the inevitable battling of the young who must be all giving or all taking and have never heard of compromise; the death of spontaneity and surprise, the birth of boredom and the taint of sameness; something habitual and almost mechanical in caresses. . .

And his loathsome relations, who so obviously thought he had thrown himself away on her; discussions, slights, cold shoulderings, diffidence about reunions, the fool's pride that held her back from being the one (the wise one) to say the first word; money bothers, bills, worries, arguments, rows. . . .

(*Continued on page* 120)

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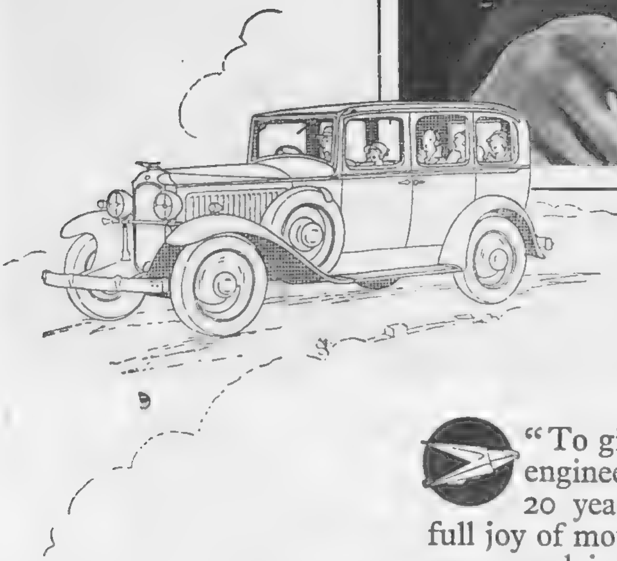

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She sat down on the low sill. "Very well," she said.

"You're only twenty-three—a mere kid," he said. "I want, of course, to do whatever's best for you as well as for myself."

"I'm sorry I've stood in your way so long," she said. "What do I do next?"

"Nothing. The next step's up to me. I'll send you the customary hotel bill. You'll consult a solicitor. He'll have me watched. The rest's plane sailing."

She stood up and walked slowly to the door.

"I'd like," he said, coming to her, "to wish you better luck. I'm perfectly certain you could make any man terribly happy—if he wasn't quite such a fool as I am."

"I hope I'll find something better to do than making any man happy," she retorted. "Marriage isn't everything."

"Kate will agree with you," he observed with a smile. "As a well-off and pretty young independent you ought to put in a high old time. I hope you do, and I'm more sincere in that than I've ever been. It would be prudent for us to leave here separately, so I'll say good-bye and—God bless you."

He lifted her cold hand from her hip, pressed her irresponsive fingers, stared at her, hesitated, let go her hand and opened the door.

As she went slowly forward, she felt in her bones that this wasn't the end. It was bluff. He wouldn't let her go like this. She reached and passed him. "Good-bye," she said, turning on the landing.

"Good-bye," said he curtly, and shut the door.

Haddon wanted a divorce.

CLIMBING up the mule-track to the villa, her whole mind rang with the one thought, just as the clang of a great bell will blanket every other sound and seem to go on pulsing in echoing resonance interminably. . . .

As Eve reached the gate between garden and track, Kate excitedly called to her from a long chair under the laden orange-tree. A woman, "very smart, fat and mysterious," had called to see Eve, had refused to give her name, and had asked if she might look in again after dinner.

Kate was intensely curious, but Eve could not enlighten her nor work up any interest whatever. A visit from the Queen of Sheba would have left her cold. In a long chair, when disappointed Kate had relapsed into the skipping of a novel, Eve lay, looking out over the town to the sea and wondering where Haddon was and what he did. All her misconceptions of the motives that had sent him to her kept discomfiting her. She felt so intolerably small that she wished she had swung round from the window and its vistas of the past and held out her hands, courting snubs if snubs were all he had to give her, and said, "Let's have another shot."

At seven o'clock she wandered indoors and upstairs, undressed, and went into the little box of a bedroom known as the bathroom because an old-fashioned hip-bath stood in the corner. Water was precious, and Eve lay in a scented puddle, her head against the bath's high back and her feet on the bath-mat, wondering what people did when they found that what they had fondly imagined to be the high-road of life was only a cul-de-sac.

Presently somebody scratched on the door.

"Who's there?" she asked sharply, snatching up the sponge for a breast-plate.

"Me—Haddon," she heard. "I've missed my train and am at a loose end. Don't hurry. I'll smoke a cigarette and wait for you."

"Have you seen Kate?"

"No—crept in like a thief in the night."

It was dumfounding. Had he, she wondered, been able to divine her reactions so clearly that he had realised that the proposed divorce would soften her, let her review the past through rosy spectacles, let regrets creep in?

If so, he was much more astute than she had ever guessed.

Wearing her jade silk wrap over her warm pink powdered body, she opened the door. Haddon was sitting smoking by the window in her bedroom, but he flung his butt out into the garden and stood up as she came in.

"Eve," he said, "I found I—couldn't go."

There was nothing assured about him. On the contrary, he was evidently more than nervous. He seemed, indeed, to be in trepidation. His forehead shone, his uneasy fingers were restless and his eyes only shot evasive glances at her.

"Because of the lost train?" she said lightly. "Oh, but the P.L.M. cars are very comfortable."

"Damn trains and cars!" he ejaculated. "I just couldn't go, I tell you. Eve, I've tried my damnedest to—to behave properly. I thought out what was best for you, and I've tried to do it. But you didn't seem to sort of jump at it, and I can't carry it through—at least not without putting up a bit of a struggle. In that room when you'd gone this afternoon, I remembered——"

He broke off, peering into her eyes as though he longed to see a softening in them.

"Damn the money!" he exclaimed. "If it's going to stand between us, we'll found a home for lost dogs with it!"

"Will we? No, thanks. That money's——"

She got no further. Round her shot his arms and roughly he jerked her close, his grip squeezing all the breath out of her. Because of his shoulder, her head could make no escape as he bent and kissed her, a shower of kisses anywhere, everywhere, seeming enraptured to fall wherever her wrigglings permitted.

"I love you—keep still—I love you. I don't care if you've got a million. And you shan't keep it. Not one penny. You're going to be that penniless little girl in the witness-box again. For God's sake, stop fighting! Be sensible—well, then be resigned. We'll have Kate in in a minute. . . . Eve, whether you like it or not, whether you like me or not, whatever your thoughts and opinions and plans are or may have been, I've got you——"

One arm released her, swept down to the back of her knees and lifted her up.

"Let me go," she said; but Kate was the last person she wanted to see and her voice was muted. "If you think I'm the cheap little animal that falls for cave-man's stuff, you're wrong. It only makes me despise you. Any man who uses force is just an innate cad. If you've come to get some money—well, you can have it. I'll pay blood-money—gladly."

She felt him take a step, and then her heart seemed suddenly loose as she realised that his arms no longer supported her. "Plump," she subsided, dropped on the bed.

"All right," he said, breathing hard. "go to hell your own way!"

With that he made for the door. As he clattered downstairs she leapt up and from a window saw him go hurrying to the garden gate and the mule-track that was a short cut to the town.

Twice she opened her mouth and twice resolutely snapped those very small and even teeth of hers. He *was* a cad! If he'd behaved at all decently she might possibly—only she was glad she hadn't and he hadn't. Terribly glad. Of course she was. . . .

AT nine o'clock that evening, with drowsy Kate at her elbow, Eve was sitting out under the orange tree, wondering when her mysterious caller would arrive, when she heard the popping of a cork. The sound came from the mule-track, but as nobody ever drew corks there, and as Haddon's one parlour-trick was an imitation of the pop and sizzle of somebody opening a bottle of champagne, she eyed the twin Judas-trees at the gate with suspicion. Presently Haddon's head cautiously appeared, little finger in cheek, ready to open a second bottle.

She shook her head at him. Let sleeping Kates lie, she thought. Yawning, she stood up and sauntered towards the Judas-trees.

As she passed between them Haddon said:—

"I behaved like a cad. I must have been mad. I felt I

(*Continued on page* 122)

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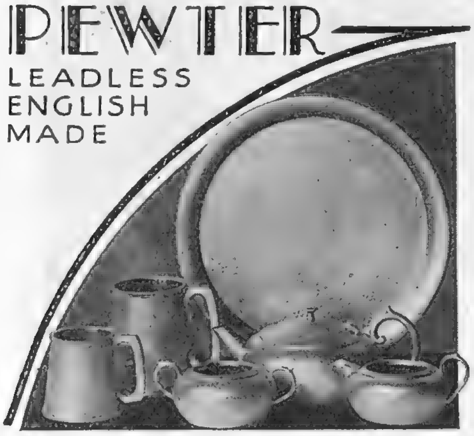

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couldn't go till I'd apologised. Nothing like it will ever happen again. Will you try to—wash it out ? "

" Does it matter—one way or the other ? " she asked, walking on.

" To me, yes. And I'd like you to apologise for saying I'd come for blood-money. It's untrue. It's a suggestion that would almost excuse murder being done."

" Then why did you come ? "

" Eve," he asked, " what did we quarrel over—originally, I mean ? "

" Just you being you."

His short laugh seemed torn from him.

" You're about as relenting as a glacier. Still, even a glacier melts—in the end."

They had reached a little rocky plateau at a hairpin bend in the track.

" Let's sit down," he suggested.

She stepped on to a flat-topped rock with the craggy steep sheer before her and settled herself on it, her face to the dark sea down which yachts' lights made green, red and white ribbons.

Haddon momentarily stood erect beside her, then stepped down to a shelf of rock below and sat down sideways staring up at her.

" Before dinner," he began, " I came up here with the idea of—of carrying you by storm. We've been two people a long time, and when you arrived in that green wisp it was perfectly obvious we'd been two people much too long. I lost my head. The fault was yours—for being lovely and for coming on parade improperly dressed."

" The fault," she began, but was cut short.

" Please, let me get just one word in edgewise," he pleaded. " Well, my errand's very different now. You look upon me as a loathsome worm of the bloodsucking type. If it were true I'd be the sort of man who'd be perfectly happy in the arms of the woman who thought so badly of him. But it's a lie. Your arms—while you're in your present frame of mind—couldn't possibly make me happy."

" It's as well. They aren't going to try."

" They'd better not. I'd wake Kate with my screams of ' Unhand me, vamp ! ' "

" Fool ! " she ejaculated, and bit her lower lip before adding, " I can't conceive what you find the least amusing in all this."

" Why," he said, " we two being together again, of course."

" But we aren't."

" All right, we aren't," he agreed. " We are poles apart—and yet I can still detect that you use the same dear old jessamine powder after a bath. Eve, have you ever considered the propriety of making the best of a bad job ? "

" I think you must have gone mad," she said.

" ' If at first you don't succeed . . . . ' " he quoted. " Well, why not ? Eve, don't detonate. Hear me out first. I was a putridly rotten husband. Everything got on my nerves. I took you for granted. I broke every one of the ten commandments of matrimony. It was all entirely my fault. I've no defence and no excuse—not one."

" And you don't mean one word of it."

" Every word. And more. Old girl, I've had a rotten time. I've been through it these last nineteen months."

" How about *me* ? " escaped her.

" You ? You've had a holiday. Kate wasn't alone in thinking you lucky to be rid of me."

His hand shot out and rested on her knee.

" For ages I've been longing to crawl back," he said. " For one thing, you see, I badly wanted to thank you."

" Thank *me* ? What for ? "

" For all you've done for me. You married an idler and couldn't stick him. You showed your contempt pretty plainly. It stung. When you chucked me, I felt I'd like to show you what you'd lost. I thought ' I wish I was a K.C., rolling in money, able to give a woman every mortal thing she wanted, able to fill any woman who left me with regrets, make her absolutely miserable.' "

" Thanks," said she.

" It's true. So for nineteen months I've dug out like a Trojan. And I've begun to make up leeway. I owe that to you. Eve, you hated the economy axe. Well, we needn't wield it so often now——"

" We needn't—since the death of Horace Clerk," she said, her eyes fixed on his.

He whipped his hand from her knee, and she thought " It's the end."

His expression, first of fury and then of obstinacy, the pain in his eyes and the persistence plain in his pursed lips, puzzled and distressed her. She felt a swift relenting that made her blurt out : " I'm sorry. I was a beast to say that. I take it back."

" Take me back," he said, to her astonishment, and twisted round and rested his chin between her knees. " If I let you down you'll have only to give the word to be rid of me again. I was a complacent fool—most husbands are. But I've learnt my lesson. Eve, I swear I'll try my very damnedest to be different."

" Then you—wouldn't be you," she said, and added as he knelt up, nothing in her from crown to toe seeming steady, " Take care, you'll fall ! "

" I'm all right," he said, put his hands on the rock on either side of her and added :

" Give me another chance, old girl—just one."

She felt as though that unsteadiness had merged into a wave, hot and intense, that was rising in her throat.

" It's just make-belief," she said, but her hands of their own accord, it seemed, went out to his shoulders. ' You won't alter."

Her knees pressed against his chest. She slewed them aside and her fingers met at the nape of his neck.

" Look out ! " she exclaimed as he caught her in his arms. " We'll fall ! "

" Let's," said Haddon, his lips very close to hers. " Like Adam and Eve."

A few minutes later Kate called.

" I must go," whispered Eve. " No, darling, not to-night. To-morrow early I'll meet you and we'll go away together—London—wherever you please. But Kate's been so kind and I promised—I swore——"

" Damn Kate ! She'll make you change your mind."

" Darling, nobody could."

" You swear that ? "

" Solemnly—gladly ; faithfully—happily. You see—I love you."

" Then I'll meet you here to-morrow morning," he said. " Ten too early ? We'll bathe and talk over plans. You'll let nothing —nothing in heaven or earth prevent your coming ? "

" I'll come, sweetness—even if I'm dead."

But it was only 9.45 o'clock next morning when, radiant in jade and primrose beach-pyjamas, Eve met Haddon at that little plateau. Together they descended the zigzag track to Garavan.

" Kate knows ? " he asked, and at her nod added, smiling, " She lives ? "

She nodded again and sighed. Every latent suspicion in her had been shocked into life again by Kate's fulminations about the mercenary devils men are.

" We'll have to build that dogs' home," said Haddon, as though he read her thoughts, " just to deflate her."

At La Pergola, having bathed and sun-bathed, they were sitting in semicircular chairs at a table by the rails of the canopied terrace-bar, sipping dry Martinis, when a waiter brought Eve a note on a salver.

" I've been wondering," she read, frowning and puzzled, " how to begin this letter. Should I write ' My poor darling little lost baby ' ? You haven't that look and I don't feel like that about you. You look very resplendent and assured and happy and your man looks like a dog with two tails. Now that you've got over the usual marital growing pains, there's no reason why you shouldn't both be very happy. I don't doubt you are still wondering who I am. Well, I am your mother."

Eve glanced sideways at the sea and the bathers and the people in canoes, down on the thronged sands and around her at the crowded tables, eyes wide, lips parted, breathlessly amazed.

(*Continued on page* 124)

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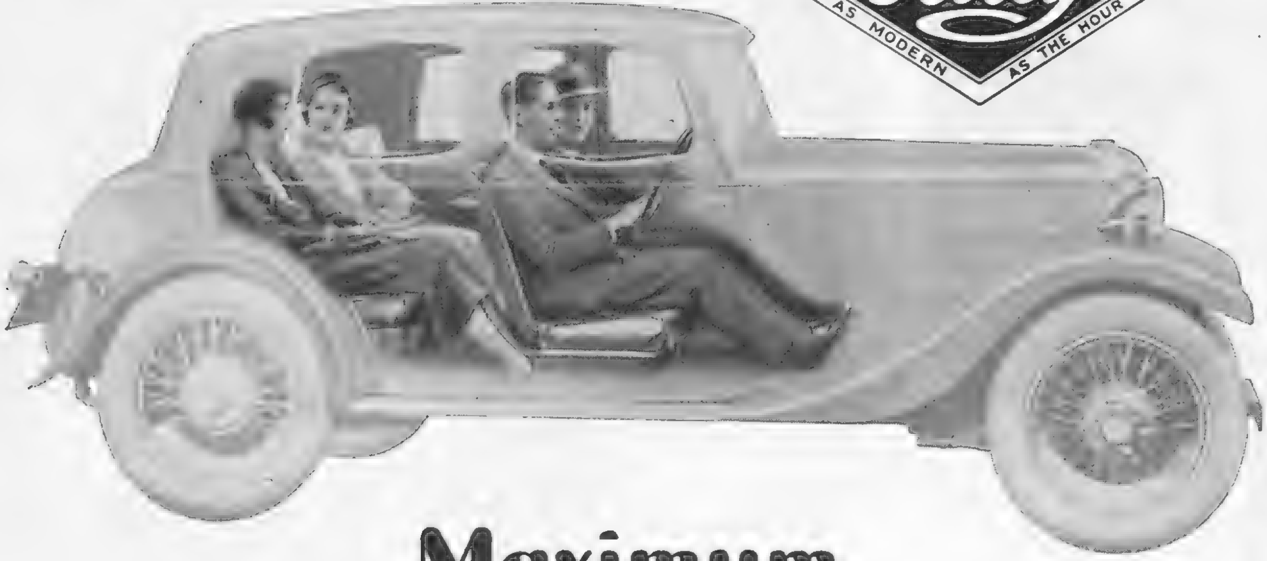

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"I shall be watching you read this, but you won't see me. You'll never see me. I'm not a sentimental person, and for me to try to feel a sacred undying mother love would be quite futile. Now for explanations. When I left your father—he had a job in a shipping office at Emmahaven, that's in Sumatra, where you were born—he gave out that I had died. When, two years later, Percy Bartlett (the man I went away with) and Mrs. Bartlett were two of the dozen white people known to have been burnt in the Kling Hotel fire at Singapore, I dare say your father really believed that I was a cinder. But I wasn't. I'd left Percy eight weeks before. The rest of my career doesn't concern you. I was living in Paris when quite by chance I heard of the death of my one-time devoted Horace. I have since seen Stanton, the lawyer. I have, of course, arranged to repay the money he advanced you, and I asked him to keep his mouth shut till I'd seen you. Yesterday afternoon the long arm of coincidence made me register at the Hotel des Anglais and write my name immediately under that of Haddon Olfield. He was out. So were you when I called at that terribly inaccessible aerie of a villa. I found Haddon on getting back to the hotel. We had a long chat, and he begged me to give him twenty-four hours before I told you the truth. I refused. Twenty-four summer hours of Mentone are too much for one of my figure. We compromised. Till noon to-day I promised to say and do nothing. At eleven I looked out for you here, as arranged, saw you two happy young people and began to write this long screed. And that's all, except for one thing. There was an old song that ran something like this:

'You'll find it better rather
Not to try and find your father
Than to find him picking oakum in a cell.'

"The moral is equally applicable, my dear, to mothers. Leave well alone, I beg you. Your Haddon is a dear boy, I'm sure. 'Grab him and be a limpet' is the only advice your mother has to give you."

Eve looked up. Haddon was sitting gazing lazily at a yacht in the bay.

"Where is she? Point her out," said Eve breathlessly, and thought, "I'll beat him if he pretends not to understand and says, 'She? Who?'"

"I've not looked," he answered. "I promised I wouldn't. By the way, Eve, I found this on your dressing-table——"

"But——"

She stood up, her anxious eyes roving.

"It's a list of things you're wanting," he said. "I see mink coat and baby-grand. What d'you say to scuttling back to London and buying them at ease?"

"Buying them!" she exclaimed under her breath. "The money was left to my mother. Don't you see what it means? I—haven't a cent."

Suddenly she turned and stared at him.

After their lunch at Venti's, he had gone back to the hotel and met her mother.

"You knew when you came to see me before dinner yesterday—when I was bathing?"

"Please sit down," he said. "I feel intensely English and terribly averse to a scene. Sit down quietly like a good kid. Yes, I knew."

"In the morning when you thought I was rich," she said, "you wanted a divorce——"

"Offered—only offered. Never wanted. Do sit down. . . Good child."

"In the evening when you knew it had all been a mistake you——"

"I was fool enough to try to take you by storm and failed," he finished up for her. "Englishmen will never learn the futility of frontal attacks. Then after dinner I crawled back. You thought I came grovelling like a worm. I didn't. I crawled guilefully—as a serpent does—to catch you in my coils. That's the whole truth, and there's nothing more to be said about it."

"Not here, perhaps," she said, and her lips weren't steady. "Haddon, was it simply——?"

"Simply pity?" he broke in, and spoke quite angrily. "Certainly not. Starving women leave me cold. Was it sympathy? Lord, no! What was it? Pure greed: I wanted you. Pure selfishness: I was miserable because I hadn't you to make me unhappy. It was a self-indulgence, nothing more."

"A dear lie," was her comment, and she sighed before adding, "But an out-and-out lie all the same. You've been—big, and made me feel like nothing on earth."

"Bilge," said Haddon, red and frowning.

"She's gone?" asked Eve.

He glanced cautiously round.

"I don't see her."

"We'll go home then."

"No—to Venti's."

He got his way. They were eating *violettes de mer* when she said in the obstinate tones of somebody making admissions against her will:

"I thought beastly things of you. I thought you'd come to try and pal up because of the money. I——"

"Eve," he broke in, "if there's a bit of a film the censor disapproves of, they take a pair of scissors and go snip-snip, drop the improper bit into the limbo, join the two inoffensive ends and everything goes on swimmingly. Once here in this very room we were damned happy. I'm going to snip out all the bit between then—the rows and the hell of it—and now."

He picked up a knife and made two flourishes in the air.

"Let's see how it goes when we—we stick the two happy ends together," he said and stood up, rounded the table, drew her out of her chair, held her close and kissed her deliberately, lingeringly, passionately.

"And now," he said breathlessly, "that's your cue for saying 'Do stop, darling, you must. Anybody would think we were *bad*!'"

"But I can't," whispered Eve, clinging to him, "I don't want to. Please—lock the door and—go on."

A Pleasure Cruise

MARCO POLO said: "Certain islands lie so far North in the Northern Ocean, that one going thither actually leaves the Pole Star a trifle behind to the South" . . . . This is the land of Darkness, of the great Roc. Travellers' tales that intrigued the Black Prince six hundred years ago, travellers' tales that have a perennial interest, and make one long to go and see for oneself the fabulous lands which inspired their imaginations.

Fiords where Erik the Norseman built his tiny ships to cross to Greenland a thousand years ago; Iceland, mysterious half-way house of the Atlantic; Spitzbergen, away above the Arctic Circle, where the *aurora borealis* flutters across the sky, and where the sun shines at midnight in midsummer; all these wonders and many more will the Royal Mail steamer "Atlantis" show you on one of her famous cruises.

Or perhaps you would rather go south to where civilisation was born; to Athens and the Hellespont, which Leander swam for Hero; to Istanbul, the Golden Gate to Asia, where at sundown the muezzin still calls the faithful to prayer from the minarets of Sultan Ahmed's mosque; to Cairo, where the sands of the Sahara fringe the town, only half an hour's ride from the Pyramids and the Sphinx; to Algiers, where they sell blood Arabs in the market; north to Pompeii to explore the houses which still stand as they stood when Vesuvius poured over them long ago. The Royal Mail steamers will show you a procession of such enchanting cities of the past as you sail up the Mediterranean in perfect comfort.

Round the world or round Europe, the Royal Mail Line are continually thinking out new routes and new suggestions; for instance, a new way of spending Bank Holiday this year is a week-end trip to Hamburg, with twenty-one hours to explore this fascinating city of the mediæval merchant-princes. Why not travel on a floating hotel and eliminate all discomfort?

The Coming of the Gypsies

(*Continued from page* 15)

Hungary has been almost the only country not to give them the rawest deal on occasion, a notion here being that there is affinity between Magyar and gypsy blood. Louis XII ordered all to the gallows who were still nomadic after a given date. Later, a French premium was placed on the head of every *bohémien*, while Louis XIV had the marauders put to "fire and sword." As recently as sixty years ago there were military round-ups of gypsies in the Basque country. Twenty years previously, it is on record that a German baron came in from the hunt with the heads of a gypsy woman and her child. There were regular close and open seasons in Germany. Ferdinand and Isabella began by being more humane, merely decreeing that all gitanos should stay put by law, and that if they moved they were liable to be pressed into slavery. The gitanos cheerfully risked that every time: death itself rather than staying put: even to-day gaol governors will tell you that three months' confinement for a gypsy is equal to three years for another prisoner. Maria Theresa went in for settlements, too, but with no greater success. Bricks and mortar were simply anathema to the roving bands that passed from land to land, the hand of every man against them. In England, on the verge of A.D. 1600, nearly two hundred were executed for being idle and unproductive persons and—note—for agreeing to take many well-born citizens along with them. But perhaps it was in the eighteenth century that conditions waxed cruellest for the outcasts. A cannibalistic charge, emanating from Hungary, spread round Europe, and the gypsies were fairly massacred whenever hands could be laid upon them—for they retreated into the forests and mountains and lived as troglodytes until the hunt had died down. Were they cannibals? Rather may one ask: are some of them still so? In 1927 five were sentenced to death at Budapest, charged with murdering and eating humans.

There are indications that the gypsies, zingaros, gitanos, romanichels, tartars, tsiganes, zigeuner, ungars, tziganski, to give them their various cosmopolitan appelations, are in for a rough time again. Of course, it is no longer a question of hunting or maltreating the unhygienic and parasitical caravans and squattings of these self-isolated folk. But it is very definitely in certain countries a question of taking them in hand, the words most often heard being "deportation" and "concentration camps," while, parallely, the law in their relation is being tightened up and punishments made more severe. Such stirrings are signalled in Austria, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Hungary, and Switzerland, and one result already is a gypsy *Drang nach Westen*, into France and Spain—and, perhaps, who knows, eventually across the Channel? At any rate, in the general direction of lands that remain, *vis-à-vis* gypsies, much as they have been—which needn't imply exactly welcoming. The gypsies are hitting the trail *en masse* as they have not done for generations Along the Mediterranean, whence this is written, the roads are lined with them. Whole gypsy towns have sprung up here and there (naturally, highly transportable). Saunter less than five minutes from the Canebière, Marseilles's famous and teeming thoroughfare, and you happen upon such a squalid yet rainbow caravan agglomeration that must house hundreds.

What has happened appears to be this—

Prolonged slump has modified the general gypsy position on the Continent, and radically so. Principally, in three ways: (*a*) Certain governments won't tolerate unproductive people any longer, or such as cannot be kept firmly grasped by the central robotising hand. (*b*) Through falling revenue from kettle and basket making, palm-reading, bear-leading, flea-taming, cobbling, carpentering, strumming, dancing, swindling, prostitution, anvilling, (*Continued on page* 126)

a secret and capturing fragrance

It is not granted to all to have beautiful eyes or a lovely face, but any woman may cultivate an adorable freshness, so that to dance with her or to sit by her is to become aware of a secret and capturing fragrance. And this she may do by using after the bath that *softest and smoothest of toilet powders*, Johnson's Baby Powder. No powder is so delicate or so indulgent to the skin as Johnson's, for it was intended originally to keep the skin of a baby sweet and lovable. Sprinkle it on after the bath and all day you will be dainty and delicious.

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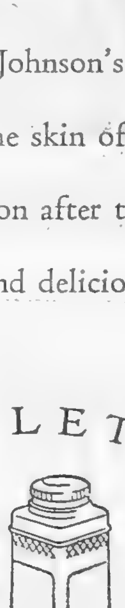

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charm-working, *e patati*, including honest-to-goodness plain *begging*, now that takings have fallen away, the gypsies are increasingly colliding with the law, notably in regard to an exaggerated appropriation of other people's property. (*c*) The gypsies and their unblooded followers or "tsiganisés," people with a disposition to the same habit of life, are now rapidly on the increase, due to thousands of roving unemployed "joining up." From numbering, perhaps, a round million in Europe, the general caravan and sedentary company is expanding rather alarmingly. There is even the additional factor of the rücksack urge: away from standardised civilisation, see the world *now!* Fill the lungs, for to-morrow we're cramped.

That gypsies will not take outsiders into the tribe is not so at all: just one of those myths fortified by eternal repetition. I cite my Swiss professor as authority. He has to go each year as far afield as the Black Sea to get his surviving pure craniums. Europe's gypsies have kidnapped and interbred with and assimilated and accepted white blood from every country upon which they have descended. It is said that the majority of England's 12,000 are but very partially gypsy bred. In fact, the tyro might easily proclaim that there's no mystery about the gypsies, that they came from Hindustan and that a most catholic inter-breeding ever since has made of them what they are and look like: a basically Eastern tribe with polyglot dashes of Scotch, Russki, Moor, Magyar, everything, anything that they've passed through all down the decades and centuries. And now it is this internationalised growth, widely parasitical when not criminal, that is augmenting so in certain regions and creating a new problem.

A case in point is the Austrian Burgenland, formerly Hungary. Because neighbouring Czechs and Magyars have reinstituted corporal punishment for tsiganes, these have crowded into the Burgenland, where in a few years their numbers have passed from a few hundred to eight or nine thousand (it is impossible ever to census gypsies on account of their perpetual trekking, and because two or three names, such as Smith or Boswell in England, do for the lot). The local population has been swamped and the invaders do much as they will. They are breeding intensively, as is their wont. It is usually a case of fifteen or twenty to a small caravan or hut. By day the children and younger women descend on the towns and even get as far as Vienna. The men—several thousand of whom give the common name of "Horwarth" when arrested, which makes convictions difficult—damage the countryside and live by pillage and begging. Less than 400 are able to show regular jobs. Recently the fingerprints of all over fourteen were taken—yet gypsy children are taught to steal from the age of three, even as they must dance, prepare for the *tanana*, from two upwards. Mention of dancing reminds me that the Austrian authorities have stopped the Burgenland tribes teaching their Carpathian bears to dance—by chaining them on to heated pans.

"Dance little grizzly, dance!"

What a company this is outside Vienna, quite alien to the native "Heiden," unassimilable, subterraneanly at war with its good-natured hosts, who are now seriously thinking of approaching the League of Nations with a view to deporting the lot to an Oceanic isle. Mayoral meetings have been held. In the benign South seas the tsiganes could give freest vent to their queernesses.

"The hedgehog is their racial dish. They like bright colours, particularly red and green, and brandy, and all are heavy pipe smokers, including the women."

Ah! the gypsies. Can they be wholly bad, fit only for beating and banishment? May they not have given things to the Western world besides taking?

You either like gypsies (at a distance, usually) or you recoil from them. Here is a rough table that (*Continued on page 128*)

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2. *Oak Canteen fitted Regent Plate Old English pattern Spoons and Forks and Xylonite handled rustless steel Cutlery, 40 pieces - £5*
3. *Sterling Silver Cigarette Box £5*
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5. *A pair of Sterling Silver Sauce Boats - - - - - - - - £5*

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"Jantzen's are just what I want"
says Lady Bridgett Poulett

"Jantzen costumes are just what I want, trim, smart, always in good taste. This Summer I shall have three, two of them will be in your marvellous new molded-fit fabric with the two-way stretch. They are simply perfect."

Bridgett Poulett.

On all the fashionable beaches of the world, the best dressed people wear Jantzen swimming suits. Yet with all their distinctiveness, Jantzens appeal to every discriminating buyer as economical. Throughout their long life you can always depend upon their retaining their faultless fit and trim lines. That is why, wherever you go, you will find Jantzens the choice of discerning people.

A new de Luxe suit by Jantzen is shown for the first time this year. Made of the miraculous two-way stretch yarn — well worth the higher price. They are called "Molded-fit".

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Made at Brentford, Middlesex "on the Great West Road."

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New Zealand
Packet Butter

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Genuine MADRAS Curry Powder
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
For your own protection see the trade mark (Peacock Brand) on EVERY TIN—there are fraudulent imitations. A nice sample and a new Recipe Sheet free from
J. A. SHARWOOD & CO., LTD.,
LARGEST DEALERS IN INDIAN CONDIMENTS IN THE WORLD.
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GET SLIM
without dieting

26 lbs. lost without endangering health.

In a recent article, Elizabeth Craig, the health and dietetic expert, advised women to drink a cup of Marienbad Reducing Tea 'Mariaherba' first thing every morning as a sure way to regain and keep a slim figure, and yet be able to eat almost anything. At last you can get slim and keep slim without harmful dieting or dangerous drugs. Miss F. W. writes: **"I have found the 'tea' most satisfactory, and have reduced my weight by 26 lbs. without loss of health."** Don't look old and unattractive. Send 5s. for large packet of 'Mariaherba' Reducing Tea to Neo-Medics Ltd., Dept. 29TA, 26, Sun Street, London, E.C.2. Descriptive booklet by Miss Craig, free. (Advt.)

was drawn up recently over the *apéritif* at Marseilles :—

Pro.

Their music, colour, happiness, sense of freedom, pact with Nature, hatred of the civilised mantrap, their reservoir for art, their looks, grace, changelessness under persecution, tribal loyalty.

Con.

Their dirt, over-breeding, immorality, degeneracy, thieving, kidnapping, cruelty to children and animals, rural depredations, poaching, obscenities, hoaxing, swindling, assaults, interviolence, conscientious objectors to work. Act as magnet for scum.

"They are not as bad as they are painted," was one determined stand. "Everything has always been visited on them, sometimes merely on the strength of mediæval superstition."

"They are thoroughly horrid people," came in opposition. "Parasites of the worst kind. Nothing in their favour. I'd sterilise the lot!"

As usual, the truth probably lies somewhere between the two. There are gypsies and gypsies.

No fewer than 700,000 gypsies are listed for the Balkans, of whom well over half are in Roumania and Macedonia. These are split into upwards of 500 different tribes, and internecine warfare is permanent and often sanguinary. There is but one prohibition: never go to the police. All strife or cause for it—a stolen woman, a violated tribal custom—is a strictly gypsy affair, to be regulated in the last analysis by the elected headmen meeting in palaver over their fires and drink. Numbers of these south-eastern ungars are practically sedentary in earthen huts, and they ply trades. The young men even have to serve in the Roumanian army, while another law sends the children to school, though enforcement here is the deuce. However, the tribes stick absolutely to their customs, laws, traditions. They may "accept" any religion or peculiarity of a country they are in: it is merely fake. Gypsies will borrow such customs as please them, as they go, even as their *Calo* tongue is strewn with words of other languages. A tribe apart in Roumania are the Laeschi, who appear to be pukka Hindus, wild, black, keeping to themselves, deeming the other ungars a bastard race. Conversely, the Macedonian blend, often merging into comitadji bands such as did good service for us as spies on the Vardar. A trifle free with the pistol, but pulling their weight socially.

This immense Balkan reservoir is not being much affected by current events. Professor Pittard told me an amusing thing about them. Once a year many of the sedentary ones pack everything up and trail along the length of their encampment and back. They have been nomadic, if only for a day.

The next biggest figure, about 150,000, are in Russia, and this sub-division is being harassed and moved on by the Bolsheviks. One must *produce* in the Soviet, and mostly the tziganski produce only more and bronzer brats. They are being held to restricted areas, and that is not only anathema but slow dissolution. The tziganski, of course, used to have it all their own way under the Czar. Who shall ever forget a gypsy choir singing, say, on an island in the Neva, ever sadder airs until the tears came welling up, usually well stimulated by vodka? I recollect, Christmas, '14, a flock of Russki officers crying out loud, and then going quite daft. No doubt the Bolshies will one day wake up to the necessity of preserving tziganski blood, for the wildness, the sadness, the rapture of melody it engenders, but just now the word is "Absorb them, pin them down, make them work, file each one away in a card index." And so we see enormous caravans, under Atamans, giant chiefs, moving furtively across Russia, away at every cost from being standardised and sucked into the common pattern. In Poland and Germany many tziganski caravans are resting—though not for long in the Reich, which issues *durchgang* or in transit passports with a strict and brief time limit.

The Coming of the Gypsies

Germany has never been keen on gypsies, and now Hitler, as might be expected of the pure-and-supreme-Nordic-blood protagonist, is including all that cannot show German birth certificates in a general moving-on order. There are only a few thousand Zigeuner, chiefly in the Rhine country, and they are the cleanest, most law-abiding, and least improvident of their kind. In fact, hardly gypsies!

The *durchgang* edict leads to the nomads moving over into France. Alsace and Lorraine are favourite dumping grounds. Others are trying to get into neat and ordered Switzerland, but not with much success. Special frontier guards have lately been established, not only for nomads being pressed westward but for the German riffraff—poor, workless riffraff—that has cottoned on to them (not to mention homeless children from the cities—small need for kidnapping now). These unemployed are organised in syndicates and take motor buses when they can over to Zürich at a cost of 2s. return. At Zürich, also at Bâle and as far as the Italianised Tessin, they beg. A special organisation provides likely names and addresses, also psychological advice regarding individual approach. In a very short time these German *Arbeitslosen* will have become tsiganisés, which, in English, means many of these German unemployed should have joined up with some caravan. The thing is widely happening, for the reasons I have stated. It is a safe bet to say that not long ahead the motor-gypsies will have succeeded the water ones. Already, in the Midi of France, the better *bohémiens* have their internal combustion haulage, although a good deal of it looks as if it had emanated from roadside cemeteries.

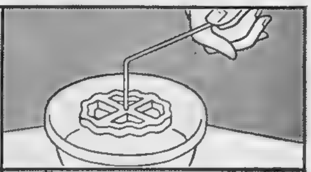
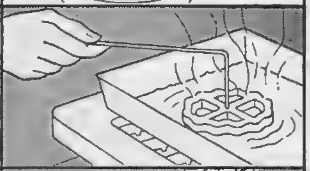
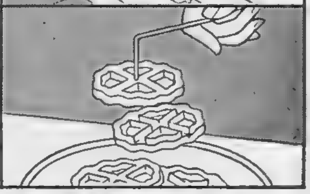
In Hungary the inclination is yet to treat the ungars and tsiganes as poor relations. It is in Hungary, alone, that the gypsies have absolutely implanted their own music, made this national. Everywhere else it is a blending. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Spain, climatic, colourful, fiery, individualistic, unindustrialised, live-and-let-live paradise of gitanos. Nor are matters being interfered with under the businesslike revolution. The Spanish gypsies have long been famous, and they look like remaining so despite their antagonism to the white and preference for the Moor. Spain is still proud of its gitanos, whose aficionados or fans are far from decreasing. The gypsy bullfighters of Triana are responsible for much of the toleration, rising sometimes to affection, but the music and the colour, the romance even, of these insanitary folk contribute their quota. The gitanos are in heaven in sunny Spain, and their numbers are now being swollen from outside. There exist four principal "gitanerias" or reservoirs: Seville, Cordoba, Madrid and Granada, whose Albaicin cave-dwellers facing the Alhambra have, however, now become far too commercialised. In 1931, while passing that way, one or two dark ladies hitched themselves to the writer, and one gathered that they had been simply longing for him. But 'ware that stuff. In the shadow of the Alhambra. More than one *extranjero* has had a glad eye altered into a bad one.

The majority of Spain's gitanos are sedentary and hardly constitute a problem. The country is so untenanted, and rock dwellings are to be fashioned so easily. The nomads have a contemptuous enough term for the stay-putters, for such of the race as incline to fit overmuch into the country of their adoption. "Footless." Our own gypsies are spoken of as "footless." So, also, are the zingaros of Italy. To my surprise, I found that the zingaros are not more numerous than our own: in the region of 12,000. Had Mussolini been severe? No, seemingly he had not. Then why were there not more zingaros in such a friendly climate? The answer may lie in the poorness of the soil and of the people. At all events, Italy is not absorbing the elements of the gypsy *Drang nach Westen*, which is bearing chiefly down on France

(Continued on page 131)

Invite your friends to a Waffle Party

and make the Waffles yourself in the simplified "WAFFLEX" way . . .

1	The batter is prepared as directed. The small Waffle Iron, heated (see directions) is dipped in evenly and nearly to the top.	
2	The Waffle Iron now coated with the batter is lowered into the hot fat. In a minute it's sizzling. Lift out, and with a shake the Waffle drops into the plate.	
3	Eat these lovely gold-brown small Waffles hot and crisp, either plain or with syrup, etc., or serve hot or cold filled with savouries.	

Waffle parties are here! Afternoon or evening they are great fun — everybody enjoys waffling! And Waffle parties are the easiest of all to cater for. There is something new for you in Waffles. A packet of 'Wafflex' for 6d., and the special 6d. small Waffle Iron made by Bird's. Get these from your Grocers. You are then completely outfitted for Waffle making, and can make little Waffles by the hundred to serve with maple or golden syrup, or with savouries. A novelty, is to let everybody make their own.

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WAFFLEX
THE WAFFLE POWDER

"WAFFLEX"

The Waffle Powder made by Bird's

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PLAYER'S *'MEDIUM'* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100s BOXES 4/8d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6d

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Holidays *in* Nature's Wonderland

BOUND for Norway—heading for the perfect holiday, for change is the ideal rest, and a holiday spent amongst one of the world's most hospitable races is never to be forgotten.

Newcastle is one port of departure from England, and in twenty-four hours the coast of Norway comes into sight.

The entrance into Hardanger Fjord, heading for the port of Bergen, is one of the wonders of the world. Huge sheer mountains dwarf the liner, and only the ship's engines disturb the peace in the serene depths of the fjord. Round a scarp the awe-inspiring Folgefonn glacier rears its colossal bulk.

Oslo is the centre of cosmopolitan life in Norway, and besides the excellent entertainment to be found in the heart of the city there are very good places to eat, with the most astounding views, high up on the surrounding hills—yet only half an hour's journey away.

Round about the railway from Bergen to Oslo lies the fisherman's paradise. A great number of hotels, whose delicious cooking has been tried out by many English people, provide free trout—and often salmon—fishing in lakes and rivers teeming with fish.

All over Norway the finest mountain climbing can be indulged in; for less intrepid spirits there are the most intriguing walks to be taken over the hills and along the fjords.

There are hundreds of historic and picturesque towns waiting to be explored—Molde, called the City of Roses; Trondheim with its cathedral; Stavanger, the centre of the brisling industry; or Bergen, once a stronghold of the Hanseatic League.

Norwegian State Railways, 21/24, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, have arranged individual tours without a conductor, by which all the trouble of reservation is eliminated and the holiday-maker is provided with a book of coupons covering all expenses, yet at the same time he can choose his own route. A delightful ten-days tour round the beautiful country that leads one into the interior from Bergen costs £17 12s. 6d., with second class North Sea passage. Tours can be arranged for twelve, thirteen, sixteen seventeen and twenty days, or for a prolonged stay.

Öye—centre for climbing in the Sunnmöre Alps
(Left)
Seven Sisters Waterfall in Geiranger Fjord

A picnic beside Lake Eikesdalsvatn, Möre district, N.W. Norway

THE MAN WHO COUNTS

Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen! How many sound teeth have you? Your dentist will tell you. He will probably also tell you to use EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE and so guard your teeth against dental decay germs. 1/3 from all Chemists. *Free sample first by filling up the coupon.*

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ONE WAY ONLY *to remove*

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GYPSIA succeeds where other methods fail. Do not confuse Gypsia with the numerous treatments which merely temporarily remove superfluous hair. Gypsia does more. It consists of two distinct liquids: No. 1 removing the hair; No. 2 killing the roots, thus preventing further growth. *If desired, treatment and advice can be given by Madame Sueur herself by appointment.* Commence with this wonderful home treatment at once. The complete treatment box costs only 25/6 (for the face), or 28/6 (for the body)—Colonies or abroad add 2/6 extra for postage—and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance. Cross cheques and P.O's. Order direct from—

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Kill the ROOTS with **Gypsia**

EAU PILOPHAGE

WHAT TO TAKE FOR INDIGESTION.

Pain after eating, "full feeling," nausea, sickness and lack of appetite are all signs that excess acid is attacking the organs of digestion, fermenting the food and starting a train of serious troubles. A single dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will neutralise all excess acidity instantly, will banish digestive disorder and put your appetite and spirits to rights. Enjoy what you eat! Let your meals do you good: try 'Bisurated' Magnesia once and you will find it is the very thing you've been looking for—an honest, inexpensive, REAL remedy for disordered stomachs.

and Spain, with minor branchings off to Scandinavia (too cold) and the Netherlands (too rainy). In passing, the Lapp nomads have no tie with gypsy blood. They are the only other nomads left in Europe, and despite a very high infant and mother mortality they are increasing in their Arctic Circle reindeer preserves. In neighbouring Norway, where there are about a thousand "tartars" (so-called), a gesture not unlike that of the Roumanian "ungars," when they trek for one day each year, is that of spending two weeks annually under canvas.

France is kind to the *bohémiens,* and is beginning to ask if she is not too kind, in view of the growth of arrivals. Particularly, there is a big encampment just outside Paris, at Montreuil, where once were the fortifications, and the squalor, disease, crime and promiscuity are occupying municipal attention. Mothers are sometimes not more than eleven years of age, while there are suggestions of polygamy, to say nothing of polyandry. To these stories the men return haughty answer. "Our women are more faithful than yours!" Which is, in a sense, easy of saying inasmuch as gypsy women giving themselves for money are not always regarded as having been guilty of unfaithfulness. This Paris settlement is hot on phrenology, card-sharping, reading the future from molten lead poured into cold water. The gypsy woman loves to mystify, and she has a good Parisian clientèle.

Most of the nomads in France are kettle-makers, and they swarm particularly in the Basqueland, where I have sometimes watched brats fishing for ducks, hauling them to the side of a pond; also, we have noted how members of a caravan on the march will leave their "patteran" behind them as they go—twigs and leaves shaped in such and such a manner and telling movements to others coming after. Once we walked long with some *bohémiens* in the Landes and we learnt a lesson. We were friendly and generous, and on taking leave asked for a few words of *Calo* in case we should fall in with other gypsies later. We were duly given a few words which we committed to memory. We duly enunciated these words some days later to a second caravan. Dark eyes laughed. The words, we learned, meant that we were stupid fools of whites who were good for ten francs. That is a way with gypsies.

The Basques, one feels sure, are pronouncedly gypsy, although officially the mystery of their origin endures. They understand *Calo* and show several gypsy characteristics; also they have ever been most hospitable to the rovers, even to going fifty-fifty in smuggling over the Pyrenees. Inter-breeding has been considerable locally, and not always with the happiest results. Not a few of the *bohémiens* in this corner are informers and pimps, in and out of prison, feasts eventuating on release. That French *bohémiens* share the national aptitude for saving was recently shown at Noyon when 200,000 francs were buried with a murdered member of the Carlos clan. The wake lasted four days, and was a riot of emotional extremes, now wailing, now licence. Everything belonging to a dead man is burnt, but with women the more cherished possessions are buried as a pillow beneath the head. So much publicity was given to the Noyon obsequies that it was deemed advisable to dig up the 200,000 francs again. That portends, apparently, much future woe for the Carlos tribe.

Well—there you have the gypsies of Europe, A.D. 1933. And, like everything and everybody else, producing a problem. From the dim past it has been foretold that they would die out. The reverse is actually now occurring, with all the tsiganisés that are hitting the trail. There can be few sharper divisions of opinion than over the gypsies, the "ayes" in their favour often drowning the "noes." Which are you?

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"BLACK & WHITE"
CHOICE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
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By Appointment

By Appointment

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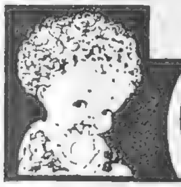
30 days' treatment 3/6. Get it from Boots, Lewis's, Timothy White's or any other good chemist or hairdresser.



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UNHEARD-OF VALUE IN NIGHTDRESSES
Sleep in Pure Crepe de Chine!

This dainty nightie is made from very tightly woven pure-dye crêpe de chine. Becomingly trimmed at the neck with exquisitely patterned lace. Neat pin tucks at the waist ensure a slim, well-fitting line, while the skirt is cunningly cut to give the necessary fulness. Usually retailed at 25/9, this wonderful nightdress will wear well and launder perfectly. Made in a variety of shades: Ivory, Pink, Sky, Peach, Nil, Helio, Apricot.

Such an amazing offer is only made possible through our securing the entire production of a modern Silk Crêpe Mill.

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Jam-M*aking*

By C. E. Hughes Hallett

JUST as we are in the midst of our hustle and bustle preparing for the summer vacation, the berries for our various jams and jellies seem to ripen and demand attention. With a sigh we pause to think of the long weary time of stirring and boiling and wonder if it is worth while—yet we are house-proud, and there is something peculiarly pleasing about a beautifully coloured sparkling preserve which we have made with our own hands. But "modern days—modern ways," and no longer need the process be so tedious; the "Certo" method takes little or no time, and from the following recipes the housewife can judge for herself whether it is best to move with the times or keep to the old-fashioned methods.

We all know that jams and jellies must "set" and that some do so more easily than others. There are certain fruits which contain this setting quality called "pectin," so they require no coaxing; others, again, are deficient in it, and that's where the trouble begins. "Certo," which is an Empire product and so will be doubly welcomed by all British housewives, is a commercialised pectin; it is simple to use, and is packed in bottles of convenient size and sold at a price to suit all purses.

It will be noticed that more sugar is required in the "Certo" recipes, the reason for this being that the short boiling does not allow the juices to evaporate, and so a larger quantity is turned into jam with the help of the extra sugar.

STRAWBERRY JAM (1)

Ingredients. 6 lb. Strawberries.
2 Lemons.
6 lb. Preserving Sugar.

Method. Wipe and pick the strawberries, put them into a basin, in alternate layers with the sugar and lemon juice, and leave overnight. Turn into a preserving pan and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to the boil and boil briskly for about 20 MINUTES. Test on a cold plate for setting, then pot and cover.

STRAWBERRY JAM ("Certo" Way)

Ingredients. 4 lb. Strawberries.
6 lb. Sugar.
1 bottle "Certo."

Method. Prepare the fruit, and put into the pan with the preserving sugar. Mix well, and bring to boiling point over a hot fire, stirring constantly before and during boiling. Boil briskly for 1 minute, then remove from the fire and add the "Certo." Stir

(*Continued on page* 135)

NO complications with the new "short-boil" method. Just sugar, fruit and "Certo"

STIR in exactly half a bottle of "Certo" to each 5 lb. batch. "Certo" does not add to the cost of your jams because the short boil means so much more is made per pound of fruit used

AN excellent way of sealing jams—by means of refined paraffin wax or "Parowax." This ensures an air-tight seal

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"I feel impelled to write and tell you how excellent I find your Cigarettes, Craven "A" I can heartily substantiate your claim that they do not cause sore throat, I would almost be prepared to state that they prevent it, as since smoking Craven "A" I have never had the slightest tendency to any throat troubles. I have tried many other brands of cigarettes for the purpose of comparison, but have always reverted with pleasure to Craven "A"."

(Original letter can be verified at Arcadia Works.)

★ *"I can heartily substantiate your claim that they do not cause throat irritation*

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED

SEALED-FRESH

in Weather-proof 'Cellophane'

20 for 1/-

100% VIRGINIA

SOLD-FRESH

wherever & whenever you buy

Made specially to prevent sore throats

EVER a wonderment to her friends, . . . because, on so slender an income, she was always well-gowned . . . becomingly, and in a way that gave her that mysterious, intangible quality of "personality." Only because I am her confidant did I learn the secret ! That she has discovered a House of Fashion that adds unerring judgment and expert counsel to good values and good craftsmanship . . . she whispered the name of "Ninette," and then I understood !

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Containing the NATURAL Vichy-Salt—two or three Pastilles after and between meals greatly facilitate digestion.

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Cleanse the palate and sweeten the breath.
Specially prepared for Smokers.

VICHY-ETAT NATURAL SALT
As extracted from the Vichy Waters.
Put up in bottles and packets—Useful when travelling.

VICHY-ETAT COMPRIMÉS
Most convenient for producing a Sparkling Alkaline Water, both digestive and pleasant.

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FAMOUS DOGS IN COLOUR

Scottish Terrier (Heather Ambition)—Cocker Spaniel (Whoopee of Ware)—Wire-Haired Fox Terrier (Benholme Brocade)—Bloodhound (Champion Leo of Reynalton)—Sealyham Terrier (Scotia Showman)—Airedale Terrier (Ch. Cotsford Topsail)—Kerry Blue Terrier (Ben-Edar Beth)—West Highland White Terrier (Wolvey Promise).

These exquisite dog pictures—size $10\frac{1}{4}'' \times 8\frac{1}{4}''$—in soft two-tone colourgravure, have been presented weekly since April 29th. There are eight in the series, the last three being included in the issues of June 3, 10 and 17 respectively. If you are a dog lover you must have the complete set. To be sure of your copies place an order with your regular newsagent.

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS
From your regular newsagent or bookstall, or from The Publisher, 346, STRAND LONDON, W.C.2.

Jam-M*aking*

(*Continued from page* 132)

and skim alternately for about 5 MINUTES, then pot and cover in the usual way.

LOGANBERRY JAM (1)

Ingredients. 6 lb. Loganberries.
½ pint Red Currant Juice.
6½ lb. Preserving Sugar.

Method. Carefully pick the loganberries. Put the sugar and red currant juice into a preserving pan, and stir until the sugar is dissolved, add the loganberries and stir until boiling. Skim if necessary and boil steadily for about 15 MINUTES, then test and pot in the usual way. *Raspberry Jam* can be made in the same way.

LOGANBERRY JAM ("Certo" Way)

Ingredients. 4 lb. Loganberries.
5½ lb. Sugar.
1 bottle "Certo."

Method. Pick the berries and put them with the sugar into a preserving pan. Mix well and bring to the boil and boil hard for 1 minute, stirring during the whole process. Remove from the fire and stir in the "Certo," then stir and skim alternately for about 5 MINUTES. Pot and cover. *Raspberry Jam* is made in the same way.

CHERRY JAM (1)

Ingredients. 4 lb. Cherries.
4 lb. Preserving Sugar.
1 pint Fruit Juice.

Method. Choose sound cherries that are not too ripe. Wash them and remove the stones. Put the kernels in a pan with the cherries and juice and allow them to cook until tender, from 20 to 30 minutes. Add the sugar, stirring until boiling, then boil briskly for 10 TO 15 MINUTES. Test and pot.

CHERRY JAM ("Certo" Way)

Ingredients. 4 lb. Cherries.
¾ pint Water.
6½ lb. Sugar.
1 bottle "Certo."

Method. Wash the cherries and remove the stones. Put them into a preserving pan, add the water and stir until boiling. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Add the sugar, mix and bring to the boil and boil briskly for 1 MINUTE. Remove from the fire and stir in the "Certo." Skim, cool and pot.

BLACK CURRANT JAM ("Certo" Way)

Ingredients. 4 lb. Black Currants.
¾ pint Water.
6½ lb. Sugar.
1 bottle "Certo."

Method.—Pick the fruit and put it into a preserving pan, add the water and stir until boiling. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Add the sugar, mix and bring to the boil, and boil briskly for 1 MINUTE. Remove from the fire and stir in the "Certo." Skim and pot.

You will note that the time saved by the use of "Certo" is never less than ten minutes.

Summer Salads

And how to make them

(*Continued from page* 87)

THOSE readers who are fond of salads and who, wisely, intend to make a course of fresh vegetables a staple item of their summer diet will be interested in an attractive booklet dealing solely with salads and their preparation. This is given away free to readers and contains no less than one hundred and fifty-seven recipes for salads—truly a summer encyclopedia for the wise housewife. A postcard to H. J. Heinz Co., Ltd., Dept. HE, Harlesden, N.W.10, will bring it to you post free.

"..and another big tube of Odol for Daddy.... he smokes such a lot"
Odol TOOTH PASTE
in tubes 6d and 1/-
ODOL IS BRITISH MADE

Garland

WHY REMAIN GREY?

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Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

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Readers of "Britannia & Eve" will receive, under plain cover, full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to **Mme. HELENE DUROY, Div. G. 46 E, rue de Miromesnil, 11, Paris (8e).** Enclose 2½d. stamp for answer. Postage 2½d.

Photo Manassé

The Children's SALON

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Royal,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*

2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*

3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*

4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*

5. *Prizes must be applied for.*

6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, March 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Poster Advertising Cigarettes. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Metchim, G.C.S. 5507. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769, and Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625. Hon. Mention: Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; M. L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958; Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557.

Needlework Competition.—Something in Colours. Prize 10s. Divided between Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739, and Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—An Illustration to a well-known Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Pamela Cornelius M.C.S. 3399. Hon. Mention: Isabel Jackson, M.C.S. 3191; Joyce Vernum, M.C.S. 3407; Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Olive Dockree, M.C.S. 3366. Hon. Mention: Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; E. Oliver Hall, M.C.S. 3333; Joan M. Mitchell, M.C.S. 3401.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 2295.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Book Jacket. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536.

Literature Competition.—Letter Asking a Friend to Come to Stay With You. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037. Hon. Mention: Marit M. V. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530; Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283.

Award of Prizes, April 3rd

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905.

Literature Competition.—An Appreciation of One of Shakespeare's Heroines. Prize 10s. Divided between May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940, and Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841, and Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Peggy Horn, M.C.S. 3415. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Marianne Birch M.C.S. 3418.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Helen M. Lillie, M.C.S. 3175. Hon. Mention: Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290; Pat Low, M.C.S. 3389; Joyce Vernum, M.C.S. 3407; J. Lawes, M.C.S. 3319; Una Monk, M.C.S. 3392; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536. Hon. Mention: Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon. Mention: Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206.

Snapshot Competition.

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Fredrica Montagu, A.C.S. 1574. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923; Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(June—July)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. A Design for a Dress Fabric.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. A Paper On the Charm of Idling. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Study of a Charwoman named Mrs. H'Atlock. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. A Pincushion. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Anything Embroidered. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. Anything in Colours.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. Design a Bookplate suitable for a Poet's Library. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Landscape Study. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. A Poster for a Flower Show.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. A Paper on any Topical Subject. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. The First Page of about 300 Words of a Novel You Would Like to Write.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. A Landscape Sketch. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, June 14th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, July 17th. Invent Six Titles for Short Stories.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, July 17th. Any Outdoor Scene.

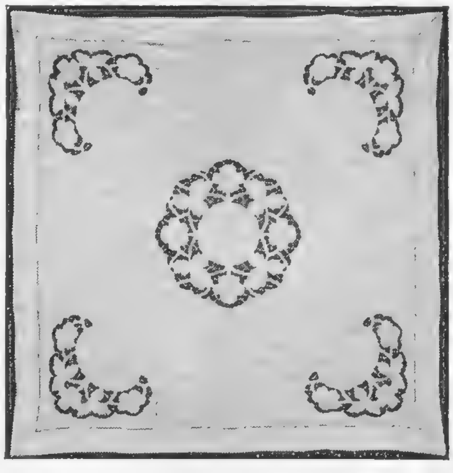
NEWS OF THE MONTH

I CAN well believe with what deep regret Saloners—particularly those who have regularly attended our Annual Competitions—must have read of the death of Mr. Edmund Sullivan, the well-known artist. For nearly forty years he came to that function to assist in judging our art entries, setting aside the whole of a valuable day to the purpose and always with the most charming graciousness. It is sad indeed to think that that picturesque and kindly figure, so never failing in its support and so interested in our progress, has passed for ever from our ken. A year or two ago we lost Pett Ridge, whose connection with Our Day covered a similar span, and now Mr. Sullivan has gone, and we in company with a much wider world are indeed the poorer.

Our youngest member: Joan Daisy Waters, A.C.S. 1566, aged 2

* * *

I am so sorry that in a moment of mental aberration I put the name of another Saloner, Stella Freeman, under the portrait of Stella Welchman which appeared in the Salon pages last month. It was Miss Welchman, of course, who was playing in "Once in a Lifetime" at the Queen's Theatre. My many apologies to both ladies for the slip.



A charming piece of "cut work" submitted by Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772

* * *

The promise of a really fine summer has set most of us planning holidays, and in that planning we shall not, I know, forget the little Cinderellas of the Salon, so dependent on our Holiday Fund for their glimpse of the sea. I shall be grateful if those able to subscribe will send in their donations as soon as possible.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*March* 15)

Olwen Lawton.—The end rather lets the situation down. In fact, all the last page needs some further attention. The climax, which is a good one and very well led up to, requires more decisive and significant handling.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—I don't think this quite comes off as a plot. Also, the charge would surely have been murder, not manslaughter. Some very good writing, particularly in the earlier pages.

Peter Recaldin.—If you could have carried this idea a little further, I believe it would have been quite successful. The scheme is an original one and the colouring interesting, but better definition and less sketchy lettering are essential before one can judge accurately.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—It would have been better composition without the top mass of cloud; the head and shoulders of the girl are far too small for the rest of her. Very pleasant colour, but the method rather scratchy for a poster scheme. In the character sketches note it should be "trust," not "trusts," in the first one. The analysis throughout is distinctly good and there is interesting differentiation in the construction of the types.

Betty A. Metchim.—A very effective and telling poster. Clever use of white, valuable on hoardings. The eyes might be more suggested, but composition angular drawing and centralisation of interest remarkably good. Capital technique.

Marjorie Naylor.—Excellent swift pencilling, full of character and suggestion of construction and tonality. Light on hair rather hard, but a very vital sketch. Softer paper helps pencil work.

Joyce Bidder.—Expert technique. Hand a bit big and expression rather careworn. A virile bit of drawing, effective and well spaced. Should not the key word have more prominence?

J. Waterhouse.—A slightly cramped composition very expressively drawn. There is something wrong with the divan, and the intellectual Nordic type is not Omarish. Man's hand very small. Artistic in feeling.

Isabel Jackson.—Except that humour has eclipsed romance, there can be nothing but praise for your extremely strong and mature pen drawing. Style, method and detail are all remarkable, almost masterly. A wonderful bit of work at your age.

Joan Hunton.—You rather spoil the eerieness of your interesting drawing by prosaic posts and rails; there are poetry and drama in all the rest of your rendering. Charming in colour and full of ingenious and original fancy

W. Wilson.—Your very expert pen work appeals more to one's logical than artistic appreciation. I think it would help you to scribble a bit, for fun, between times, with a pen, from nature, to get a bit more joy into your rather engraved style.

Brenda Milligan.—The curious white patterning does not seem to mean much in your spirited drawing, and, with solid blacks, a stronger line would be better. Good Red Indian character, and the action and composition are excellent. Work full of promise.

Pamela Cornelius.—You must put your chimney-stacks right, but, for the rest, one is tempted to say—sheer genius! Delicious in fun, character and types and first rate in technical quality. An altogether wonderful drawing, worthy of its topping subject. Congratulations.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Mabel Sanders.—Charmingly worked and delightfully dainty in pattern. I should have avoided the orange colour, keeping the whole scheme as a blue and gold harmony, but even as it is it is very pretty.

Peggy Horn.—The too literal treatment of the ray through " the chink " is disturbing to the spirit of the poem, which is otherwise well rendered. A more usual robing of the maiden should, I think, have been adhered to.

Hilda Barrow.—This has good lyrical feeling and would set to music well. The first two lines are the weakest, and I think the last verse could be dispensed with. The little coat is charmingly made. Thank you so much.

Trixie Ford.—Delightfully carried out and dainty and appropriate in conception. I don't think there is anything to criticise.

Ione Bruce Wills.—This is a study rather than a short story, and as such is charming in feeling, but in places the composition leaves something to be desired. Think only of your desire to express as lucidly as possible the ideas you have in mind.

Beatrice Little.—You have analysed the story remarkably well, but there are little slips from grace in the matter of style and more than one unnecessary error in spelling.

B. Barker.—The pattern is certainly striking, but one feels that it does not illustrate the title sufficiently and the lettering is too scattered. Still, a very capable piece of work in many ways.

W. Seymour Harris.—If you had more technical accomplishment this original and interesting drawing might have been most acceptable as an illustration to the poem quoted. The toes should have been clearly indicated to avoid any suggestion of Wellingtons!

Evangeline Weir.—On the whole I think it would have been better to have related these happenings through one of the children. When birds or animals talk the difficulties in front of success are more than usually severe.

Mary Gordon.—This is a first-rate idea, but the necessary touches to make it the good thing it might be are probably beyond you at present. Jenny's identity should be referred to in passing, and some good explanation found for Mora's inability to read.

Joan Wyatt.—Pay more attention to form. There is no reason why the second line in the last verse should not scan. The first verse is charming and much the best.

Amy G. Haydon.—Most dainty and acceptable. My very many thanks.

Marit M. V. Guinness.—Cyril would no doubt be delighted with this letter, which has a provocative touch about it that is very entertaining. The sentence about the poem is the weak spot, being somewhat too involved.

Margaret Barrett.—All very good except the last remark, which is scarcely in character. Whatever conclusion Jock might come to, I feel sure it would never be that one. The needlework entry is charming, very dainty both in stitchery and design.

E. Oliver Hall.—Excellently argued and put together, but the whole thing would come to life twice as forcibly if a little timely and well-considered conversation were introduced. This is a homily rather than a story.

Violet Dennis.—If you had not omitted the very necessary title, etc., I have no doubt this would have been very effective. It is clever and eye-catching in exactly the right manner.

Peggy Dewsbury.—This is one of the best needlework entries you have sent in so far. It is still a little on the heavy side, as so much of your work is but is much daintier in character than usual and very well made

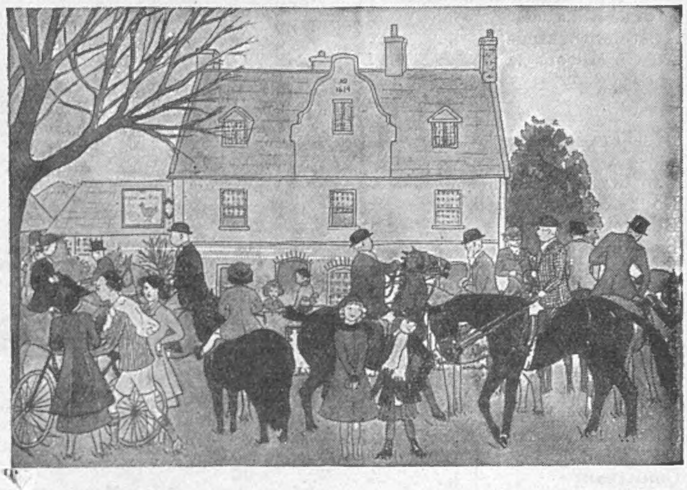
Doris Seth-Smith.—A charming effort with one or two really fine moments. That "unafraid" falls most happily on the ear, but one feels the sense isn't possibly as strictly right as it should be!

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Distinctly good—I refer to the story—though the end is a little ambiguous, and the plot would be much more effective if of subtler construction. The composition, as a whole, of the poster is good, but the legs and feet of the figures are in rather awkward juxtaposition, and the man's dress seems needlessly peculiar.

Gwendolen Moss.—The space between the first word and the head of the queen is a bit wide and keeps the interest from being concentrated. The straightforward simple handling is excellent, but the construction of the lettering rather poor. Look up a good alphabet.

Betty Crowther.—The usual verve is missing from this over-complicated plot. To be acceptable it must go at a great pace, and as it has some attractively farcical situations it deserves overhauling in this manner.

Clare Ackroyd.—One feels that the characters are a little under-drawn, and April is too little seen and heard. The whole thing would be twice as effective if the quaint situations were stressed a bit. It is in good condition for working on again.



Pamela Cornelius's clever illustration to " Reynard the Fox," awarded the Members' Art Prize (March 15th)

Joan Harris.—A delightful little letter—full of character and original in scheme and method. A very good entry.

Felicité Petters.—Not at all a bad shot at a very difficult subject. Some of the repetitions are effective, others suggest unnecessary " plugging." Still, a distinctly interesting and uncommon piece of work. I hope you will try to compete regularly.

Veronica Ward.—There is some excellent stuff in this story, but you haven't quite made the best of it. With more experience you should do something good. See that all detail is strictly relevant, in a short story particularly, and keep the " plot " moving as quickly as possible.

Patricia Baldwin.—This letter reads a trifle disjointedly, and towards the end several sentences begin with the word " The." Good composition demands variety, otherwise the writing sounds dull when read. The little book cover is very dainty and would, I think, have been more effective still if the landscape had been omitted.

Margaret H. Recaldin.—Remember that upright lines never vary as horizontal ones in perspective may; your wondow-frame isn't quite so straight as it might be. There is drama in your chief figure, and you are definitely making headway.

Maud Schwabe.—Lovely in colour and not at all bad as composition. One of the best things you have sent in lately. The tail lacks proper construction, however, the chief weakness in a fine sketch.

Jessie Wilkes.—Verses of this type should scan very accurately; otherwise they cannot pass muster. Also some reason should be given for the very pronounced change of feeling.

Betty Weir.—The king's right hand has no arm attached to it—only a slip of course, but important to put this right. Some charming work, but the background is a bit laboured. Solid black and white here might have been useful to the figures. Cross-hatching needs very careful consideration.

Penelope Burra.—A white margin or frame would have greatly assisted the effect. The title is happily treated, but should have been in the exact centre. Some nice colour

May McFadyen.—The mouth is not on the same plane as eyes and nose, and true perspective is reversed in the distance between brow and cheekbone on the right side of face. Interesting colour.

(*Remaining criticisms will be sent through the post.*)

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name..

Address..

....

*Age, if under 20*____________

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. *All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIXTH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best words for a song.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short verse describing a beach crowded with bathers.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of " Britannia & Eve " not later than first post, June 14th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—June 14.

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best lyric in praise of the month of June.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of " Britannia & Eve " not later than first post June 28th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—June 28.

Results of 150th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," "M.R.A.," May Belben, Elizabeth Martin, I. Smart, A. Georgano, G. M. Hudson, B. Maile, V. Tyrrell, Sheila G. Forman, F. A. Edinborough, J. Binfield, "C. A. P.," and "Sheila."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best limerick introducing the name " Jane."

Awarded to " R. F. D."

Hon. Mention: G. S. Ryder, E. M. Levinge, " J. A. B.," Julia Binfield, A. Georgano, " Lweno Notwali," Catherine Lawrence, " Avens," " M. W. R." and " Sheila."

Results of 151st Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to " Una."

Hon. Mention: M. Scott Morris, Louise Domville, E. Young, W. Laslett, P. M. Leath, B. Carr-Walker, Irene Doxford, F. A. Edinborough, Elizabeth Martin, Olive Elcock, Mabel Asher, " M. R. A.," Isabel M. Smart, May Belben, Alice Middleton, B. Darwall, E. Scott Smith, " V. J. M.," E. M. Levinge, " J. A. B.," A. Georgano, V. Tyrrell, G. Whitcombe and " G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best begging letter to a friend who has secured a sweepstake prize.

Awarded to D. Avril.

Hon. Mention: Helen Gray, E. G. Robins, " J. A. B.," H. M. Hancock, S. Jaques, P. M. Leath, " Lweno Notwali," B. Carr-Walker, Barbara Maile, " G. G.," V. Tyrrell.

NATURE'S OWN CURE FOR CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS.

Constipation, biliousness, and their attendant train of other disorders, such as headache, dizziness, muddy complexion, indigestion and impure blood, are all due to an inactive or torpid liver. Drugs and powerful poisons, such as calomel, can give only temporary relief, simply because while they stimulate the liver to violent action they do not cleanse and strengthen the delicate network of secretory ducts and glands. For this latter purpose there is nothing equal to 'Alkia Saltrates,' the deposits of certain natural medicinal waters, obtainable from any chemist. One to two level teaspoonfuls should be taken in a glass of water three times a day, and continued until all signs of constipation, which is the first evidence of liver trouble, have entirely disappeared. At the same time the headaches, mental depression, floating specks before the eyes, biliousness, bad complexion and stomach trouble will vanish, and you will again experience the pleasure of enjoying life as Nature intended you should. Avoid strong pills, drugs or alcoholic stimulants, eat moderately, and drink liberally of water, in which you should occasionally dissolve a teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates'—Nature's liver clarifier—and you need never fear a return of the trouble.

VAPEX
INHALANT
relieves
Hay Fever

Just when Summer joys are most alluring, Hay Fever claims its victims. The intense irritation prevents any pleasure out of doors. Vapex gives relief, whilst its regular use affords protection. Put a drop on your handkerchief each morning so that you inhale the vapour during the day.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.73 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.

ONLY ADDRESS:

122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's Reference.

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JUNE, 1933

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

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HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Can you look your best with a growth of Hair
Or feel your best?

Consult **Helen Lawrence**
AND GET EXPERT ADVICE FOR YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 12/6
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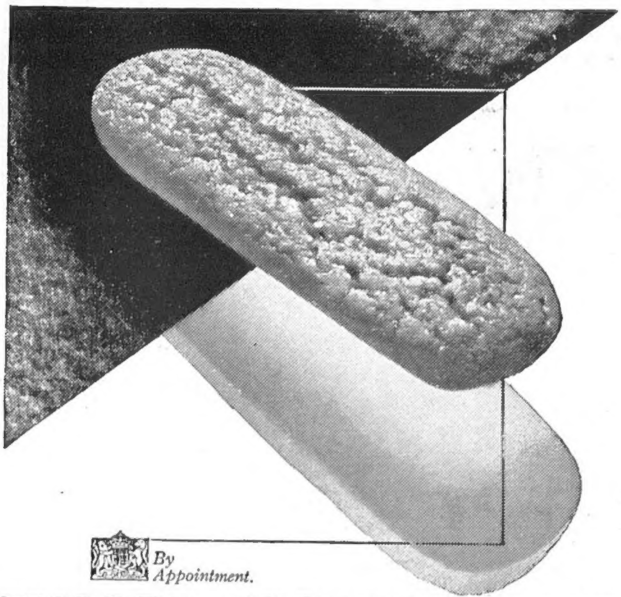
For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.



By Appointment.

FINGER VICTORIA NUTS

These biscuits are made with the finest Cumberland butter—the best, richest, most famous butter in the world.

Until you have tasted them you cannot know how delicious a biscuit can be!

MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

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VASCO'S "PLASTIC"
HAIR FASHION,

The greatest innovation of our epoch, has diffused its irresistible **CHARM** amongst all. For we now see in theatres and fashionable rendezvous that many of the young, the not so young, and others, have discarded the antique, uniform, heavily waved **COIFFURE** for **VASCO'S** youthful, elegant and artistic **"PLASTIC,"** the simple sculpture-like lines of which are ever provokingly attractive, ideally **"INDIVIDUAL,"** and is never ruffled. *Mr. Vasco designs a Plastic for each client free of charge.*

Example of a "Plastic"

Wearers of **POSTICHE** can have semi or whole head coverings. **"PLASTIC FASHIONS"** from - - - £8 - 8 - 0

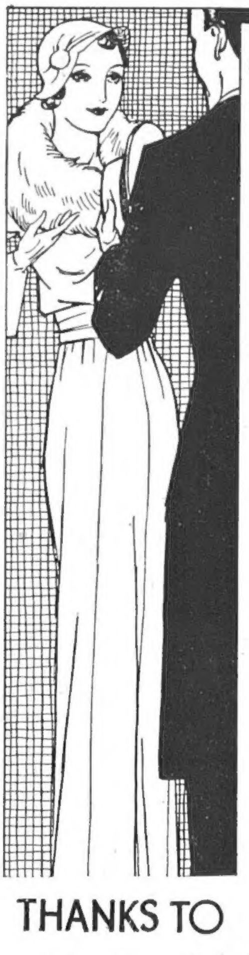
MODELS SENT ON APPROVAL.

Our clinic for the treatment of Hair and Scalp disorders enjoys a world-wide reputation. Send particulars of complaint and few combings. Advice is free.

Write for full particulars:

T. VASCO, LTD. **World-Celebrated Inventors of Hair and Hat Fashions and Experts in Permanent Waving, Tinting, Postiche and Trichology.**

16 Dover Street, W.1. *Telephone: Regent* 3324 (*4 lines*).



LOOK AS FRESH and LOVELY as a LILY EVEN AFTER A TIRING DAY

A wise woman never allows the day's activities to be reflected in her appearance. Whatever the day may bring you can rely on Icilma Face Powder to stay smooth and even and give your complexion a lovely youthful bloom.

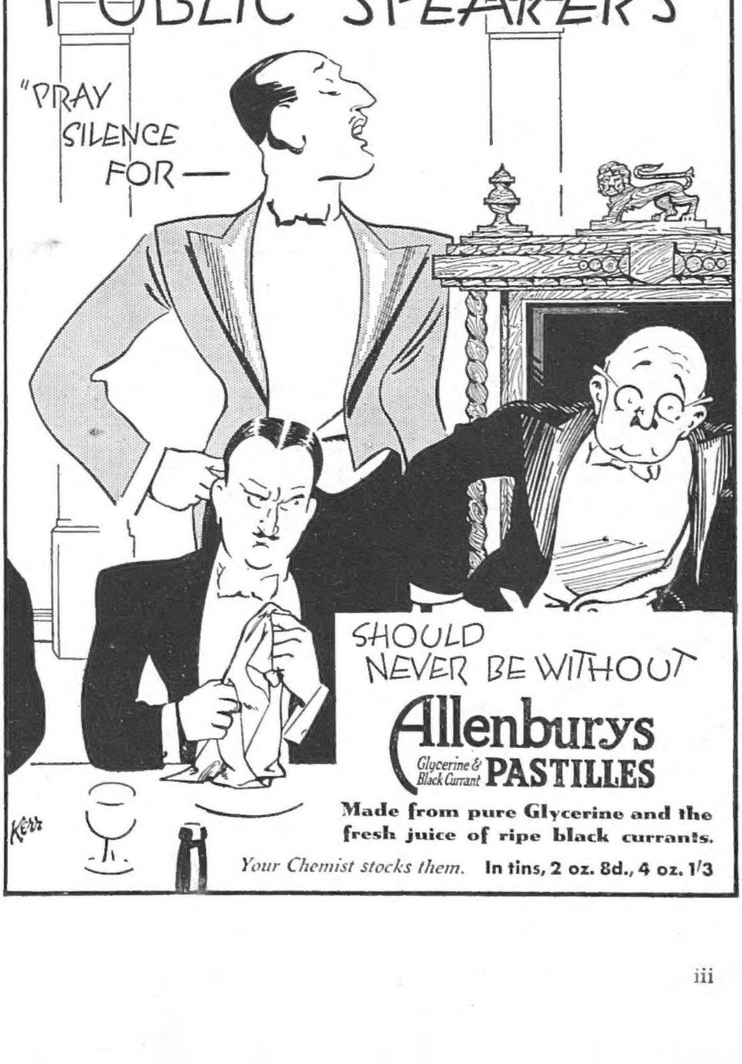
Constant powdering is quite unnecessary if you use Icilma Face Powder because it clings.

There are four shades from which to choose —Naturelle, Rosée, Crème (Rachel) and Brunette. Your Chemist and Hairdresser have supplies. 6d. and 1/3.

THANKS TO
6D. 1/- 1/3

Icilma
FACE POWDER

PUBLIC SPEAKERS



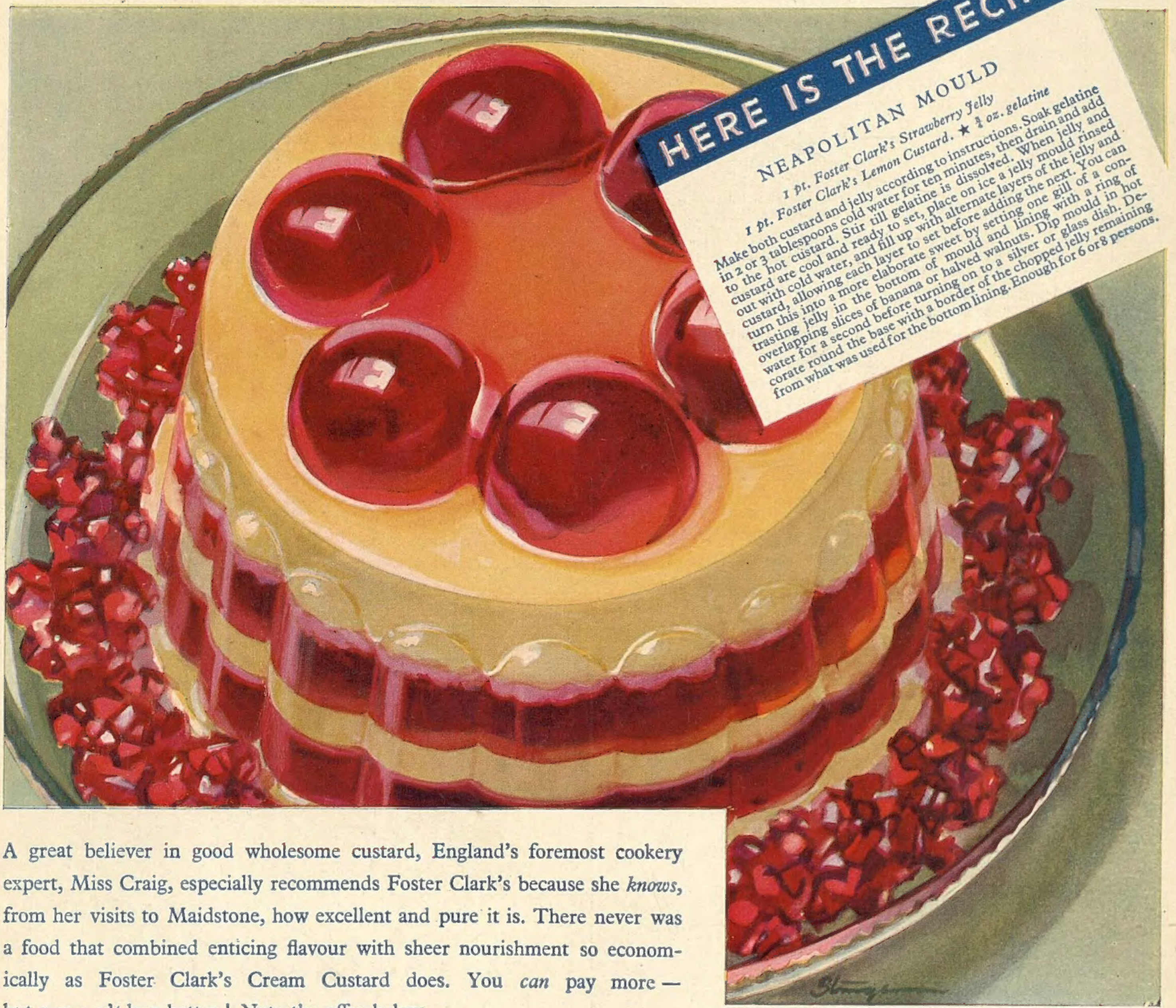
SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Made from pure Glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them. In tins, 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

Elizabeth Craig makes this
NEAPOLITAN MOULD
with Foster Clark's Custard



HERE IS THE RECIPE

NEAPOLITAN MOULD

1 pt. Foster Clark's Strawberry Jelly
1 pt. Foster Clark's Lemon Custard. ★ *¾ oz. gelatine*

Make both custard and jelly according to instructions. Soak gelatine in 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water for ten minutes, then drain and add to the hot custard. Stir till gelatine is dissolved. When jelly and custard are cool and ready to set, place on ice a jelly mould rinsed out with cold water, and fill up with alternate layers of the jelly and custard, allowing each layer to set before adding the next. You can turn this into a more elaborate sweet by setting one gill of a contrasting jelly in the bottom of mould and lining with a ring of overlapping slices of banana or halved walnuts. Dip mould in hot water for a second before turning on to a silver or glass dish. Decorate round the base with a border of the chopped jelly remaining from what was used for the bottom lining. Enough for 6 or 8 persons.

A great believer in good wholesome custard, England's foremost cookery expert, Miss Craig, especially recommends Foster Clark's because she *knows*, from her visits to Maidstone, how excellent and pure it is. There never was a food that combined enticing flavour with sheer nourishment so economically as Foster Clark's Cream Custard does. You *can* pay more — but you *can't* buy better ! Note the offer below.

Foster Clark's

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) to Foster Clark Ltd., Dept. BE, Maidstone, Kent, for free sample and the Elizabeth Craig Custard Book containing 100 recipes. Please state whether you prefer Vanilla, Lemon, Almond, or Standard flavour.

cream CUSTARD

6 separate pints 4½d. ★ *Large family tin 10½d.*